







# ORPHEUS.

*B*  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
One Thousand Nine Hundred  
Seventy Four  
*Of the most Celebrated*  
ENGLISH *and* SCOTCH  
SONGS.

With a GLOSSARY Explaining the scotch Words

*IN THREE VOLS*

Vol. I. The LINNET. containing 668.

2. The THRUSH..... 626.

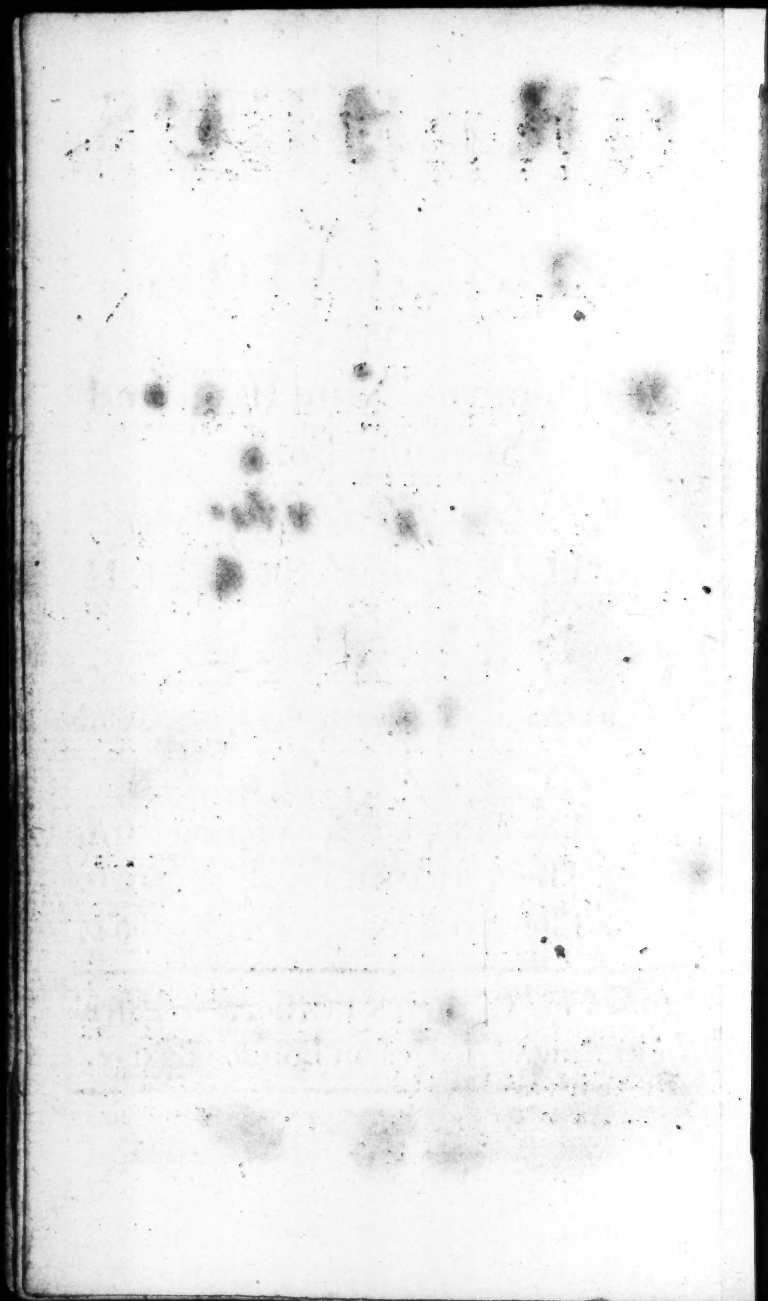
3. The ROBIN..... 680.

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Printed for C. Hitch & I. Osborn in Pater-  
Noster Row, & I. Hodges on London Bridge.

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MDCCLXIX.



THE  
LINNET.  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Six Hundred Sixty Eight  
of the most Celebrated  
*ENGLISH and SCOTCH*  
SONGS

None of which are contain'd in the other  
COLLECTIONS  
of the same Size call'd the  
*THRUSH and ROBIN*

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MDCCLXIX.



S O N G 1.

**A** Beauteous Face, fine Shape, engaging Air,  
With all the Graces that adorn the Fair;  
If these could fail their so accusom'd Parts,  
And not secure the Conquest of our Hearts,  
*Sylvia* has yet a vast Reserve in Store;  
At Sight we love, but hearing, must adore.

There falls continual Music from her Tongue.  
The Wit of *Sappho* with her artful Song:  
From Syrens thus we lose the Pow'r to fly,  
We listen for the Charm, and stay to die.  
Ah! lovely Nymph, I yield, I am undone;  
Your Voice has finish'd what your Eyes begun.

S O N G 2.

**A** Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
There's none leads a Life more jocund than he;  
A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,  
A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came;  
If, as it begins, our Trading do fall,  
We, in the Conclusion, shall Beggars be all.  
Tradesmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,  
And few Men are thriving but Courtiers and Play'ars.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,  
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother,  
A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,  
A Lifter my Aunt, and a Beggar myself;  
In white wheaten Straw, when their Bellies were full,  
Then was I got between a Tinker and a Trull;  
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
For there's none leads a Life more jocund than he.

When Boys do come to us, and their Intent is  
To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em 'Prentice;  
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,  
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot;  
We teach them their Lingua, to crave and to eant,  
The Devil is in them if then they can want.



And he or she, that a Beggar will be,  
Without any Indentures they shall be made free.

We beg for our Bread, yet sometimes it happens  
We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons;  
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-slayers,  
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers;  
But if when we beg, Men will not draw their Purse,  
We charge, and give Fire, with a Volley of Curses;  
The Devil confound your good Worship, we cry,  
And such a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.

We do Things in Season, and have so much Reason,  
We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason;  
We bill all our Mates at very low Rates,  
Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the Gates;  
With *Sbinkin ap Morgan*, with Blue-cap, or Teague,  
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.  
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,  
For none lives a Life more merry than he.

For such pretty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,  
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,  
But sometimes the Whip doth make us to skip,  
And then we from Tything to Tything do trip;  
For when in a poor Bouzing-Can we do bib it,  
We stand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet.  
And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,  
For when it is Night, in the Barn tumbles he.

We throw down no Altar, nor never do falter,  
So much as to change a Gold-chain for a Halter;  
Tho' some Men do flout us, and others do doubt us,  
We commonly bear forty Pieces about us;  
But many good Fellows are fine, and look fiercer,  
And owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer:  
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my Feet,  
I fear not the Compter, King's Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame myself to be lame,  
And when a Coach comes, I hop to my Game;  
We seldom miscarry, or never do marry,  
By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak-Directory;  
But *Simon* and *Susan*, like Birds of a Feather,  
They kiss, and they laugh, and so lie down together:

Like

Like Pigs in the Pea-straw, intangled they lie,  
Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

## S O N G

A Beggar got a Beadle,  
A Beadle got a Yeoman;  
A Yeoman got a Prentice,  
A Prentice got a Freeman;  
The Freeman got a Master,  
The Master got a Lease;  
The Lease made him a Gentleman,  
And Justice of the Peace.  
The Justice being rich,  
And gallant in desire,  
He marry'd with a Lady,  
And so he got a Squire;  
The Squire got a Knight;  
Of Courage bold and stout;  
The Knight he got a Lord,  
And so it came about.  
The Lord, he got an Earl,  
His Country he forsook,  
He travell'd into Spain,  
And there he got a Duke;  
The Duke, he got a Prince,  
The Prince, a King of Hope;  
The King, he got an Emperor,  
The Emperor, a Pope.  
Thus, as the Story says,  
The Pedigree did run;  
The Pope, he got a Friar,  
The Friar got a Nun;  
The Nun by Chance did stumble,  
And on her Back she sunk,  
The Friar he fell top of her,  
And so he got a Monk.  
The Monk he had a Son,  
With whom he did inhabit,  
Who when the Father dy'd,  
The Son became Lord Abbot.

Lord Abbot had a Maid,  
 And he catch'd her in the Dark,  
 And something he did to her,  
 And so begot a Clerke.

The Clerk he got a Sexton,  
 The Sexton got a Digger;  
 The Digger got a Prebend,  
 The Prebend got a Vicar;  
 The Vicar got an Attorney,  
 The which he took in Snuff;  
 The Attorney got a Barrister,  
 The Barrister a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counsel,  
 Good Counsel got a Fee;  
 The Fee did get a Motion,  
 That it might pleaded be;  
 The Motion got a Judgment;  
 And so it came to pass,  
 A Beggar's Brat, a scolding Knave,  
 A crafty Lawyer was.

## S O N G 4

A Certain Presbyterian Pair  
 Were wedded t'other Day,  
 And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,  
 Their Pastor came to pray.  
 But first, he bad each Guest depart,  
 Nor sacred Rites profane;  
 For carnal Eyes such Mysteries  
 Can never entertain.  
 Then with a Puritanic Air,  
 Unto the Lord he pray'd:  
 That he would please to grant Increase  
 To that same Man and Maid;  
 And that the Husbandman might dress  
 Full well the Vine his Wife;  
 And like a Vine, she still might twine  
 About him all her Life.  
 Sack-poffet then he gave them both,  
 And said, with lifted Eyes,  
 Blest of the Lord, with one Accord,  
 Begin your Enterprize.

The

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,  
 T'apply prolific Balm ;  
 And while they strove in mutual Love,  
 The Parson sung a Psalm.

## S O N G 5.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,  
 Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen and Hall,  
 No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,  
 No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate :  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
 If at Night he could purchase a Jog of brown Nappy.  
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,  
 Saying just to a Hair I made both Ends meet :  
 Derry down, &c.

But Love the Disturber of High and of Low,  
 That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau ;  
 He shot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart,  
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble Part :  
 Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay ;  
 Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,  
 That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the Way :  
 Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,  
 But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk :  
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would flee,  
 Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair :  
 Derry down, &c.

He took up his Awl that he had in the World,  
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,  
 So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll :  
 Derry down, &c.

And now in good Will I advise, as a Friend,  
 All Coblers take Warning by this Cobler's End :

Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's past,  
That Love brings us All to an End at the Last.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G 6.

**A** Cock Laird fou-tadgie,  
With Jenny did meet,

He haws'd, he kifs'd her,

And ca'd her his Sweet.

Wilt thou gae along

Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny ?

Thouse be my ain Lemman,

Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae along wi' ye,

Ye maunna fail,

To feast me with Caddels

And good Hacket-kail.

The De'il's in your Nicety,

Jenny, quoth he :

Mayna Bannocks of Barley-meal

Be as good for thee ?

And I maun hae Pinnars

With Pearling set round,

A Skirt of Puddy,

And a Waistcoat of Brown.

Awa with sic Vanities,

Jenny, quoth he,

For Kirchie and Kirtles

Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdship can yield me

As meikle a Year,

As had us in Pottage

And good knockit Beer ;

But having nae Tenants,

O Jenny, Jenny,

To buy ought I ne'er have

A Penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun Merchants

Will sell ye on Tick ;

For we maun hae braw Things,

Abeit they soud break :

When

When broken, frae Care  
 The Fools are set free,  
 When we make them Lairds  
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

## S O N G 8

A Cuckold it is thought  
 A most reproachful name ;  
 Since Wives commit the Fault,  
 Whilst Husbands bear the Blame.  
 'Tis natural for Women  
 Such little Slips to make ;  
 And if they were not common,  
 How many Heads would ake ?  
 I'll give my Wife her Humour,  
 If she'll but give me mine ;  
 And tho' I hear bad Rumour,  
 I never will repine.  
 If she a Cuckold make me,  
 I'll serve her in her Coin ;  
 And may the Devil take me,  
 If e'er I lag behind.

## S O N G 9

A Curse attend that Woman's Love,  
 Who always would be pleasing ;  
 The Pertness of the Billing Dove,  
 Like tickling, is but teasing.  
 What then in Love can Woman do ?  
 If we grow fond they shun us ;  
 And when we fly them, they pursue,  
 But leave us when they've won us.

## S O N G 9

A Curse on all Cares,  
 And popular Fears,  
 Come, let's away to the Bell,  
 For their Wine there drinks well ;  
 There take off our Glais,  
 Nay, it shall not one pass,  
 Ebor. For we will be dull and heavy no more,  
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good Store.  
 Come,



Come, fill up your Wine,  
 Look, fill it like mine,  
 Here, Boys, I begin  
 A good Health to the King ;

Jack, see it go round,  
 Whilst with Mirth we abound,

*Chor.* For we will be dull and heavy no more,  
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good Store.

Nay, don't us deceive,  
 Why this will you leave ?

The Glas is not big,  
 What-a-pox, you're no Whig,

Come, drink up the rest,  
 Or be merry, at least,

*Chor.* For we will be dull and heavy no more,  
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good Store.

S O N G 10.

A Damsel, I'm told,  
 Of delicate Mold,

Whose Father was dead, to enrich her,  
 Of all her fine Things,

Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,

Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,

Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher.

The Youths all around,

With Courtship profound,

Try'd every Art to bewitch her ;

But she was so chaste,

She'd not be embrac'd

By any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,

By any Thing, &c.

Each offer'd his Pelf,

In Exchange for herself,

If to him the Parson might stitch her ;

But still she reply'd,

She'd never be ty'd

To any Thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,

To any Thing, &c.

But Cupid, grown wild,

To see himself soil'd,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd so find Ways to bewitch her,  
 And humble her Pride,  
 Whatever betide,  
 He scorn'd to give way to the **Twitchee, poor Girl,**  
 He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk **Strephon**, the young,  
 Whose amorous Tongue  
 Was baited with Words to bewitch her,  
 The God did prepare,  
 To combat the Fair,  
 And try'd to out-rival her **Twitchee, poor Girl,**  
 And try'd, &c.

Young **Strephon** drew nigh her,  
 And flush'd with Desire,  
 Try'd Kisses and Oaths to bewitch her,  
 He prattl'd and toy'd,  
 But still she reply'd,  
 Pish, let go the Hold of my **Twitchee, poor Girl,**  
 Pish, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark,  
 So well took his Mark,  
 He found out the Way to q'er-reach her,  
 He gave her a Trip,  
 Which happen'd to slip  
 The mystical Knot of her **Twitchee, poor Girl,**  
 The mystical, &c.

And thus having ended  
 The Thing he intended,  
 Who knows what he did to bewitch her,  
 She cry'd, No, no, no;  
 But yet I can't go:  
 Now do what you will with my **Twitchee, dear Boy,**  
 Now do, &c.

### S O N G II.

A Dean and Prebendary  
 Had late a new Vagary,  
 And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,  
 Who led the better Life, Sir,  
 And was the better Man

The

The Dean he said that truly,  
 Since Bluff was so unruly,  
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,  
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,  
 And so the Fight began, &c.

Then Preb reply'd like Thunder,  
 And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,  
 Since Gods the Dean had three, Sir,  
 And more by two than he, Sir,  
 For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilst these two were raging,  
 And in Disputes engaging,  
 The Master of the Charter  
 Said both had caught a Tartar,

For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.  
 That all the Books of Moses  
 Were nothing but Supposes;  
 That he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,  
 Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,  
 'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father Adam,  
 And Mrs. Eve his Madam,  
 And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,  
 'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,  
 And well invented Flam, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,  
 As none would take Denial,  
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,  
 Could neither of them love, Sir,  
 Nor neither could convince, &c.

She therefore sily waiting,  
 Left all three Fools a-prating;  
 And being in a Fright, Sir,  
 Religion took her Flight, Sir,  
 And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

## S O N G

A Female Friend advis'd a Swain,  
 (Whose Heart she wish'd at Ease)  
 Make Love thy Pleasure, not thy Pain,  
 Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty,

(( III ))

Beauty, where Vanities abound;  
No serious Passion claims;  
Then till a Phoenix can be found  
Do not admit the Flames.

But griev'd, she finds that his Replies  
(Since prepossess'd when young)  
Take all their Hints from *Sylvia's Eyes*,  
None from *Ardelia's Tongue*.  
Thus, *Cupid*, of our Aim we miss,  
Who would unbend thy Bow;  
And each slight Nymph a Phoenix is,  
When Love will have it so.

S O N G 13.

A Fig for the dainty civil Spouse,  
Who's bred at the Court, or France;  
He treats his Wife with Smiles and Bows,  
And minds not the good main Chance;  
Be Gregory  
The Man for me,  
Tho' giv'n to many a Maggot;  
For he would work  
Like any Turk,

None like him e'er handled a Faggot, a Faggot,  
None like him e'er handled a Faggot.

S O N G 14.

A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,  
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,  
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,  
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir,  
A Thief your Goods and Plate.  
But this is all but Picking,  
With Rest, Pence, Chest, and Chicken;  
It ever was decreed, Sir,  
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,  
He steals your whole Estate.

S O N G 15.

A Gentle Warmth comes o'er my Heart.  
Short pleasing Sighs to blow the Fire:  
Beauty and Youth can ne'er want Art,  
To heighten eager Love's Desire.

I sigh,

I sigh, and she trembles ;  
Yet her Eyes shew some Joy,  
Which she'd fain dissemble,  
By seeming more coy.

Pr'ythee, be no more coy,  
Pr'ythee, *Cynthia*, my Dear,  
We were made to enjoy  
The sweet Pleasure we fear.

S O N G 16.

A Grasshopper and a Fly,  
In Summer hot and dry,  
In eager Argument were met  
About, about Priority.

Says the Fly to the Grasshopper,  
From mighty Race I spring,  
Bright Phœbus was my Dad, 'tis known,  
And I eat and drink with a King.

Says the Grasshopper to the Fly,  
Such Rogues are still preferr'd ;  
Your Father might be of high Degree,  
But your Mother was but a Turd, a Turd.

Chorus.

So Rebel *Jemmy Scot*,  
So Rebel *Jemmy Scot*,  
That did to Empire soar ;  
His Father might be the Lord knows what,  
His Father might be the Lord knows what,  
But his Mother we knew a Whore, a Whore,  
a Whore, a Whore, a Whore, a Whore,  
a Whore, a Whore :  
His Father might be the Lord knows what,  
But his Mother we knew a Whore, a Whore,  
a Whore, a Whore.

S O N G 17.

A Lass that was laden with Care  
Sat heavily under a Thorn ;  
I listen'd a while for to hear,  
And thus she began for to mourn,

So merry as we twa have been :

So happy as we twa have been !

O my Heart is like to despair,

When I think of the Days we have seen !

When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,

The Birds did melodiously sing ;

And the cold nipping Winter did wear

A Face that resembled the Spring :

Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,

As he gently pressed my Hand,

I had the wide World in my Pride,

And could all its Glory withstand.

At the Eve, when the rest of the Folk

Were merrily seated to spin,

I sat myself under his Oak,

And I heavily sigh'd for him.

My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,

What makes you hard-hearted to me ?

Or why do you thus turn away

From him who is dying for thee ?

But now he is far from my Sight,

Perhaps new Advice may approve ;

Which makes me lament Day and Night,

That ever I granted him Love.

S O N G 18.

A Lads there lives under the Green,

Could I her Picture draw ;

A brighter Nymph was never seen,

That looks and reigns a little Queen,

And keeps the Swains in awe.

Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts and Wings,

Her Eye-brows are his Bow ;

Her silken Hair the silver Strings,

Which sure and swift Destruction brings,

To all the Vale below.

If Pastorella's dawning Light

Can warm, and wound us so :

Her noon will shine so piercing bright,

Each glancing Beam will kill outright,

And every Swain subdue.

C S O N G



## S O N G 19.

**A** Lovely Lass to a Fryar came,  
 To confess in a Morning early.  
 In what, my Dear, are you to blame?  
 Now tell to me sincerely.  
 I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,  
 With a Man who loves me dearly.  
 The greatest Fault in myself I know,  
 Is what I now discover.  
 You for that Crime to Rome must go,  
 And Discipline must suffer.  
 Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,  
 Pray send with me my Lover.  
 No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,  
 We'll have no double Dealing;  
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,  
 I'll pardon your past Failing.  
 I must own, Sir (but I blush for Shame)  
 That your Penance is prevailing.

## S O N G 20.

**A** Maiden of late,  
 Whose Name was sweet Kate,  
 She dwelt in London near Aldersgate;  
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,  
 She wou'd have a Child without the help of a Man.  
 To a Doctor she came,  
 A Man of great Fame,  
 Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim;  
 Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me if you can,  
 How I may conceive without help of a Man.  
 Then listen, quoth he,  
 Since so it must be,  
 This wond'rous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently.  
 Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,  
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.  
 The Wooll of a Frog,  
 The Juice of a Log,  
 Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,  
 With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get it you can,  
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,  
 The Faith of false Varlets,  
 With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlet,  
 With Feathers of Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,  
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine Drops of Rain,  
 Brought hither from Spain,  
 With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,  
 With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a Beer Can,  
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard  
 Squeeze'd from a Rock hard,  
 With nine Turkey-Eggs, each as long as a Yard,  
 With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,  
 And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,  
 And approved have stood,  
 Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,  
 Squeeze'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,  
 To make Maids conceive without help of a Man.

## S O N G 21.

A Maid is like the golden Ore,  
 Which hath Guineas intrinsecal in't,  
 Whose Worth is never known before  
 It is try'd and imprest in the Mint,  
 A Wife is like a Guinea in Gold,  
 Stamp'd with the Name of her Sponse;  
 Now here, now there, is bought, or is sold,  
 And is current in every House.

## S O N G 22.

A Maxim this, amongst the Wise,  
 That Absence cures a Love-sick Mind;  
 And others who philosophize,  
 Gravely pronounce, That Love is blind.  
 Alas! too well do Lovers see,  
 And separated best agree.  
 Banish me from Belinda's Sight,  
 Or the fond Maid far hence remove!  
 Our Bodies part, our Souls unite,  
 The more we grieve, the more we love!

Believe the Youth you wrongly blame;  
 Absence adds Fuel to the Flame.  
 Between us burning Desarts place,  
 Or trackless Mountains hid in Snow:  
 Or let the wide unfathom'd Space  
 Of roaring Seas between us flow:  
 Place or not place them, 'tis all one,  
 Empires have Bounds, but Love has none.  
 Secure us, if you can secure,  
 On distant Rocks, in Tow'rs of Brass:  
 When faithful Lovers most endure,  
 Still most improv'd their Minutes pass:  
 Imprison her, imprison me,  
 In spite of Prisons, Thought is free.  
 Cease then your idle cruel Arts,  
 Recall your harsh Command:  
 A Destiny rules over Hearts,  
 And who can Destiny withstand?  
 In vain, alas! is human Skill:  
 Love will be Love, do what you will.

## S O N G 23.

**A** Nymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,  
 The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been  
 betray'd;  
 Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew  
 E'er a Nymph that was chaste, or a Swain that was true.  
 Apollo was mute, and had like t'ave been pos'd;  
 But sagely, at length, he this Secret disclos'd:  
 He alone wont betray in whom none will confide,  
 And the Nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd.

## S O N G 24.

**A** Nymph of the Plain  
 By a jolly young Swain  
 Was address'd to be kind:  
 But relentless I find  
 To his Pray'rs she appear'd,  
 Tho' himself be endear'd  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet,

How

How much he ador'd her,  
 How oft he implor'd her,  
 I cannot express;  
 But he lov'd to Excess,  
 And swore he should die  
 If she would not comply,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

While Blushes like Roses,  
 Which Nature composes,  
 Vermilion'd her Face,  
 With an Ardour and Grace,  
 Which her Lover improv'd,  
 When he found he had mov'd,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

When wak'd from the Joy,  
 Which their Souls did employ,  
 From her Ruby warm Lips  
 Thousand Odours he sips,  
 At the Sight of her Eyes  
 He faints and he dies,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

But how they shall part  
 Now becomes all their Smart,  
 'Till he vow'd to the Fair,  
 That to ease his own Care,  
 He would see her again,  
 And till then be in Pain,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

# S O N G 25.

A Pedlar proud, as I heard tell,  
 He came into a Town;  
 With certain Wares he had to sell,  
 Which he cry'd up and down:  
 And first of all he did begin  
 With Ribbands, Laces, Points, or Pins,  
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,  
 Maids any Coney-skins.

I have of your fine perfum'd Gloves,  
 And made of the best Doe-Skin;  
 Such as young Men do give their Loves,  
 When they their Favour win;  
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,  
 As ever you did behold;  
 And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,  
 That are lac'd round with Gold;  
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, says one, and smiling fat,  
 Your Measure does somewhat pinch;  
 Beside you measure at that rate,  
 It wants above an Inch:  
 And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,  
 And vow'd and did protest;  
 Unless he'd shew it her once again,  
 She ne'er shou'd be at rest:  
 With that he shew'd her a prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,  
 And said his Measure was good,  
 If that she pleas'd to try his Stuff,  
 And take it whilst it stood:  
 And then he gave her a prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, &c.

Good Fellow, said she, when you come again  
 Pray bring good store of your Ware;  
 And for new Customers do not sing,  
 For I'll take all and to spare:  
 With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing,  
 Than Ribbands, or Laces, Points, or &c.

S O N G 26.

A Pox on such Fools, let the Scoundrels rail,  
 Let 'em boast of their Liberty:  
 They're no freer than we, for the World's a Goal,  
 And all Men Prisoners be.

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,  
 The Miser to his Store :  
 The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,  
 And the Cully Cit to his Whore.  
 The Parson's confin'd to his Pigs,  
 The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife;  
 The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,  
 And the Quack to his Glisten-Pipe,  
 The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,  
 The Quaker's a Prisoner to Light:  
 The Papist is bound to the Devil,  
 And the Puritan's fetter'd with Spite.

Since old *Adam's* Race are all Pris'ners like us,

Ler us merrily quaff and sing :

Z——s, why should we pine for Liberty thus,

When we're each of us free as a King.

S O N G 27.

A Pox on the Times,

Let 'em go as they will,

Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,

Our Hearts are our own,

And shall be so still,

Drink about my Boys, and be merry.

Let no Man despair,

But drive away Care,

And drown all our Sorrow with Claret :

We'll never repine,

So they give us good Wine,

Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,

Unless to buy Drink,

Or purchase us innocent Pleasure ;

When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,

So we Liquor can get,

For Mirth of itself is a Treasure.

No Miser can be

So happy as we,

Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow ;

Day and Night he's in Fear,

And ne'er without Care,

While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.

Coms



Come fill up the Glass,  
And round let it pass,  
For Nature doth Vacuums decline;  
Drown the spruce formal Afs,  
That's afraid of his Face,  
We'll drink till our Noses do shine.

While we've plenty of this  
We can ne'er do amiss,  
'Tis an Antidote against our Ruin;  
And the Lad that drinks most,  
With Honour may boast,  
He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

## S O N G 28.

A Pox on this fooling and plotting of late,  
What a Pother and Sur has it kept in the State!  
Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions and Fears;  
Let them scuffle and jar, till they go by the Ears;  
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,  
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle in State.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,  
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass!  
At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,  
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their King;  
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design;  
He has no room for Treason, that's top full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;  
Let them sit and prorogue, as his Majesty please:  
Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine  
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine:  
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,  
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

## S O N G 29.

A Presbyterian Cat fat watching of her Prey,  
And in the House  
She caught a Mouse  
Upon a Sabbath Day.

The Minister offended at such a Cat prophane,  
Threw by his Book,  
The Cat he took,  
And bound her in a Chain.

Thou

Thou damn'd confounded Creature, and Blood-shedder  
said he,

Think'st thou to throw  
To Hell below

My holy Wife and me,

Thou well may'st be assured, - thou Blood for Blood  
shall pay,

For taking of the Mouse's Life  
Upon the Sabbath Day.

Then up he took the Bible, and heartily he pray'd  
That the great Sin

\*The Cat was in

Might not on them be laid :

Then strait to Execution poor Boderam was drawn,  
There hang'd was she

Upon a Tree,

While Pres. John sung a Psalm.

S O N G 30.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear

To chuse a May Lady to govern the Year;

All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds in green,

The Garland was giv'n, and Phillis was Queen;

But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did say,

I'll not wear a Garland while Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from the Shore

The Graces are banish'd and Love is no more :

The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our Desires

Has broken his Bow and extinguish'd his Fires,

And vows that himself and his Mother will mourn.

Till Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more,

For we will perform what the Deity swore :

But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,

Away with your Sheep-hooks, and take to your Arms:

Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,

When Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.

S O N G 31.

A Restless Lover I espy'd,

That went from Place to Place,

Lay down and turn'd from Side to Side,

And sometimes on his Face; But

But when those Med'cines were apply'd,  
 In Hopes of Intermiſſion,  
 Like one that found no Eaſe, he cry'd,  
 Has Cupid no Phyſician?

What do thoſe Ladies with their Looks,  
 Their Kiſſes, and their Smiles?  
 Can no Receipt in thoſe fair Books  
 Repair their former Spoils?  
 But they complain as well as we,  
 Their Pains have no Remiſſion,  
 And when both Sexes wounded be,  
 Hath Cupid, &c.

Have we ſuch Palſies and ſuch Pains,  
 Such Fevers and ſuch Fits,  
 No quick eſſential chimick Grains,  
 No Æſculapian Wits?  
 No Creature can beneath the Sun,  
 Prevail in Oppoſition,  
 And when ſuch Wonders may be done,  
 Hath, &c.

Into what Poiſons do they dip  
 Their Arrows and their Darts,  
 By touching of our Fingers Ends,  
 The Pain doth prick our Hearts,  
 Now I perceive before I get  
 Into the Inquiſition,  
 Death never had a Surgeon yet,  
 Nor Cupid a Phyſician.

**A** Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill ſo high,  
 ſa, la, la, &c.  
 And there came a pretty Maid paſſing by, ſa, la.  
 Shepherd, quoth ſhe, doſt thou want e'er a Wife?  
 No by my Troth I'm not weary of my Life,  
 ſa, la, la, &c.

Shepherd, for thee I care not a Fly,  
 For thou'ſt not the Face with a fair Maid to lie.  
 How now, my Damsel, ſay'ſt thou me ſo,  
 Thou ſhalt taſte of my Bottle before thou doſt go.  
 Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground,  
 And made her believe that the World went round.

Look yonder, my Shepherd, look yonder, I spy  
 There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the Sky.

And now they are vanish, and now they appear,  
 Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here.

Be still, my dear Chloris, enjoy thy Conceit,  
 For the Babes are too young, and too little to prate.

See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day,  
 Life quickly, or they will all run away :

Life quickly, my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,  
 For the Sun, Moon and Stars, are got all in my Belly.

O Dear, where am I pray shew me the Way?  
 Into my Father's House hard by ;

If he chance to chide me for staying so long,  
 I'll tell him the Fumes of your Bottle was strong.

And now thou hast brought my Body to Shame,  
 prithee now tell me what is thy Name.

Why Robin in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,  
 but I think I told her quite contrary.

Then for Robin in the Rushes, he did enquire,  
 but he hung down his Head, and he would not come

nigh her ;  
 He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been blind,

and he drew one Leg after a great Way behind.

### S O N G 33.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wist not  
 How he might his Mistress' Favour gain ;

On a time they met, but kist not,  
 Ever after that he su'd in vain :

Blame her not, alas ! tho' she said nay  
 To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing,  
 Every Moment Alteration brings,

Love and Beauty still estranging,  
 Women are, alas ! but wanton things.

He that will his Mistress' Favour gain,  
 Must take her in a merry Vein.

Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,  
 Or an Ague that doth come by Fits.

Hot and cold, but constant never,  
 Even as the present Humour hits : Sick.

Sick, and well again, and well and sick,  
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

Now she will, and then she will not,

Put her to the Trial if once she smiles:

Silly Youth, thy Fortune spill not,

Lingring Labours oft themselves beguile:

He that knocks, and can't get in,

His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

A Woman's Nay is no Denial,

Silly Youths of Love are served so;

Put her to a further Trial,

Haply she'll take it, and say no;

For it is a Trick which Women use,

What most they love they will refuse.

Silly Youth, why dost thou dally?

Having got Time and Season fit,

Then never stand, Sweet, shall I? shall I?

Nor too much commend an After-wit;

For he that will not when he may,

When he will, he shall have nay.

S O N G 34.

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,

Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,

To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,

Whose Name was Buxom Joan;

Whose Name was Buxom Joan.

For now the Time was ended

When she no more intended

To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,

Nor gnaw the Sheets in vain

And lie a-Nights alone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder

He lov'd her more than Plunder;

And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,

Which he had brought from far, Sir,

In fighting for her Sake.

The Taylor thought to please her,

By off'ring her his Measure;

The Tinker too, with Metal,

Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,

And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,  
The Sailor sily waiting ;  
Thought, if it came about, Sir,  
That they should all fall out, Sir,

He then might play his part :  
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,  
And then he let fly at her

A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

## S O N G 35.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bonny,  
Had for a suitor a norland *Jobny* ;

But he was fican a bashfu' wooer,  
That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her.

Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler.  
Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.

My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,  
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march, and marry.

## S H E.

Come, come away, then, my norland laddie,  
Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy ;  
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,  
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

## H E.

Ye lasses of the south, ye're a' for dressing ;  
Lasses of the north, mind milking and threshing ;  
My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,  
Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.

For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,  
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scaulding,  
Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,  
A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

## S H E.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound,  
Shall never be bestow'd on sic a sily clown ;  
For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,  
Gae hame, ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland *Jenny*.

## D

## S O N G



## S O N G 36.

A Spouse I do hate,  
 For either she's false or she's jealous ;  
 But give us a Mate,  
 Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.  
 She stands on no Terms,  
 Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,  
 Her Love for your Farms ;  
 But takes a kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,  
 Without an Act, Process or Warning,  
 From Wife for a Night  
 You may be divorc'd in the Morning.

When Parents are Slaves,  
 Their Brats cannot be any other :  
 Great Wits and great Braves  
 Have always a Punk to their Mother.

## S O N G 37.

A Swain of Love despairing,  
 Thus wail'd his cruel Fate ;  
 His Grief the Shepherds sharing,  
 In Circles round him sat.  
 The Nymphs in kind Compassion,  
 The luckless Lover mourn'd ;  
 All who had felt the Passion,  
 A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends, your Complaints give over,  
 Your kind Concern forbear ;  
 Shou'd Chloe but discover,  
 For me you'd shed a Tear :  
 Her Eyes she'd arm with Vengeance,  
 Your Friendship soon subdue ;  
 Too late you'd ask Forgiveness,  
 And for her Mercy sue.

Her Charms such Force discover,  
 Resistance is in vain ;  
 Spite of your self, you'll love her,  
 And hug the galling Chain.

Her

Her Wit the Flame increaseth,  
 And rivets fast the Dart;  
 She has ten thousand Graces,  
 And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving  
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breast,  
 Her Heart to him devoting,  
 She's cold to all the rest.

Their Love with Joy abounding,  
 The Thought distracts my Brain;  
 O cruel Maid! Then swooning,  
 He fell upon the Plain.

## S O N G 38.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,  
 Whom Love cou'd ne'er subdue,  
 Obsequious bows, but never dies,  
 Oft pleasing views with wishing Eyes  
 Myra and Chloe too.

The soothing Virgin, at whose Feet  
 The Youth first lowly fell,  
 With courting Eyes and smooth Deceit  
 His ev'ry Offer seems to greet,  
 And listens to his Tale.

But Chloe she, a wanton fair,  
 Whose Beauties well prevail'd,  
 With wav'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,  
 And if her secret Heart comply'd,  
 Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now trust me, fair one, wou'd you wish  
 The Swain might cease to rove,  
 Of steady Temper always be,  
 From foolish Affectation free,  
 And each with Caution love.

Let Chloe leave affecting Pride,  
 Myra from Fraud repair;  
 His Heart (believe!) howe'er it burns,  
 To one of you at length returns,  
 And seeks its Bosom there.

**A** Starving Life all Day we lead,  
 No Comfort here is found ;  
 At Night we make one common Bed,  
 Upon the boarded Ground,  
 Where Fleas in Troops, and Bugs in Shoals,  
 Into our Bosoms creep,  
 And Death-watch Spiders round the Walls  
 Disturb us in our Sleep.  
 Were *Socrates* alive, and bound  
 With us to lead his Life,  
 'Twould move his Patience far beyond  
 His crabbed, scolding Wife :  
 Hard Lodging, and much harder Fare,  
 Would try the wisest Sage,  
 Nay, even make a Parson swear,  
 And curse this sinful Age.  
 Thus we Insolvent Debtors live ;  
 Yet we may boldly say,  
 Worse Villains often Credit give,  
 Than those that never pay ;  
 For wealthy Knaves can, with Applause,  
 Cheat on, and ne'er be try'd,  
 But in contempt of human Laws,  
 In Coaches safely ride.

## S O N G 40.

**A** Taylor, good Lord, in the Time of Vacation,  
 When Cabbage was scarce, and when Pocket  
 was low,  
 For the Sake of good Liquor pretended a Passion  
 To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row ;  
 Now a Louse made him itch ;  
 Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,  
 And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.  
 One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret,  
 To tell what he ow'd, that his Store he might know,  
 Says he, it is all very right I declare it ;  
 Says she, then I hope you will pay ere I go.  
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says Prick-Louse, my Jewel, I love you most dearly,  
 My Breast every Minute still hotter does glow.  
 Ay, only, says she, for the Juice of my Barley,  
 And other good Drink in my Cellar below.  
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,  
 Which I dare not name, and you care not to show.  
 Says she, I'm afraid you are given to flatter,  
 What is it you mean, and pray where does it grow?  
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, 'tis a Thing that has never a Handle,  
 'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low.  
 Said she, then I fear that you must have a Candle,  
 Or else the wrong Way you may happen to go:  
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, was it darker than ever was Charcoal,  
 Tho' I never was there, yet the Way do I know,  
 Says she, if it be such a terrible dark Hole,  
 Don't offer to grope out your Way to it so:  
 Now a Louse, &c.

Says he, you shall see I will quickly be at it,  
 For this is, oh this is the Way that I'll go.  
 Says she, do not touzle me so, for I hate it,  
 I vow by and by you will make me cry oh;  
 So they both went to work,  
 Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,  
 And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the Business was over;  
 Says he, you will rub out the Score ere you go:  
 Says she, I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,  
 I'm not such a Fool I would have you to know:  
 Now a Louse made him itch,  
 Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,  
 And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

## S O N G 42.

A Thousand Charms in *Calia* met,  
 A Thousand Lovers at her Feet;  
 Yet she remains the Maid, and slights  
 The Genial Bed, and *Hymen's* Rites.

Not want of Pity in the Fair,  
But Worth in Man, defeats his Pray'r ;  
Wife Caution, and not proud Disdain,  
Preserves so long her Virgin Reign.

## S O N G 42.

A Thousand Ways to wean my Heart  
I've try'd, yet can't remove him,  
And tho' for Life I've sworn to part,  
For Life, I find I love him.  
Still, shou'd the dear False Man return,  
And with new Vows pursue me,  
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,  
And still, I fear, undo me.

## S O N G 43.

A Tory, a Whig and a moderate Man,  
O'er a Tub of strong Ale  
Met, in Aylesbury Vale,  
Where liv'd a plump Lads, they call'd Buxom Nan ;  
The Tory a Londoner, proud and high,  
The Whig was a Tradesman plaguey fly,  
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry ;  
And thus they their Suit began.

Pretty Nancy, we're come to put in our Claim ;  
Resolv'd upon Wedlock's pleasing Game ;

Here's Jacob the Big,  
And William the Whig,  
And Roger the Grigg,

Jolly Lads as e'er were buckl'd in Girdle fast ;

Say which will you chuse,  
To tie with a Noose ?

For a Wife, we must carry, whate'er comes on't ;

Then think upon't,

You'll ne'er be sorry when you have don't ;

Nor like us the worse for our wooing so blunt ;

Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lads, who was not of the Motion shy,

The ripe Years of her Life

Being twenty and five,

To the Words of her Lovers strait made reply ;

I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,

And I know too you like my Copy-hold ;

And since Fortune favours the Brisk and the Bold,  
 One of ye I mean to try,  
 But I'm not for you, nor Sacheverel's Cause,  
 Nor you with your Hoadly's Hums and Haws ;

No Jacob the Big,  
 No William the Whig,  
 But Roger the Grigg,  
 With his Mirth and Mildness happily please me can ;  
 'Tis him I will chuse  
 For the conjugal Noose :

So that you, the Church Bully, may rave and rant,  
 And you may cant,  
 Till both are impeach'd in Parliament ;  
 'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want ;  
 So I'm for a moderate Man.

## S O N G 44.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,  
 Begun with a Trifle, and ended :  
 All trifling People draw near,  
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles a few,  
 That lately have come into Play,  
 The Men would want something to do,  
 And the Women want something to say.

What makes Men trifle in dressing ?  
 Because the Ladies, they know,  
 Admire, by often possessing,  
 That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,  
 The Trifle of Trifles to gain,  
 No sooner the Virgin is rifled,  
 But a Trifle shall part them again.

What mortal Man would be able -  
 At White's half an Hour to sit ?  
 Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,  
 Without taking Trifles for Wit ?

The Court is from Trifles secure ;  
 Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see ;  
 White Rods are no Trifles I'm sure,  
 Whatever their Bearers may be.

But



But if you will go to the Place,  
Where Trifles abundantly breed,  
The Levee will shew you his Grace  
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.

A Coach with Six Footmen behind,  
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find  
A scandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Champagne, People think it.  
A Trifle, or something as bad;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no Trifle, by Gad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,  
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow;  
A Peace is a Trifle to day;  
Who knows what may happen to morrow?

A Black-Coat a Trifle may Cloak,  
Or to hide it a Red may endeavour;  
But if once the Army is broke,  
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, they say,  
The Reason pray carry along,  
Because that at ev'ry new Play,  
The House they with Trifles do throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,  
And to set us all on a Foot,  
The Author of this is a Trifle,  
And his Song is a Trifle to Boot.

## S O N G 45.

A Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallanta Showe  
A very pretty Fancy a brave gallanta Showe  
E juste come from France, a very pretty Fancy  
E juste come from France, toute nouveau.

De first ting be de true Picture of de great magnificent  
City of Londre,  
Dat fill every Part of de World wid Surprize, Pleasure,  
and Vonder.

Here de cunning French, de wise Italian and Spaniard  
runne,

And vere can dey go else, mörbleau, to get quarter of de Money.

And for de Diversions, dat make a de Pleasure for this graet Tewn,

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never was known;

Here be de Hay-Market, vere de Italian Opera do sweetly sound,

Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred thousand Pound.

Here be de famous Comediens of de World, de troupe Italien,

Dat make a de poor English weep, because dey vil troupe home agen;

De toder Place be Médamoiselle Violante shew a thousand Trick,

She jump upon de rope ten storie high and never break her Neck.

Here be de wise Managers shew all de Vifdom of deir Brain,

Dat make a de fine ting of Vagner and Abericock in Drury-Lane,

See how dey turn about, for deir own Diversion, in de Flying Chair:

So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis thousand Year.

### S O N G 46.

A Virgin once was walking along

In the sweet Month of *July*,

Blooming, beautiful, and young,

She met with a Swain unruly;

Within his Arms the Nymph he caught,

And swore he lov'd her truly;

The Maid remember'd, the Man forgot

What pass'd in the Month of *July*.

### S O N G 47.

A Wig that's full,

An empty Skull,

A Box of Bergamot;

A hat ne'er made

To fit his Head,

No more than that to plot.

A

A Hand that's white,  
A Ring that's right,  
A Sword, Knot, Patch, and Feather;  
A gracious Smile,  
And Grounds and Oil,  
Do very well together.

A Smatch of French,  
And none of Sense,  
All-conquering Airs and Graces;  
A Tune that thrills,  
A Leer that kills,  
Stoln Flights and borrow'd Phrases.

A Chariot gilt,  
To wait on Jilt,  
An awkward Pace and Carriage;  
A foreign Tour,  
Domestic Whore,  
And mercenary Marriage.

A Limberham,  
G----- D----- ye M'am,  
A Snock-face, tho' a mann'd one;  
A peaceful Sword,  
Not one wife Word,  
But strut and prate at random.

Duns, Bastards, Claps,  
And am'rous Scraps  
Of Cælia and Amanda;  
Toss up a Beau,  
That grand Ragou,  
That Hodge-podge for the Ladies.

S O N G 48.

A Women's Ware, like China,  
Now cheap now dear is bought;  
When whole tho' worth a Guinea,  
When broke's not worth a Groat.

A Woman at St. James's,  
With Hundreds you'll obtain;  
But stay till lost her Fame is,  
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

S O N G

A Worthy London Prentice  
Came to his Love by Night ;

The Candles they were lighted,

The Moon did shine so bright :

He knocked at the Door,

To ease him of his Pain ;

She rose and let him in, Love,

And went to Bed again.

He went into the Chamber,

Where his true Love did lie ;

She quickly gave Consent,

For to have his Company :

She quickly gave Consent,

The Neighbours peeping out ;

So take away your Hand, Love,

Let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown, Love,

My Mistress should it know ;

I'll in my Smock step down, Love,

And I'll out the Candle blow ;

The Streets they are so nigh,

And the People walk about ;

Some may peep in and spy, Love,

Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistress

Upon the Bed do lie,

Enjoying one another,

Why should not you and I ?

My Master kiss'd my Mistress

Without any Fear or Doubt ;

And we'll kiss one another,

Let's blow the Candle out.

prithce speak more softly

Of what we have to do ;

lest that our Noise and talking

Should make our Pleasure rue ;

for kissing one another

Will make no evil Rout,

Then let us now be silent,

And blow the Candle out.

But

But yet we must be doing,  
 He could no longer stay:  
 She strove to blow the Candle out,  
 And push'd his Hand away:  
 The young Man was so hasty,  
 To lay his Arms about;  
 But she cry'd, I pray, Love,  
 Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,  
 The Maiden she did blow;  
 But when the Candle went out;  
 Alas! I do not know;

Said she, I fear not now, Sir,  
 My Master or my Dame;  
 And what this Couple did, Sir,  
 Alas! I dare not name.

## S O N G 50.

A Wretch long tortur'd with Dildain,  
 That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain,  
 At length the God of Wine address'd,  
 The Refuge of a wounded Breast.

Vouchsafe, oh Pow'r, thy healing Aid,  
 Teach me to gain the cruel Maid;  
 Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,  
 Flush his wan Looks, and cheer his Heart.

Thus to the jolly God he cry'd;  
 And thus the jolly God reply'd;  
 Give Whining o'er, be brisk and gay,  
 And quaff the sneaking Form away;

With dauntless Mein approach the Fair;  
 The Way to conquer is to dare.  
 The Swain pursu'd the God's Advice;  
 The Nymph was now no longer nice.

She smil'd, and spoke the Sex's Mind;  
 When you grow daring, we grow kind:  
 Men to themselves are most severe,  
 And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

He. **A** dieu for a while my native green Plains,  
My nearest Relations, and neighbouring Swains,  
Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,  
Were Minutes not Ages, while absent from thee.

She. Then tell me the Reason thou does not obey  
The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away?  
Alake I, thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,  
A Lover far roving will never mind me.

He. The Reason unhappy is owing to Fate,  
That gave me a Being without an Estate;  
Which lays a Necessity now upon me,  
To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

She. Small Fortune may serve where Love has the Sway,  
Then, Johny, be counsel'd na langer to stray;  
For while thou prove constant in Kindness to me,  
Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

He. O cease, my dear chamer, else soon I'll betray  
A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give way  
To Fondness which may prove a Ruin to thee,  
A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

She. Bear witness, ye Streams; and witness, ye Flow'rs,  
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible Pow'rs:  
If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,  
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

**A** Dieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love,  
For a Passion more noble my Fancy does move;  
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim  
In sorrowful Notes my Amyntas his Name:  
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain,  
Thou never shall see thy Amyntas again;

For Death has befriended him,

Fate has defended him,

None, none alive is so happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have danc'd to his Lays,  
Come help me to sing forth Amyntas his Praise,  
No Swain for the Garland durst with him dispute,  
So sweet were his Notes, while he sang to his Lute:



Then come to his Grave, and your Kindness pursue,  
To weave him a Garland with Cypress and Yew ;

For Life hath forsaken him,

Death hath o'ertaken him,

No Swain again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,

I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late ;

You Echo's, and Fountains, my Witnesses prove

How deeply I sigh for the Loss of my Love :

And now of our Pan, whom we chiefly adore,

This Favour I never will cease to implore ;

That now I may go above,

And there enjoy my Love,

Then, then I never will part with him more.

S O N G 53.

A Dieu, ye pleasant Sports and Plays,

Farewell each Song that was diverting,

Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,

I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* Parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd

The dear, tormenting, pleasing Passion,

Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevailed

On him to shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair-one seem'd to give

A patient Ear to his Love-Story,

*Damon* must his *Delia* leave,

To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-spoken Words hung on their Tongue,

Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting,

And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,

These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu ;

Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me :

While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,

No other Charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far

From *Delia*, but you may deceive her ?

The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,

Adieu, my Dear, I fear, for ever.

S O N G

## S O N G 54.

**A**FTER the fiercest Pangs of hot Desire,  
 Between Panthea's rising Breasts  
 His bending Breast Philander rests ;  
 Tho' vanquish'd, yet unwilling to retire,  
 Close hugs the Charmer ; and, asham'd to yield,  
 Tho' he has lost the Day, yet keeps the Field.

When, with a Sigh, the fair Panthea said,  
 What Pity 'tis, ye Gods, that all  
 The noblest Warriors soonest fall :

Then, with a Kiss, she gently rear'd his Head,  
 Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she  
 More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

But more enrag'd, for being beat before,  
 With all his Strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the War ;  
 Nor ceas'd he 'till the noble Prize he bore :  
 Ev'n her such wond'rous Courage did surprize ;  
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

## S O N G 55.

**A**FTER the Pangs of a desp'rate Lover,  
 When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,

Ah ! what a Pleasure it is to discover

In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain.

Ah ! what a Pleasure it is to discover,

In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain.

When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,

And both have punish'd ourselves with the Pain,

Ah ! what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is,

Ah ! what a Pleasure to press it again.

Ah ! what a Pleasure, &c.

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,

And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,

Ah ! what a Trembling I feel, when I venture.

Ah ! what a Trembling does usher my Joy.

Ah ! what a Pleasure, &c.

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,

And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain ;

Ah ! what a Joy 'tis, beyond all Expressing.

Ah ! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again.

Ah, what a Joy, &c.

S O N G

A H! bright Belinda, hither fly,

And such a Light discover,  
As may the absent Sun supply,  
And cheer the drooping Lover.

Arise, my Day, with speed arise,  
And all my Sorrows banish;  
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes  
All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
And curse the hoarded Treasure:  
Why should you love to give us Pain,  
When you were made for Pleasure.

The petty Pow'rs of Hell destroy,  
To save's the Pride of Heaven;  
To you the first, if you prove coy,  
If kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make  
Betwixt the Good and Evil;  
Which Title had you rather take,  
My Goddess, or my Devil?

A H! Celia, that I were but sure

Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure;  
That Time and Absence, which destroy  
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,  
Cou'd never rob me of that Part  
Which you have given me of your Heart:

Others unenvy'd might possess  
Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness:  
Twas nobler Fortune to divide  
The Roman Empire in her Pride,  
Than on some low and barb'rous Throne  
Obscurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy Heart exacts  
The several Debts thy Face contracts,  
And by that new and juster Way,  
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:  
Fav'ring but one, he might compel  
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,  
That in the whole so worthless are;  
Shou'd into several Squadrons draw  
That Strength, which kept entire wou'd awe;  
Men would his scatter'd Pow'r deride,  
And conqu'ring him, those Spoils divide.

## S O N G 58.

A H! Chloe, thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast,  
Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Rest;  
I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,  
There sigh for my Charmer, and long to return.  
The Fields all around me are smiling and gay,  
But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away:  
The Field and the Grove can afford me no Ease—  
But bring me my Chloe, a Desert will please.

No Virgin I see that my Bosom alarms,  
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with Charms;  
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye,  
These are not the Looks of my Chloe, I cry.  
These Looks where bright Love like the Sun sits enthron'd,  
And, smiling, diffuses his Influence round;  
Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd,  
Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.  
Then, then the dear Fair-one was still in my Sight,  
It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night:  
But, now by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,  
In secret to languish, a Prey to Despair.  
But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,  
My Chloe's still charming, my Passion the same;  
O! would she preserve me a Place in her Breast,  
Then Absence would please me, for I would be blest.

## S O N G 59.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit

As unconcern'd, as when  
Your infant Beauty could beget  
No Happiness, nor Pain.

When I this Dawning did admire,  
And prais'd the coming Day,  
Little thought that rising Fire  
Would take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,  
 As Metals in a Mine ;  
 Age from no Face takes more away,  
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly  
 To their Perfection press ;  
 So Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,  
 While Cupid at my Heart,  
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming Dart.

## S O N G 60.

A H ! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright Eyes,  
 And lay by those terrible Glances ;  
 We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,  
 Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,  
 They'll allow you no long Time of Courting ;  
 And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out ;  
 For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

## S O N G 61.

A H ! How sweet it is to love !  
 Ah ! how gay is young Desire !  
 And what pleasing Pains we prove,  
 When first we feel a Lover's Fire ;  
 Pains of Love are sweeter far  
 Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the Heart :  
 Ev'n the Tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart,  
 Lovers, when they lose their Breath,  
 Bleed away, an easy Death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting Friend ;  
 Nor the golden Gifts refuse,  
 Which in Youth sincere they lend,  
 For each Year their Price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love,

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,  
 Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein;  
 But each Tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again;  
 If a Flow in Age appear,  
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

## S O N G 62.

A H! how sweet to see her Eyes  
 Rolling in their humid Fires,  
 When the Nymph extended lies,  
 Full of Love and warm Desires?  
 Conscious Red her Face o'er-spreading,  
 And her heaving Bosom rising;  
 Milky Paths to Raptures leading,  
 Murmuring Sighs her Joys disguising.  
 Happy Lovers only know  
 The Blis that from consenting Lovers flow.  
 Listen then to young Desire,  
 Nor with your Pride against your Blis conspire,  
 Desire, like a faithful Friend,  
 Persuades substantial Pleasure;  
 Like Chymick Boasts your Pride will end  
 In meer imagin'd Treasure.  
 Then sure the Strife you'll soon decide  
 (What can your Scruples move?)  
 Betwixt the sickly Glare of Pride,  
 And gen'rous Warmth of Love.

## S O N G 63.

M. A H! lovely Nymph, the World's on fire;  
 Veil, veil those cruel Eyes.  
 W. The World may then in Flames expire,  
 And boast that so it dies.  
 M. But when all Mortals are destroy'd,  
 Who then shall sing your Praise?  
 W. Those who are fit to be employ'd;  
 The Gods shall Altars raise.

## S O N G 64.

She. A H! Love, if a God thou wilt be,  
 Do Justice in Favour of me;  
 For yonder approaching I see



A Man with a Beard,  
 Who, as I have heard,  
 Has often undone  
 Poor Maids that have none,  
 With sighing, and toying,  
 And crying, and lying,  
 And such kind of Foolery.

He. Fair Maid, by your Leave,  
 My Heart does receive  
 Strange Pleasure to meet you here ;  
 Pray tremble not so,  
 Nor offer to go,  
 I'll do you no Harm, I swear,  
 I'll do you no Harm, I swear.

She. My Mother is spinning at Home,  
 My Father works hard at the Loom,  
 And we are a milking come ;  
 Their Dinner they want,  
 Then pray ye, Sir, don't  
 Make more ado on't,  
 Nor give us Affront ;  
 We're none of the Town  
 Will lie down for a Crown,  
 Then away, Sir, and give us Room.

He. By Phœbus, by Jove,  
 By Honour, by Love,  
 I'll do thee, dear Sweet, no harm ;  
 Thou'rt fresh as a Rose,  
 I want one of those ;

Ah ! how such a Wife would charm !  
 Ah ! how such a Wife would charm !

She. And can you then like the old Rule,  
 Be conjugal, honest and dull,  
 And marry, and look like a Fool ?

For I must be plain,  
 All Tricks are in vain ;  
 There's nothing can gain  
 What you would obtain,  
 Like moving and proving  
 By Wedding, true loving,  
 My Lesson I learnt at School.

He

He.  
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He. I'll do't by this Hand,  
I've Houses and Land,  
state too in good Free-hold ;  
My Dear, let us join,  
It all shall be thine,

besides a good Purse of Gold,  
besides a good Purse of Gold.

She. You make me now blush, I vow ;

h me ! shall I baulk my Cow ?

ut since the late Oath you have sworn,

Your Soul shall not be

In Danger for me ;

I'll rather agree

Of two to make three :

We'll wed, and we'll bed,

There's no more to be said,

and I'll ne'er go a milking more.

# S O N G 65.

Jockey. A H ! my fickle Jenny,

While there was not any

in all the North had Pow'r to win ye,

But Jockey only to his Arms,

Ne'er a Lad in all the Nation

Was in so happy a Station

as Jockey, when in the Possession

Of Jenny in her early Charms.

Jenny. Had you still address'd me,

as once you carefs'd me,

none other Lad had e'er possess'd me,

But thine alone I now had been ;

Had I ever been in Vogue w'ye,

and had ye let none else colloque ye,

for rambled after Katharine Ogie,

I'd sped as well as any Queen.

Jockey. Maggy of Dumfermling

now my only Darling,

Who sings as sweet as any Starling,

And dances with a bonny Air ;

Maggy

Maggy is so kind and tender,  
 If Fate was ready now to end her,  
 Cou'd I but from the Stroke defend her,  
 I'd die, if he would Maggy spare.

Jenny. Sawney me careffes,  
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases,  
 That my poor Heart ne'er at Ease is,  
 But when we are together baith;  
 I'd so heartily befriend him,  
 If Fate was ready now to end him,  
 Cou'd I but from the Stroke defend him,  
 Ten Thousand times I'd suffer Death.

Jockey. Come, let's leave off this Fooling,  
 My Heart ne'er was cooling,  
 None ever there but thee was ruling,  
 But thus our Hearts we fondly try.

Jenny. To thy Arms if I shou'd restore me,  
 Shou'd all the Lairds i'th' Land adore me,  
 Nay, our good King himself sue for me,  
 With thee I'd ever live and die.

## S O N G 66.

A H Phillis! why are you less tendre,  
 To my despairing Amour?  
 Your Heart you have promis'd to rendre,  
 Do not deny the Retour:  
 My Passion I cannot defendre,  
 No, no, Torments encrease tous les Jours.  
 To forget your kind Slave is cruelle,  
 Can you expect my Devoir?  
 Since Phillis is grown infidelle,  
 And wounds me at ev'ry Revoir!  
 Those Eyes which were once agreeable,  
 Now, now, are Fountains of black Desespoir.  
 Adieu to my false Esperance,  
 Adieu les Plaisirs des beaux Jours;  
 My Phillis appears at Distance,  
 And slights my unfeigned Efforts:  
 To return to her Vows impossible,  
 No, no, adieu to the Cheats of Amours.

S O N G

## S O N G 67.

A H ! sacred Boy, desist, for I  
 Comply with your resistless Art ;  
 Your Arrows with such Vigour fly,  
 Already they've inflam'd my Heart.

I will no more despise your Pow'r,  
 But thus submissively obey ;  
 Yet, by your Favour, 'twas not your,  
 But Celia's Victory to-day.

For had she veil'd that charming Face,  
 And you your keenest Darts had shot,  
 Your's had been the just Disgrace,  
 And I'd obtain'd the Victor's Lot.

Then not your Pow'r, but Chance admire,  
 In having such a Friend as she,  
 Who lent you Rays t'increase my Fire,  
 And thus made you a Delty.

## S O N G 68.

A H stay ! ah turn ! ah ! whither would you flee,  
 Too charming, too relentless Maid !  
 I follow not to conquer, but to die ;  
 You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call ; for she like fleeting Air,  
 When prest by some tempestuous Wind,  
 Flies swifter from the Voice of my Despair,  
 Nor casts one pitying Look behind.

## S O N G 69.

A H ! stay ye wanton Gales, and lend  
 A friendly Moment to my Tale ;  
 To the dear Nymph my Sorrows send,  
 In tend'rest Sighs that can prevail.

In secret Murmurs, Oh ! convey  
 What Love suggests in sad Distress,  
 And let her know, that ev'ry way  
 She slights the Swain she ought to bless.

Or, if the Winds refuse to bear  
 The Voice of Love to the dear Maid ;  
 Some pitying God then lend an Ear,  
 And guard my Heart from be'ng betray'd.

Propitious Heav'n! direct my Steps  
To the blest Mansion where my Dear  
Each Day she wakes, each Night she sleeps,  
With Pity may my Passion hear.

Within her downy Arms embrac'd,  
I'd glut with Joys beyond compare ;  
My Lips seal'd to her fragrant Breast,  
O'erflowing Blessings let me share.

Or shou'd the Deities refuse  
Immediate Aid to my Request,  
Her let me not for ever lose,  
But soon or late let me be blest.

In pleasing Dreams, let tender Love  
Invade her Sleep, and let her know,  
O Cupid, and Almighty Jove!  
How much for her I undergo.

On her lov'd Bosom, Night and Day,  
Where Interruption knows no Rest ;  
There let me breathe my Soul away,  
And bid adieu to human Race.

## S O N G 79.

A H ! tell me no more  
Of the Duty or Vow,  
Of Change of Condition  
No one can allow ;  
I still must importune,  
For all my lost Fortune,  
Lost, I know not how ;  
But since such ill Chances  
Have often been common,  
That Wealth or a Woman  
W'are fated to lose ;  
'Tis fit we ourselves,  
When Mankind doth abuse,  
Shou'd make, as befits us,  
The best of bad Matters  
In Wedlock's Trepan,  
By taking Occasion  
To ease our wrong'd Passion,  
As well as we can.

For thou'd I complain,  
 'Twon'd cause but **Disdain**,  
 Since courting of **Fashion**  
 Mankind will refrain ;  
 No more of **Love's Passion**,  
 Since courting of **Fashion**  
 I'll ne'er love again.  
 They are all cruel and unkind,  
 And more false than the **Wind**,  
 I never more will mind  
 Any of their false **Sex**,  
 Tho' never so pressing  
 On me for the **Blessing** ;  
 And all those **Enjoyments**,  
 And those great **Employments**,  
 Shall me no more vex.  
 I'm free from **Confusion**,  
 And Mankind's **Delusion**  
 Shall me no more vex.

## S O N G 21.

**A** H ! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,  
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
 To bear the scornful Fair-one's Hate,  
 Nor dare disclose his **Anguish**.  
 Yet eager Looks, and dying **Sighs**,  
 My secret Soul discover,  
 While Rapture trembling through mine Eyes,  
 Reveals how much I love her.  
 The tender **Glance**, the red'ning **Check**,  
 O'erspread with rising **Blushes**,  
 A thousand various Ways they speak  
 A thousand various **Wishes**.  
 For oh ! that Form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless **Blush**, and modest **Air**,  
 So fatally beguiling.  
 Thy every Look, and every **Grace**,  
 So charm, when-e'er I view thee :  
 Till Death o'er-take me in the Chace,  
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee.

F

Then,



Then, when my tedious Hours are past,  
 Be this last Blessing given,  
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in fight of Heaven.

## S O N G 72.

A H! whither, whither shall I fly,  
 A poor unhappy Maid?  
 To hopeless Love and Misery  
 By my own Heart betray'd:  
 Not by Alexis' Eyes undone,  
 Nor by his charming faithless Tongue,  
 Or any practis'd Art:  
 Such real Ills may hope a Cure;  
 But the sad Pains which I endure,  
 Proceed from fancy'd Smart.  
 'Twas Fancy gave Alexis Charms,  
 Ere I beheld his Face:  
 Kind Fancy then could fold our Arms,  
 And form a soft Embrace:  
 But since I've seen the real Swain,  
 And try'd to fancy him again,  
 I'm by my Fancy taught,  
 Tho' 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell,  
 To have Alexis, yet 'tis Hell  
 To have him but in Thought.

## S O N G 73.

A H! why those Tears in Nelly's Eyes?  
 To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,  
 The Gods stand list'ning from the Skies,  
 Pleas'd with thy Piety.  
 To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,  
 And of one dying take a Care,  
 Who views thee as an Angel fair,  
 Or some Divinity.  
 O be less graceful, or more kind,  
 And cool this Fever of my Mind,  
 Caus'd by the Boy severe and blind;  
 Wounded I sigh for thee;

While hardly dare I hope to rise O 2  
 To such a Height by Hymen's Ties,  
 To lay me down where Helen lies,  
 And with thy Charms be free.  
 Then must I hide my Love, and die,  
 When such a sovereign Cure is by?  
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,  
 Whate'er my Fate may be,  
 Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,  
 With those dear Agents I'll advise,  
 They tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lies,  
 The least believ'd by me.

## S O N G 74.

AH! woe me, poor Willy cry'd,  
 See how I'm wasted to a span;  
 My heart I lost, when first I spy'd  
 The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.  
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
 Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan  
 Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,  
 And all for thee, my smirky Nan.  
 The ale-wife misses me of late,  
 I us'd to take a hearty can;  
 But I can neither drink nor eat,  
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.  
 The baker makes the best of bread,  
 The flower he takes, and leaves the bran;  
 The bran is every other maid,  
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.  
 But Dick of th' green, that nasty lown,  
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,  
 He snatch'd a kiss: I knock'd him down,  
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.  
 But hark! the roaring fogs comes,  
 And rattles Tantara Taran,  
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,  
 Woe me, I've lost my smirky Nan!

## F 2 S O N G

While hardly dare I hope to rise O 2

## SONG 75.

**A** Las! when charming Sylvia's gone,  
 I sigh, and think myself undone;  
 But when the lovely Nymph is here,  
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.  
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove,  
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd Love?

Ah me! what Powers can move me so?  
 I die with Grief when she must go;  
 But I revive at her Return;  
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:  
 Transports so sweet, so strong, so new,  
 Say, can they be to Friendship due?

Ah no! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,  
 I feel, I feel the pleasing Pain:  
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's Eyes,  
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her Prize?  
 Gods, if the truest must be blest,  
 O let her be by me possesst.

## SONG 76.

**A** Alexis how artless a Lover,  
 How bashful and silly you grow!  
 In my Eyes can you never discover,  
 I mean Yes, when I often say No.

When you pine and you whine out your Passion,  
 And only entreat for a Kiss;  
 To be coy and deny is the Fashion,  
 Alexis shou'd ravish the Bliss.

In Love, as in War, 'tis but Reason  
 To make some Defence for the Town;  
 To surrender without it were Treason,  
 Before that the Out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my Blushes to cover,  
 'Tis for Honour and Modesty Sake;  
 He is but a pitiful Lover,  
 Who is foil'd by a single Attack.

But when we by Force are o'erpower'd,  
 The best and the bravest must yield;  
 I am not to be won by a Coward,  
 Who hardly dares enter the Field.

SONG

A Lexis shun'd his fellow Swains,  
 Their rural Sports and jocund Strains;  
 Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's Bow!  
 He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,  
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,  
 He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,  
 His Grief some pity, others blame;  
 The fatal Cause all kindly seek;  
 He mingl'd his Concern with theirs,  
 He gave them back their friendly Tears,  
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,  
 And she too kind Concern express'd,  
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe;  
 She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein,  
 That made it easily foreseen,  
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,  
 And will you pardon me, he said,  
 While I the cruel Truth reveal;  
 Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear,  
 Which never should offend your Ear,  
 But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the Plain,  
 You are the Cause of all my Care;  
 Your Eyes ten Thousand Dangers dart,  
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,  
 I love, and I despair!

Too much, Alexis, I have heard,  
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,  
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:  
 But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain;  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## S O N G 78.

**A**LL Attendance apart,  
 I examin'd my Heart  
 Last Night, when I laid me to rest;  
 And methinks I'm inclin'd  
 To a Change of my Mind,  
 For you know second Thoughts are the best.

To retire from the Crowd,  
 And make ourselves good,  
 By avoiding ev'ry Temptation,  
 Is, in truth, to reveal  
 What we'd better conceal,  
 That our Passions want some Regulation.

It will much more redound  
 To our Praise, to be found  
 In a World so abounding with Evil,  
 Unspotted and pure,  
 Tho' not so demure,  
 As to wage open War with the Devil.

So, bidding farewell  
 To my Thoughts of a Cell,  
 I'll prepare for this militant Life,  
 And, if brought to Distress,  
 My Man I'll confess,  
 And do Penance in shape of a Wife.

## S O N G 79.

**A**LL the Flatt'ries of Fate;  
 And the Pleasures of State,  
 Are nothing so sweet as what Love does create;  
 If this you deny,  
 'Tis time I should die,  
 Kind Death's a Reprieve, if you threaten to hate.

In some close shady Grove  
 Will I wander and rove  
 With the Nightingale and disconsolate Dove,  
 With down-hanging Wing,  
 I will mournfully sing  
 The tragick Events of unfortunate Love.

With

With our Complaints we'll conspire  
 To heighten Love's Fire,  
 Still vanquishing Life, 'till at length we'll expire;  
 And when I am dead,  
 In a cold leafy Bed,  
 Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.

## S O N G 80.

A L L in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,  
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 O where shall I my true Love find!  
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among the Crew?

William, who high upon the Yard,  
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below:  
 The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,  
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands,

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,  
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,  
 (If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)

And drops at once into her Nest:  
 The noblest Captain in the British Fleet  
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet,

O Susan, Susan, lovely Dear!

My Vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me wipe off that falling Tear,

We only part to meet again;  
 Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be  
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;  
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If



If to fair India's Coast we sail,  
 Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright;  
 Thy Breath is Afric's spicy Gale;  
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white:  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view  
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms  
 William shall to his Dear return.  
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious Tears should fall from Susan's Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,  
 The sails their swelling Bosoms spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board:  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head.  
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,  
 Adieu, she cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

## S O N G 81.

A L L my past Life is mine no more,  
 The flying Hours are gone,  
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,  
 Whose Images are kept in Store,  
 By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,  
 How can it then be mine?  
 The present Moment's all my Lot,  
 And that as fast as it is got,  
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,  
 False Hearts and broken Vows:  
 If I by Miracle can be  
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,  
 It's all that Heav'n allows.

## S O N G

## S O N G 82.

**A**LL the Materials are the same,  
Of Beauty and Desire ;

Is a fair Woman's goodly Frame,  
No Brightness is without a Flame,  
No Flame without a Fire :

Then tell me what those Creatures are,  
Who wou'd be thought both chaste and fair ;

If on her Neck her Hair be spread,  
With many a curious Ring ;

That Heat which serves to curl her Head,  
Will make her mad to be a-bed,  
And do another Thing.

Then tell me, &c.

If Modesty itself appears

With Blushes in her Face ;

Think you the Blood that dances there,  
Can revel it no other where,  
Or warm no other Place ?

Then tell me, &c.

Ask but of her Philosophy,

What gives her Lips the Balm,

What makes her Breast to heave so high,

What Spir'its give Motion to her Eye,

And Moisture to her Palm ?

Then tell me, &c.

Then, Celia, be not coy, for that

Betrays thyself and thee :

There's not a Beauty nor a Grace,

Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,

But plead within for me.

Then tell me what those Women are,

Who wou'd be thought both chaste and fair ?

## S O N G 83.

**A**LL the World's in Strife and Hurry,

And the Lord knows when 'twill cease ;

Some for Interest, some for Glory,

Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace :

Since the High-Church then and Low

Make our daily Mischiefs grow,

And

And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,  
 Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out ;  
 How blest'd is the happy he,  
 Who from Town, and the Faction that is there, is free ;  
 For Love and no ill Ends,  
 Treats his Neighbours and his Friends ?  
 He shall ever, in the Book of Fame,  
 Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the High Purse-bearer,  
 At his Levy no Crowds you see ;  
 He that was the Grand Cause-hearer,  
 Now no longer makes Decree :  
 Nay, to prove her wavering Evil,  
 And that Fortune is the Devil,  
 The Hero leading our Arms abroad,  
 Whom they late did celebrate like a God,  
 Scarce has any to drink his Health,  
 If a Friend does, not kindly put it round by Stealth ?

A Whig is out o' Grace,  
 And a Tory in his Place :  
 Riddles all, and something is amiss,  
 What a whimsical World is this !

## S O N G 84.

A L L Thoughts of Freedom are too late ;  
 Not any new fair Lady's Art,  
 Nor both the India's Wealth, nor Fate  
 Itself, can disengage my Heart.

Not, which kind Heav'n forbid ! your Hate,  
 And that which follows, proud Disdain,  
 My Passion could at all abate,  
 But only make it last with Pain.

Thus all my Quiet does depend  
 On hopes t' obtain a Smile from you ;  
 That so my Love, that knows no End,  
 May last with equal Pleasure too.

## S O N G 85.

A L L you that must needs take a Leap in the Dark,  
 Pity the Fate of young Lawson and Clark :  
 Cheated with Hope, by Mercy amus'd,  
 Betray'd by the sinful Ways we have us'd ;

Cropt in our Prime of Strength and Youth ;  
Who can but weep at so sad a Truth ?

Once we thought 'twould never be Night ;  
But now, alas ! 'twill never be Light.  
Heav'nly Mercy shine on our Souls,  
Death it draws near, hark, St 'Pulchre's Bell tolls !  
Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,  
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, Grief to assuage.

Courses of Evil have brought us to this,  
Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss ;  
We ne'er should have Cause so much to repent,  
Could we with our Callings have been content ;  
The Snares of Wine and Women fair,  
First were the Cause we now despair.

You that now view our fatal End,  
Warn'd by our Case, your Carriage mend ;  
Soon or late grim Death will come ;  
Who'd not prepare for so certain a Doom ?  
Span long Life, with lifeless Joys,  
What's in this World but Care and Noise ?

Youth, tho' blest by being so,  
As vast thy Joy, so great thy Woe :  
Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,  
Will in the End thy Soul affright :  
'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth, thy Strength,  
Can add to Life one Moment's Length.

God is as merciful as just ;  
Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must ;  
Sweet Temptations of Worldly Joy  
Make for our Grief, and Peace destroy :  
Think then, when Man his Race has run,  
Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there are none so absurd and odd,  
To think, with the Fool, there is no God ?  
What is't we fear, when Death we meet,  
Were it not to account at the Judgment-Seat ?  
That Providence, we find each Hour,  
Proves him a supernat'ral Pow'r :  
In Mercy open thy bright Abode,  
Receive our Souls, tremendous God !

SONG

**A** L L you that wou'd refine your Blood,  
 As pure as fam'd Lewellin;  
 By Waters clear, come ev'ry Year,  
 And drink at Bally Spelling.  
 If Spots or Itch the Skin enrich,  
 With Rubies past the telling;  
 'Twill clear the Skin, before you've been  
 A Month at Bally Spelling.  
 If Lady's Cheek be green as Leek,  
 When she comes from her Dwelling;  
 The kindling Rose within it glows,  
 When she's at Bally Spelling.  
 The footy Brown, who comes to Town,  
 Grows here as fair as Helen,  
 Then back she goes, to kill the Beaux,  
 By Dint of Bally Spelling.  
 Our Ladies are as fresh and fair,  
 As Rose or bright Dunkelling;  
 And Mars might make a fair Mistake,  
 Were he at Bally Spelling.  
 We Men submit as they think fit,  
 And here is no rebelling;  
 The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign,  
 They're Queens at Bally Spelling.  
 By matchless Charms, unconquer'd Arms,  
 They have the Gift of quelling;  
 Such desp'rate Foes as dare oppose  
 Their Pow'r at Bally Spelling.  
 Cold Water turns to Fire and burns,  
 I know, because I fell in  
 A Stream that came from one bright Dame,  
 Who drank at Bally Spelling.  
 Fine Beaux advance, equipt for Dance,  
 And bring their Ann or Nell in  
 With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place  
 Can vye with Bally Spelling.  
 No Politicks, no subtle Tricks,  
 No Man his Country selling:

We eat, we drink, we never think  
Of these at Bally Spelling.

The troubled Mind, the puff with Wind,  
Do all come here pell-mell in;  
And they are sure to work their Cure,  
By Drinking Bally Spelling.

If Dropsy fills you to the Gills  
From Chin to 'Toe tho' swelling;  
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt,  
A Cure at Bally Spelling.

Death throws no Darts thro' all these Parts,  
No Sexton's here a Knelling:

Come judge and try, you'll never die,  
And live at Bally Spelling.

Except you feel Darts tipt with Steel,  
Which here are every Belle in,  
When from their Eyes sweet Ruin flies,  
We die at Bally Spelling.

Good Cheer, sweet Air, much Joy, no Care,  
Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,  
Your Ears, your Touch, transporteth much,  
Each Day at Bally Spelling.

Within this Ground we all sleep sound,  
No noisy Dogs a yelling;  
Except you wake, for Celia's sake,  
All Night at Bally Spelling.

Here all you see, both he and she,  
No Lady keeps her Cell in:  
But all partake the Mirth we make,  
Who drink at Bally Spelling.

My Rhymes are gone, I think I've none,  
Unless I should bring Hell in;  
But since I'm here, to Heav'n so near,  
I can't at Bally Spelling.

S O N G 87.

A Lmeria's Face, her Shape, her Air,  
With Charms resistless wound the Heart;  
In vain you for Defence prepare,  
When from her Eyes Love throw his Dart.



So strong, so swift the Arrow flies,  
 Such sure Destruction flying makes;  
 The bold Opposer quickly dies!  
 The Fugitive it overtakes!

Nor Stratagem, nor Force avails,  
 No feign'd Submission sets you free;  
 One Look o'er all your Arts prevails,  
 There's no Way safe but not to see!

For such the Magic of her Arms,  
 And wounding she does so allure;  
 The Unexperienc'd court their Harms;  
 The Wounded never wish a Cure.

## S O N G 88.

A LONE, by a Fountain,  
 I press the cold Ground,  
 Lest the Rock and the Mountain  
 My Grief should resound.

For the Man that's so dear,  
 I'll ne'er discover,  
 Lest the Echo should hear,  
 And repeat to my Lover.

The Pains that invade me  
 I never will tell,  
 Lest the World should upbraid me  
 With loving too well.

If my Truth cannot move,  
 No Fondness I'll show;  
 'Tis enough that I love,  
 And too much he should know.

## S O N G 89.

A Ltho' I be but a Country Lass,  
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear—O,  
 And think myself as good as those  
 That rich Apparel wear—O,  
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun gray,  
 My Skin it is as soft—O,  
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,  
 And carry their Heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep ?

The Thing that must be done—O,

With Garlands of the finest Flowers,

To shade me frae the Sun—O.

When they are feeding pleasantly,

Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring—O,

Then on a flowry Bank at Noon,

I set me down and sing—O.

My Paisly Peggy, cork'd with Sage,

Contains my Drink but thin—O :

No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,

Or tempt my Mind to sin—O.

My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,

I think them unco fine—O,

And on a flowry Bank at Noon,

I set me down and dine—O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise

Great Bags of shining Gold—O,

Like them whale Daughters, now a Days,

Like Swine are bought and sold—O ;

Yet my fair Body it shall keep

An honest Heart within—O,

And for twice fifty thousand Crowns,

I value not a Pin—O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,

Nor Chains about my Neck—O,

Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,

My Fingers straight to deck—O ?

But for that Lad to me shall fa',

And I have Grace to wed—O,

I'll keep a Jewel worth them a,

I mean my Maidenhead—O.

O canny Fortune, give to me

The Man I dearly love—O :

Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,

My Hands I can improve—O :

Expecting for a Blessing still,

Descending from above—O,

Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,

Repeating Tales of Love—O.

**A** Mbitious never me seduc'd,  
 To soar on Fortune's painted Wing;  
 Far humbler Motives strong induc'd,  
 To haunt unvex'd, the Muses Spring.  
 Some rural Cott, where Angel Peace  
 Mild o'er the Soul her Influence sheds;  
 Where Pleasures flow with gay Increase,  
 And sport at Ease on Rosy Beds.  
 Where Silvan Scenes the Fancy raise,  
 Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;  
 Where fanning Zephyrs sooth the Blaze  
 Of Summer's fiercely-darting Day.  
 The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,  
 The Lawn in chearing Verdure dress'd,  
 Th' inspiring Hill, the tufted Glade;  
 Soft Thames shou'd pleasing Thoughts suggest.  
 Then rais'd to Extasy, I'd hail  
 The sweetly-awful rural Powers,  
 Invite, if artless Sounds prevail,  
 Gay Wood-nymphs from their Jes'mine Bowers.  
 Rich in myself, I'd frown on Gold,  
 And far the treacherous Gengaw throw;  
 With Pity's melting Eye behold  
 The idly-bustling Crowd below.  
 Ah me! how in romantic Seats  
 Does my deluded Fancy stray!  
 Too transient, visionary Sweet,  
 That sudden Gleam, that fades away.  
 Thus sportive to the Mind, in Sleep,  
 Cascades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas rise;  
 Break but the Charm, the glitt'ring Heap,  
 And all the wild Creation dies.

**A** Melia wishes, when she dies,  
 Her dearest Lord may close her Eyes,  
 And Heaven may open his;  
 Then will he wish, but all in vain,  
 To have her render'd back again,  
 From Realms of endless Bliss.

A Mintor, once the happy'st Swain,  
 His Flocks attended on the Plain ;  
 No racking Thoughts disturb'd his Breast,  
 'Till Love deny'd the Shepherd Rest :  
 'Till Fate, to wound him, did prepare  
 A fatal, lovely, cruel Fair,  
 The Nymph by all the Gods design'd  
 To ruin, yet to rule Mankind.

His Flocks no Pleasure now can yield,  
 But stray unheeded o'er the Field ;  
 Celia alone can give him Ease,  
 'Tis she alone that pain'd, can please.  
 The trembling Shepherd, in Despair,  
 Close as he durst, approach'd the Fair,  
 Then prest her Hand, and fondly tries  
 To read his Sentence in her Eyes.

Ah ! cruel Nymph ; Alas ! he cries,  
 To slight the Swain that for you dies.  
 Ah, simple Swain ! the Nymph returns,  
 To love One who your Passion scorns.  
 Confirm'd too plain in all his Fears,  
 Confusion in his Face appears ;  
 And hopeless now, Relief to find,  
 He thus address'd the dear Unkind :

Yet let my last Request succeed,  
 Defer no more the Death decreed,  
 The Death that must release the Swain  
 From fruitless Hope, and endless Pain.  
 Tho' in your Frowns I see my Fate,  
 Tho' you undo me with your Hate.  
 Whilst thus I gaze, Life cannot go ;  
 Oh fly ! and strike the fatal Blow.

A Mongst the pure Ones all,  
 Who Conscience do profess ;  
 And in that Sort of Conscience  
 Do practice nothing less :

I mean the Sect of those Elect,  
That loath to live by Merit,  
That lead their Lives with other Mens Wives,  
According unto the Spirit.

One met with a holy Sister of ours,  
A Saint who dearly lov'd him,  
And fain he would have kiss'd her,  
Because the Spirit mov'd him:  
But she deny'd, and he reply'd,  
You're damn'd unless you do it;  
Therefore consent, do not repent,  
For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She, not willing to offend,  
Yielded unto his Motion;  
And what these two did intend,  
Was out of pure Devotion.  
To lie with a Friend and a Brother,  
She thought she should die no Sinner;  
But ere five Months were past and gone,  
The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the Wicked say,  
When they shall hear this Rumour;  
They'll laugh at us ev'ry Day,  
And scoff us in ev'ry Corner:  
Let 'em do so still, if that they will,  
We mean not to follow their Fashion;  
They're none of our Sect, nor of the Elect,  
Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the Time was come,  
That she was to be laid,  
It was no very great Crime,  
Committed by her, they said;  
'Cause they did know, and she did shew,  
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother;  
But a very great Sin, they said, it had been,  
If it had been done by another.

## S O N G 94

A Mongst the Willows and the Grass,  
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,  
Young Willy courted bonny Bess,  
And Nell stood list'ning by:

Sayd

says Will, we will not tarry  
 Two Months before we marry.  
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,  
 For aM aid I'll live and die.  
 Says Nell, So shall not I.  
 Says Nell, &c.

ong time betwixt Hope and Despair,  
 And Kisses mixt between,  
 He with a Song did charm her Ear,  
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;  
 says Will, I want a Blessing,  
 Substantialler than Kissing.  
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,  
 For I'll never change my Mind ;  
 says Nell, She'll prove more Kind,  
 says Nell, &c.

smart Pain the tender Virgin finds,  
 Altho' by Nature taught,  
 When she at first to Man inclines :  
 Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.  
 Oh ! who wou'd lose a Treasure,  
 For such a puny Pleasure ?  
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,  
 And to my Vow prove true :  
 Quoth Nell, The more Fool you, &c.

Into my Closet I'll repair.  
 And read in godly Books,  
 Forget vain Love, and worldly Care,  
 Quoth Nell, That likely looks !  
 You Men are all perfidious,  
 But I will be religious,  
 Fly all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all,  
 Your Sex I now despise :  
 Says Nell, By Jove, she lies.  
 Says Nell, &c.

## S O N G 95.

Moret, the Milky Way,  
 Fram'd of many nameless Stars !  
 The smooth Stream, where none can say,  
 Be this Drop to that prefers !

Amoret,



Amoret, my lovely Foe!

Tell me where thy Strength does lie?

Where the Pow'r that Charms us so?

In thy Soul, or in thy Eye?

By that snowy Neck alone;

Or thy Grace in Motion seen;

No such Wonders cou'd be done:

Yet thy Waist is strait, and clean,

As Cupid's Shaft; or Hermes' Rod;

And pow'rful too, as either God.

S O N G 96.

A MYNTAS, that true-hearted Swain,

Upon a River Bank was laid,

Where to the pitying Streams he did complain

Of Sylvia, that false charming Maid.

But she was still regardless of his Pain.

Oh! faithless Sylvia, would he cry,

And what he said, the Echoes would reply.

Be kind, or else I die, else I die,

Be kind, or else I die, else I die.

A Show'r of Tears his Eyes let fall,

Which in the River made Impress;

Then sigh'd, and Sylvia false again would call,

Ah! cruel, faithless Shepherdess!

Is Love with you become a Criminal?

Ah! lay aside this needless Scorn,

Allow your poor Ador'g some Return,

Consider how I burn, else I burn,

Consider, &c.

Some Smiles and Kisses which you give,

Remember, Sylvia, are my Due;

And all the Joys my Rival does receive,

He ravishes from me, not you.

Ah! Sylvia, can I live, and this believe?

Insensibles are touch'd to see

My Languishments, and seem to pity me,

Which I demand of thee, else of thee,

Which I demand, &c.

## S O N G 97.

A N am'rous Swain to Juno pray'd,  
And thus his Suit did move:  
Give me, oh! give me the dear Maid,  
Or take away my Love.

The Goddess thunder'd from the Skies,  
And granted his Request:  
To make him happy, made him wise,  
And drove her from his Breast.

## S O N G 98.

A N I'll awa to bonny Tweed side,  
And see my deary come throw,  
And he sall be mine,  
Gif sae he incline,

For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair,  
I'll make it my care,

To secure my fell in a jo;

I'm no sic a fool

To let my blood cool,

And syne gae leads apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,

Will eithly persuade,

Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,

Gae on with your strain,

And doubt not to gain,

For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man,

Do whate'er we can,

We never can thrive or dow:

Then I will do well,

Do better wha will,

And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,

And Gods are gracious

That beauties upon us bestow;

'Tis not to be thought,

We got them for nought,

Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carried by votes,  
 Come kilt up ye'r coats,  
 And let us to Edinburgh go,  
 Where she that's bonny  
 May catch a Johny,  
 And never lead apes below.

## S O N G 99.

A N D I'll o'er the Moor to Maggie,  
 Her Wit and Sweetness call me,  
 Then to my Fair I'll shew my Mind,  
 Whatever may befall me.  
 If she love Mirth I'll learn to sing,  
 Or likes the Nine to follow,  
 I'll lay my Lugs in Pindus' Spring,  
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial Mind,  
 I'll sheathe my Limbs in Armour;  
 If to the softer Dance inclin'd,  
 With gayest Airs I'll charm her:  
 If she love Gracour Day and Night,  
 I'll plot my Nation's Glory,  
 Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,  
 And shine in future Story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Ease,  
 Where Wit is corresponding;  
 And bravest Men know best to please,  
 With Complaisance abounding.  
 My bonny Maggie's Love can turn  
 Me to what shape she pleases,  
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,  
 Which in my Bosom blazes.

## S O N G 100.

A N D in each Tract of Glory sited,  
 For their lov'd Country or their Prince,  
 Princes that hate, that hate Rome's Tyranny,  
 And join the Nations Right with their own Royalty.

None

None were more ready,  
 None were more ready,  
 In Distress to save ;  
 No none were more loyal,  
 No none were more loyal,  
 No none were more loyal,  
 None more brave.

## S O N G 101.

A NDREW and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,  
 Margaret and Thomas, and Jockey and Mary ;  
 Kate o'th' Kitchen, and Kit of the Mill.

Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,  
 To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,  
 All met on a Time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Andrew was cloathed in Shepherd's Grey ;  
 And Will had put on his Holiday Jacket ;  
 Beck had a Coat of Popin-jay,  
 And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket ;  
 Meg and Moll in Frize, Tom and Jockey in Leather,  
 And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,  
 With all the Might and Force they had ;  
 Their Legs went like Flails, and as loosely hung,  
 They cudgell'd their Arses as if they were mad ;  
 Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle ;  
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

Andrew chuck'd Maudlin under the Chin,  
 Simper she did like a Fumety-Kettle ;  
 The Twang of whose Blubber-Lips made such a Din,  
 As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal ;  
 Kate laugh'd heartily at the same Smack,  
 And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no Whitson-Ale there e'er yet had been  
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses ;  
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,  
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses ;  
 For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,  
 You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist ;  
 Here a hot Breath, and their went a Savour ;  
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist ;  
 Here they did simper, and there they did slaver :  
 Here was a Hand, and there was a Placker,  
 Whilst, hey ! their Sleeves went flicket-a-flacket.  
 The Dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk,  
 The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did kiss 'em ;  
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd Hands and drunk,  
 They laugh'd and gigg'l'd until they bepist 'em ;  
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,  
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went pintle-a-pantle.

## S O N G 102.

**A**N elderly Lady, whose bulky squat Figure,  
 By Hoop and white Damask, was render'd much  
 bigger,  
 Without Hood, and bare-neck'd, to the Park did repair,  
 To shew her new Clothes, and to take the fresh Air.  
 Her Shape, her Attire, rais'd a Shout and loud Laughter :  
 Away waddles Madam, the Mob hurries after.  
 Quoth a Wag then, observing the noisy Crowd follow,  
 As she came with a Hoop, she is gone with a Hallow.

## S O N G 103.

**A**N old Baboon, of rueful Mien,  
 Having long time a Courtier been,  
 And many Revolutions seen,  
 Amass'd up Wealth great Store.  
 This Magnet draws him many Friends,  
 Whom, Courtier-like, he condescends  
 To promise what he ne'er intends,  
 Or never thinks on more.  
 They, in Return, his Levee grace,  
 Some praise his Wit, his Shape, his Face,  
 In hopes to gain some pretty Place ;  
 But mark, how fate devis'd !  
 An Order came from Court one Day,  
 To take his ill-got Wealth away ;  
 And like the Feather-borrowing Jay,  
 Divested, he's despois'd.

**S O N G 104.**  
**A** Nother Year is roll'd away,  
 Again returns thy natal Day;

Thy Beauties now matur'd by Time,  
 And all thy Charms are in their Prime.

So, in the Month of June, the Rose,  
 Brightest of all the Gardens shows;

The Flow'rs around, in vain, compare;  
 It blooms, like thee, supremely fair,

And long may all thy Beauties last,  
 Preserv'd from ev'ry nipping Blast;

And long may gracious Heaven shed  
 Its choicest Blessings on thy Head.

Miranda, may'st thou never know  
 Tormenting Care, nor weeping Woe;

But may each smiling Hour present  
 Calm Happiness, and rich Content.

A Length of Years, from Youth to Age,  
 Exempt from sickle Fortune's Rage,

In Health and Pleasure may'st thou pass,  
 Till Time presents the finish'd Glass.

**S O N G 105.**

**A** N C I E N T Phillis has young graces,  
 'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;

Shall I tell you how?

She herself makes her own faces,

And each morning wears a new one;

Where's the wonder now?

**S O N G 106.**

**A** P o l l o once finding fair Daphne alone,

Discover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone;

He told her, and bound it with many a Curse:

He was ready to take her for better for worse:

Then talk'd of the Smart,

And the Hole in his Heart,

So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a Cart.

But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,

Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,

Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;

**H**

**You**



You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel, or Whoreson;  
Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person;

I'm a God by my Trade,  
Young, plump, and well made;  
Then let me carpe thee, and be not afraid.  
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the Chief of Physicians, and none of the College  
Must be mention'd with me, for Experience and Know-  
ledge:

Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I can call,  
And do more than the best Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,  
I cure all the Ills  
That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills,  
But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purfy God came panting behind,

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
And top all, all the Writers of fam'd Covent-Garden;  
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit;  
I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit:

I'm at Will's all the Day,  
And each Night at the Play,  
And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.  
When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her  
Speed,

And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now, had our wise Lover, (but Lovers are blind)  
In the Language of Lombard-street, told her his Mind;  
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;  
Odsbubs, I must swinge thee, my Joy, and my Honey.

I sit next the Chair,  
And shall shortly be Mayor,  
Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can compare;  
Tho' as wrinkled as Prim, as deform'd as the Devil,  
The God has succeeded, the Nymph had been civil.

S O N G 107.

A R C H Cupid gathering a Rose,  
Awak'd a Bee from her Repose;  
The Bee provok'd, his Finger gor'd,  
He ran, and to his Mother roar'd.

Undone

Undone ; ah, Mother ! I'm undone,  
By a small Serpent rudely stung :

A thing with Wings they call a Bee,  
A naughty Bee has slain your Son :  
See see the Wound, O Mother, see.

The Goddess then embrac'd the Lad.

She sooth'd his Pain, and smiling said ;

The Anguish from so small a Dart

Is not like that which Lovers feel ;

Each Lover feels thy pointed Steel,

Not in his Finger, but his Heart.

S O N G 108.

A Rise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,

Rise from your Urns, and save your dying Story ;

Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,

For mighty William seizes all your Glory.

Again the British Trumpet sounds,

Again Britannia bleeds ;

To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,

Her godlike Monarch leads.

Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,

Celestial Minds from Clay untie ;

Let coward Spirits dwell below,

And onely give the Brave to die.

S O N G 109.

A R M, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die ;

Trumpets sounding, Banners flying,

Braving Tyrants, Chains defying :

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,

Let us live free, or let us die ;

Liberty ! Liberty !

Liberty ! Liberty !

S O N G 110.

A Round her see Cupid flying,

Behold him wishing, dying,

Such Graces shine all o'er her,

Gods might adore her.

Blind Boy, forbear to woo her,  
Thy Flame admits no Cure,  
To me, in Sight of Heaven,  
Her Faith is given.

## S O N G III.

A Round the Plains my Heart has rov'd,  
The Brown; the Fair, my Flames approv'd,  
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd,  
And kindly fill'd my Arms.

I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,  
While thus I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,  
And e'er the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,  
The Coy resign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! those Days are done:  
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,  
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,  
Yet leaves her Image here.

O could I, yet, her Heart recall,  
Before her Feet my Bride would fall,  
And for her Sake forsaking all,  
Would fix for ever there.

## S O N G IIII.

A Rtist, who underneath the Table  
Thy curious Texture hast display'd,  
Who, if we may believe the Fable,  
Wast once a blooming lovely Maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,  
Fear no officious Damsel's Broom;  
Extend thy artful Building wider,  
And spread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick stare at,  
And think on hapless Poet's Fate,  
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,  
And proudly banish'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,  
Thou draw'st thy slender Wit with Pain;  
So does he labour, like a Noddy,  
To spout Materials from his Brain.

He for some gaudy flutt'ring Creature,  
That spreads her Charms before his Eye ;  
And that's a Conquest little better,  
Than thine o'er captive Butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain you both agree ;  
Your Death, perhaps, may better show it ;  
'Tis ten to one but Penury  
Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

## S O N G 113.

A S after Noon, one Summer's Day,  
Venus stood bathing in a River,  
Cupid a Shooting went that Way,  
New strung his Bow, and fill'd his Quiver,  
With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,  
With all his Might his Bow he drew,  
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart  
The too-well guided Arrow flew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd,  
O cruel ! could'st thou find none other  
To wreck thy Spleen on ? Parricide !  
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak,  
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye :  
Alas ! how easy my Mistake ?

I took you for your Likeness, Chloe.

## S O N G 114.

A S Amoret and Phillis sat  
One Evening on the Plain,  
And saw the charming Strephon wait,  
To tell the Nymph his Pain :  
The threat'ning Danger to remove,  
He whisper'd in her Ear ;  
O Phillis, if you would not love  
The Shepherd, do not hear.

How ever had so strange an Art

His Passion to convey,

To a list'ning Virgin's Heart,

And steal her Soul away.

Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give  
 Occasion for your Fate :  
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,  
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.

## S O N G 115.

**A**S Amoret and Thyrsis lay,  
 As Amoret and Thyrsis lay,  
 Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle  
 Play,  
 Joining, joining, joining Faces, mingling Kisses,  
 Mingling Kisses, mingling Kisses, and exchanging harm-  
 less Bliss :  
 He trembling cry'd with eager, eager Haste,  
 Let me, let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! oh ! let me,  
 let me,  
 Let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! let me  
 let me, let me feed as well as taste,  
 I dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, I dye,  
 I dye, if I'm not wholly blest.  
 The fearful Nymph. reply'd, forbear,  
 I cannot, dare not, must not hear ;  
 Dearest Thyrsis, do not move me,  
 Do not, do not, if you love me : Do not, &c.  
 O let me still, the Shepherd said ; --  
 But while she fond Resistance made,  
 The hasty Joy in struggling fled.  
 Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss'd,  
 She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd ;  
 And seem'd to moan, in sullen Cooing,  
 The sad Miscarriage of their Wooing :  
 But vain, alas ! were all her Charms,  
 For Thyrsis, deaf to Love's Alarms,  
 Baffled and senseless, tir'd her Arms.

## S O N G 116.

**A**S Archers and Fiddlers, who cunningly know  
 The Way to procure themselves Merit,  
 Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow,  
 And follow their Business with Spirit :

So likewise the provident Damzel should do,  
 Who'd make the best Use of her Beauty,  
 If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson pass thro',  
 Two Lovers must still be on Duty,  
 Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of supply,  
 So far our Revenge we may carry;  
 One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,  
 And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

## S O N G 117.

A S Ariana, young and fair,  
 By Night the starry Choir did tell,  
 She found in Calliopera's Chair,  
 One beauteous Light the rest excel:  
 This happy Star unseen before,  
 Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,  
 And made for Mortals to adore  
 A new-born Glory in the Skies.  
 Or if within the Sphere it grew,  
 Before she gaz'd, the Lamp was dim;  
 But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew  
 That gave new Lustre to the Gem.  
 Bright Omen! what dost thou portend,  
 Thou threat'ning Beauty of the Sky?  
 What great, what happy Monarch's End!  
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire  
 We owe the Crescent in decay?  
 Or must the mighty Gaul expire  
 A Victim to thy fatal Ray?

Such a Presage will late be shown  
 Before the World in Ashes lies;  
 But if less Ruin will atone,  
 Let Strephon's only Fate suffice.

## S O N G 118.

A S Celadon once from his Cottage did stray,  
 To court his dear Jug on a Hillock of Hay;  
 What aukward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain,  
 When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain,  
 O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,  
 Sweet Jug, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies;

My



My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,  
 And sleeping or waking thy Name I repeat.  
 When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,  
 Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jug;  
 And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,  
 When the Nightingale every Night does the same.  
 Sweet Jug he a hundred times o'er does repeat,  
 Which makes People say, that his Voice is so sweet.  
 Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful Tale,  
 Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail;  
 For Roger, the Thatcher, possesses thy Breast,  
 As he at our last Harvest Supper confest.  
 I own it, says Jug, he has gotten my Heart,  
 His long curling Hair looks so pretty and smart.  
 His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,  
 They prevail more with me than all you have said;  
 Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,  
 'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

## S O N G 119.

A S Celia in her Garden stray'd,  
 Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,  
 A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,  
 And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,  
 To taste the tempting Bloom;  
 But, with a Thousand Sweets in View,  
 It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd  
 The darling little Thing,  
 But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,  
 And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprize,  
 Once be injurious found:  
 Not so the Darts of Celia's Eyes,  
 They never cease to wound.

Oh! wou'd the short-liv'd burning Smart  
 The Nymph to Pity move,  
 And teach her to regard the Heart  
 She fires with endless Love!

## S O N G

A S Celia near a Fountain lay,  
 Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,  
 The Shepherd Damon chanc'd that Way  
 To drive his Flock of Sheep,  
 To drive, &c.

With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,  
 To view her charming Face,  
 Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,  
 And ev'ry Part a Grace,  
 And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,  
 He wish'd the Nymph would wake,  
 Tho' ne'er before was any Swain  
 So unprepar'd to speak,  
 So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair Celia lay,  
 Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind,  
 She cry'd, come, Thyrsis, come away,  
 For now I will be kind,  
 For now, &c.

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,  
 And flew into her Arms,  
 He took her in the yielding Fit,  
 And rifled all her Charms,  
 And rifled, &c.

A S Chloe o'er the Meadow past,  
 I view'd the lovely Maid;  
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,  
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd:  
 My Eyes my With betray'd.  
 Trembling felt the rising Flame,  
 The charming Nymph pursu'd;  
 Daphne was not so bright a Game,  
 Tho' Great Apollo's darling Dame,  
 Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the Fair still flew  
 Along the grassy Plain ;  
 The Grass, at length, my Rival grew,  
 And catch'd my Chloë by the Shoe,  
 Her Speed was then in vain.  
 But oh ! as tott'ring down the fell,  
 What did the Fall reveal !  
 Such Limbs Description cannot tell,  
 Such Charms were never in the Mall,  
 Nor Smock did e'er conceal.  
 She shriek'd ; I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes,  
 And burning with Desire,  
 I help'd the Queen of Love to rise,  
 She check'd her Anger and Surprise,  
 And said, Rash Youth, retire.  
 Be gone, and boast what you have seen,  
 It shan't avail you much ;  
 I know you like my Form and Mien ;  
 Yet since so insolent you've been,  
 Those Parts you ne'er shall touch.  
 Too lovely fair one, I confess,  
 The Swain whom you will deign to bless,  
 Might sigh an Age away,  
 In Expectation of the Joy,  
 When you no longer cold or coy,  
 Shall all his Pains allay.  
 Indulgent Heav'n has made thy Form  
 So soft, so perfect, and so warm,  
 Who gazes must adore :  
 But I so long in vain have try'd  
 To move thy Heart, that Seat of Pride,  
 That here I give it o'er.  
 But now, proud Fair, a Cure I've found,  
 I'll be no longer tamely bound  
 In hopeless Flames to burn.  
 Vain Maid, I've shaken off my Chain,  
 By Wine a Conquest I obtain,  
 And triumph in my Turn.

## S O N G 122.

A S Chloris, full of harmless Thought,  
 Beneath a Willow lay,  
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,  
 To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,  
 And chid the am'rous Swain;  
 But as she strove to rise and go,  
 He pull'd her down again.

Ah! Gods, said she, what Charms are these,  
 That conquer and surprize?  
 Oh! let me, ——— for unless you please,  
 I have no Pow'r to rise.

He fainting spoke, and trembling lay,  
 For Fear she should comply;  
 Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,  
 And give her Tongue the Lie.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,  
 In spite of her Diffidain;  
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,  
 And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,  
 With all their Pomp and Train,  
 Was in the lucky Minute try'd,  
 And yielded to the Swain.

## S O N G 123.

A S Clintor with Amelia sat,  
 He (simple Swain) in idle Chat,  
 And useless Talk, the Time mis-spent;  
 Which, to their mutual, great Content,  
 And Modesty but left the Boy)  
 Had been employ'd in mutual Joy.

Her Lips, her Eyes, her Breasts he prais'd,  
 Whilst ev'ry Charm new Transports rais'd:  
 Transports——of Tongue; for that alone  
 Made all his Joys and Transports known;  
 All Joys! dull Transports! duller Boy!  
 But could such Time so ill employ.

**A**s Cupid many Ages past,  
Went out to take the Air,  
And on the rosy Morning scaf,  
He met Ophelia there.

A while he gaz'd, a while survey'd  
Her Shape and every Part;  
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,  
Hers reach'd his little Heart.

His Quiver straight and Bow he took,  
And bent it for a Flight;  
But then by chance, he cast a Look,  
Which spoil'd his Purpose quite.

Disarm'd, he knew not what to do,  
Nor how to crown his Love;  
At last resolv'd, away he flew,  
Another Shape to prove.

A lustful Satyr straight return'd,  
In hopes his Form won'd take;  
For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,  
Burn'd 'cause they cou'd not speak.

Ophelia had no sooner spy'd  
His Godship, Goat, and Man;  
But loudly for Assistance cry'd,  
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd at her Affright, but more  
At's own Defeat, he shook  
The Monster off; then fled before,  
And straight Man's Aspect took.

He smil'd, entreated, ly'd, and vow'd,  
Nay, offer'd her a Sum;  
And grew importunate and rude,  
As she drew nearer home.

At last when Tears, nor ought cou'd move,  
He thus bespoke the Fair;  
Know, cruel Maid, I'm God of Love,  
And can command Despair.

Yet Dame to sue, oh! bless me then,  
As you regard your Ease;  
For I am King of Gods and Men,  
I give and banish Peace.

Or be thou Love, or be thou Hate,  
Enrag'd Ophelia swore;  
I'll never change my Virgin State,  
Nor ever see thee more.

Exploded Love, resisted so,  
In Pity to Mankind,  
His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,  
And left his Name behind.

## S O N G 125.

A S Cupid, one day roving, saw  
Charlotta with her charms appear;  
Surpriz'd, the godhead bent his bow;  
But was disabled by the Fair.

Thus, thus disarm'd, he, fighting, said,  
Now Love himself must fall a Prize;  
I am undone, I am betray'd,  
By Charlott's ever-conquering eyes.

Then thus his bow he from him hurl'd,  
His quiver and his pointed arms,  
And left his empire of the world  
To be commanded by her charms.

## S O N G 126.

A S Cupid roguishly one Day  
Had all alone stole out to play,  
The Muses caught the little Knave,  
And captive Love to Beauty gave.  
The laughing Dame soon miss'd her Son,  
And here and there distracted run;  
And still, his Liberty to gain,  
Offer'd his Ransom, but in vain;  
The willing Pris'ner hugs his Chain,  
And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

## S O N G 127.

A S Cynthia late within the Grove  
Bemoan'd his too successful Love,



And eas'd, retir'd, his secret Pain :  
 The God of Love, who wander'd near,  
 Chanc'd his Complaint to overhear,  
 And thus address'd the Swain :

Rise, silly Shepherd, rise, he cry'd,  
 It seems you're easily deny'd,

Because the charming Nymph is coy :  
 The Tongue may learn to speak with Art,  
 But would ye know the fair one's Heart,  
 Consult it in her Eye.

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul,  
 The secrets of her Bosom roll

Reveal'd without Disguise to View :  
 For Cynthia ! take it for a Truth,  
 You only are the favour'd Youth,  
 And Lydia loves but you !

No more my Altars then upbraid,  
 Nor thus invoke my needless Aid !

Since faithful I have done my Part :  
 Thy own perform with like Address,  
 She soon shall yield thy Arms to bless,  
 And give thee all her Heart !

So spoke sincere—the friendly God,  
 When straight along the flow'ry Road,  
 The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd ;  
 The Swain with Joy the Moment seiz'd,  
 She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd,  
 And all his Wish approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladsome Air  
 To Hymen's Shrine he led the Fair !  
 And made the lasting Bliss secure :  
 Let Maids no more false Coldness feign,  
 Let faithful Swains no more complain,  
 But boldly ask a Cure.

# S O N G 128.

A S Damon late with Chloe sat,  
 They talk'd of am'rous Blissess ;  
 Kind Things he said, which she repaid,  
 In pleasing Smiles and Kisses.

With tuneful Tongue, of Love he sung;

She thank'd him for his Ditty :

But said, one Day she heard him say,

The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young Damon, who her meaning knew,

Took out his Pipe to charm her :

And while he strove with wanton Love,

And sprightly Airs, to warm her :

She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain,

In all the softest Measure,

Whose killing Sound would sweetly wound,

And make her die with Pleasure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute

And ev'ry Accent traces :

Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,

And whisper'd melting Graces :

He play'd his Part with wond'rous Art,

Expecting Praises after ;

But she instead of falling dead,

Burst out into a Laughter,

Taking the Hint, as Chloe meant,

Said he, my Dear, be easy ;

I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,

May play a Tune to please ye.

Then down he laid the charming Maid,

He found her kind and willing,

He play'd again, and tho' each Strain

Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

His Chloe soon approv'd the Tune,

And vow'd he play'd divinely ;

Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,

It goes exceeding finely :

The Flute is good that's made of Wood,

And is, I own the neatest :

But ne'ertheless I must confess,

The silent Flute's the sweetest.

## S O N G 129.

A S Damon watch'd his harmless Sheep,  
 Within a silent Shade,  
 Lock'd in the Bands of downy Sleep,  
 He saw his Charmer laid ;  
 And thus he hail'd the beauteous Maid.

Close not those charming Eyes,  
 My Life, my only Dear !

'Tis Night till they arise,  
 'Tis Day when they appear.

Charm'd with the tuneful Accents of his Voice,  
 The lovely Virgin rear'd her Head ;  
 For Damon's Song makes Sorrow's self rejoice,  
 So sweet ! 'twould e'en recall the Dead.

Nor was the Nymph coquet or coy,  
 Too well she knew the artless Boy.  
 With Fervour not to be exprest,  
 She clasp'd him to her snowy Breast ;  
 Who thus sang forth his Joy.

While in her Arms my Charmer holds me,  
 I think the Queen of Love infolds me ;  
 Less lovely Venus is than she,  
 Adonis far less blest'd than me.

## S O N G 130.

A S Damon, who had hardly sped  
 In Wedlock's heavy Chains,  
 His tender Flocks with Thyrsis fed  
 Upon the smiling Plains ;  
 Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,  
 And the curst Hour in which he marry'd damn'd.  
 Would'st thou, my Friend, in Pleasure live,  
 Nor thy Repose destroy ?

Would'st thou the Bliss that Youth can give,  
 Without Remorse enjoy ?

Oh ! shun that fatal Rock a Wife,  
 That galls thy Days with endless Plague and Strife.  
 For when at last you have attain'd

The great mysterious Bliss ;  
 When you have that great Something gain'd,  
 And find how fleeting 'tis ;

You'll

You'll curse the fond and am'rous Heat,  
And find out quickly who's the greatest Cheat.

## S O N G 131.

A S Death alone the Marriage Knot unties,  
So Vows that Lovers make  
Last until Sleep, Death's Image, close their Eyes,  
Dissolve when they awake:  
And that fond Love which was to Day their Theme,  
Is thought to-morrow but an idle Dream.

## S O N G 132.

A S Dolly was milking of the cows,  
Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,  
And made unto her most delicate bows,  
And then he went tripping it back again.  
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,  
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again;  
For it is your company that I do lack,  
Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.  
I winna come back, nor I canna come back;  
I wonot, I cannot; no, no, not I:  
And if 'tis my company that you do lack,  
You may lack it until the last day you die.  
Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,  
And many a bottle of good March beer,  
When you was going along with your team?  
And then it was Dolly my own sweet dear.  
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

## S O N G 133.

A S down in the Meadow one Morning I past,  
Oh there I beheld a beautiful Lass;  
Her Age I am sure it was scarcely Fifteen,  
And she on her Head wore a Garland of Green;  
Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,  
They sparkled like Di'monds, or Stars in the Skies;  
And as for her Voice, it was charming and clear,  
And she sung a Song for the Loss of her Dear.  
Why does my Love Billy prove false, or unkind,  
What makes him to change like the wavering Wind?  
From one that is loyal in ev'ry Degree,  
What makes him to change to another from me?

O does he delight in my sad Overthrow !  
 Or does he delight for to torture me so ?  
 His Susan will always prove true to her Trust,  
 I'm sorry that Billy should prove so unjust.  
 In the Meadows, as we were a making of Hay,  
 O there we did pass the sweet Minutes away ;  
 And as we went early to Harrow and Plough,  
 I milk'd him sweet Sillabubs under my Cow ;  
 O then I was kissed, and set on his Knee,  
 No Man in the World was so loving as he :  
 I lull'd him to sleep, and I watch'd him the while,  
 And when he did wake, it was with a sweet Smile.  
 But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair,  
 Implies all his Wishes, his Thoughts, and his Care ;  
 He kisses her Hand, and sets her on his Knee,  
 And says all the fine things he once said to me :  
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted Swain,  
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain ;  
 For nothing's more certain, believe silly Sue,  
 Who once has been false, will never prove true.  
 Her Song being ended, she rose to be gone,  
 When over the Meadow came jolly young John ;  
 He told her that she was the Joy of his Life,  
 And if she'd consent, he'd make her his Wife :  
 Which she not refusing, to Church they both went,  
 Young Billy forgot, and young Susan content :  
 Most Men are like Billy, most Women like Sue,  
 And if Men will be false, why should Women prove true ?

## S O N G 134.

**A**S early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,  
 Beneath a steep Mountain,  
 Beside a clear Fountain,  
 I heard a grave Lute soft Melody play ;  
 Whilst Echo resounded the dolorous Lay.  
 I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,  
 With Aspect distressed,  
 And Spirits oppressed,  
 Seem clearing afresh, like the Sky after Rain,  
 And thus he discover'd how he strove with his Pain.

Tho' Eliza be coy, why should I repine,  
 That a Maid much above me  
 Vouchsafe not to love me?  
 In her high Sphere of worth I never could shine,  
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?  
 No! henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,  
 And in due Subjection  
 Retain warm Affection,  
 To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,  
 And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.  
 When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,  
 Then Quiet returning  
 Shall hush my sad Mourning,  
 And, Lord of myself, in absolute Rest,  
 I'll hug the Condition which Heav'n shall think best.  
 Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,  
 May still be respected,  
 Tho' Love is rejected:  
 Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,  
 That she ne'er had a Friend like her Lover resign'd.  
 May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter shall woo,  
 With prosp'rous Endeavour,  
 And gain her dear Favour,  
 Know as well as I, what t'Eliza is due,  
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.  
 Whilst I disengag'd from all amorous Cares,  
 Sweet Liberty tasting,  
 On calmest Peace feasting,  
 Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,  
 In Hopes of Heav'n's Blissies will spend my few Years.  
 Ye Pow'rs that preside o'er virtuous Love,  
 Come aid me with Patience,  
 To bear my Vexations;  
 With equal Desires my flatt'ring Heart move,  
 With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.  
 If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,  
 May Courage protect me,  
 And Prudence direct me;  
 Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,  
 Who grew happily wife, after loving in vain.



A S fair Olinda sitting was  
 Beneath a shady Tree;  
 Much Love I did profess to her,  
 And she the like to me:  
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips,  
 And prest her to be kind:  
 She cry'd, Oh, no. But I remember,  
 Women's Words are Wind.

I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,  
 Then farther did intrude;  
 She scratch'd and struggled modestly,  
 And told me I was rude:  
 I begg'd her Pardon twenty Times,  
 And some Concern did feign;  
 But, like a bold presumptuous Sinner,  
 I did the like again.

At last I did by Dalliance raise  
 The pretty Nymph's Defise;  
 Our Inclinations equal were,  
 And mutual was our Fire:  
 Then, in the Height of Joy, she cry'd,  
 Oh! I'm undone I fear;  
 Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,  
 Kill me, kill me quite, my Dear.

A S fond Philander, in the Pit,  
 By fair Ophelia sat,  
 A Card, by some sly Gall'ry Wit,  
 Was dropt upon his Hat.  
 The Nymph observing, snatch'd it thence,  
 But blushing at the Sight,  
 Confess'd it had explain'd her Sense,  
 And brought her Love to Light.  
 The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look,  
 With sudden Rapture starts,  
 The Card with sweet Compulsion took,  
 And found it King of Hearts.

The King of Hearts ! O Fortune blest,  
 Were I but such, he cry'd :  
 You reign already in my Breast,  
 She lovingly reply'd.

## S O N G 137.

A S from a Rock past all Relief,  
 The shipwreckt Colin spying  
 His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,  
 Half sunk in Waves, and dying :  
 With the next Morning Sun he spies  
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise :  
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes  
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,  
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted :

Thus dropt I, till diviner Grace  
 I found in Peggy's Mind and Face ;  
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
 And Virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying ;  
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,  
 We lose ourselves in staying :

I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,  
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;  
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,  
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,  
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,  
 To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,  
 Doating on a proud Beauty ;

Such was my Case for many a Year,  
 Till hope succeeding to my Fear  
 False Betty's Charms now disappear,  
 Since Peggy's far outshin'd them,

A S he lay in the Plain,  
 His Arm under his Head,  
 And his Flock feeding by,  
 The fond Celadon said,  
 If Love's a sweet Passion,  
 Why does it torment ?  
 If a bitter (said he)  
 Whence are Lovers content ?  
 Since I suffer with Pleasure,  
 Why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my Fate,  
 When I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is,  
 So soft is the Dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me  
 And tickles my Heart.  
 To my self I sigh often,  
 Without knowing why,  
 And when absent from Phillis,  
 Methinks I could die :  
 But oh ! what a Pleasure  
 Still follows my Pain,  
 When kind Fortune does help me  
 To see her again.  
 In her Eyes (the bright Stars  
 That foretel what's to come)  
 By soft Stealth, now and then  
 I examine my Doom.  
 I grasp her Hand gently,  
 Look languishing down,  
 And by passionate Silence  
 I make my Love known.  
 But oh ! how I'm blest,  
 When so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing Mistake  
 To discover her Love ;  
 When, in striving to hide,  
 She reveals all her Flame,  
 And our Eyes tell each other  
 What neither dare name.

How pleasant is Beauty!

How sweet are the Charms.

How delightful Embraces,

How peaceful her Arms.

Sure there's nothing so easy

As learning to love,

It's taught us on Earth,

And by all things above ;

And to Beauty's bright Standard

All Heroes must yield,

For 'tis Beauty that conquers,

And wins the fair Field.

# SONG 139.

AS I am a friend,

Be willing to lend

An ear to these lines,

Which in pity I pen'd.

'Tis a cordial advice,

Girls be not too nice,

Young lovers are now

At another guels price

Than they have been.

I pray you refrain

Your scorn and disdain,

If young men you slight,

They'll slight you again.

They'll make you run mad,

Sigh heavy and sad,

There are not so many

Young men to be had

As there have been.

Perhaps you suppose

Fine furbelow'd clothes

Will serve for a portion :

But under the rose,

If truth may be spoke,

'Tis but a mere joke,

For love without money

Will vanish like smoke,

Let me tell ye.

The country clown,  
When he comes to town,  
He values not miss

With her butterfly gown :

I tell you it wont do,

There must be a few

Bright glittering guineas,

A thousand or two,

Or he'll leave ye.

Young men are grown wise,

A portion they prize,

They are done with the charms

Of your conquering eyes.

A portion ! they cry,

If love you would buy ;

In order to purchase,

You then must bid high,

Or live single.

Once batchelors, they

Did sigh, whine and pray ;

But still we're put off

With a scornful delay.

Down with your dust,

A portion there must ;

Poor girls wou'd be glad

To jump at a crust,

Con'd ye get it !

# S O N G 140.

**A** S I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay musing,

Sylvia the fair, in mournful Sounds,

Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds ;

Oh ! God of Love, cease to torment me :

Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,

Whose Balm apply'd, may ease my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Groves resounded,

Heavenly Nymph complain no more,

Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore,

And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee ;

In whom a longing Maid may find

A Balm to cure a love-sick Mind.

She blush'd and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine from her;  
 Which still the more increas'd her Pain,  
 Finding at length she strove in vain,  
 O! Love, she cry'd: I must obey thee;  
 Who can the raging Smart endure?  
 She suck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

## S O N G 141.

A S I came in by Tiviot-side,  
 And by the braes of Branksome,  
 There first I saw my bonny bride,  
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsome;  
 Her skin was faster than the down,  
 And white as alabaster;  
 Her hair a shining wavy brown;  
 In straightness none surpass her.  
 Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,  
 Her clear een were surprising,  
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,  
 Her little breasts just rising:  
 Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,  
 Or shoon with glancing laces,  
 On her fair leg, forbad to shine,  
 Well shapen native graces.  
 A little coat, and bodice white,  
 Was sum of a' her clathing;  
 Even these o'er thickle;—mair delyte  
 She'd given cled wi' naithing:  
 She lean'd upon a flowry brae,  
 By which a burny trotted;  
 On her I glowr'd my saul away,  
 While on her sweets I doated.  
 A thousand beauties of desert  
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,  
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,  
 And but designing, charm'd me.  
 Hurry'd by love close to my breast,  
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses;  
 Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,  
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.



I had nae heart to do her harm,  
 And yet I coudna want her;  
 What she demanded, ilka charm  
 Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.  
 Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,  
 Straight to the kirk I led her,  
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,  
 And a young lady made her.

## S O N G 142.

A S I sat at my Spinning-wheel,  
 A bonny Lad there pass'd by;  
 I kenn'd him round, and lik'd him weel,  
 Geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:  
 My Heart new Panting gan to feel,  
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.  
 Most graciously he did appear,  
 As he my Presence did draw near,  
 And round about my slender Waist  
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrat'd:  
 To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,  
 As I sat at my Spinning-wheel.  
 My Milk-white Hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small;  
 And said there was no Lady fair,  
 That ever cou'd with me compare.  
 These pleasing Words my Heart did feel,  
 But still I turp'd my Spinning-wheel.  
 Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
 Yet he wou'd never be deny'd;  
 But did declare his Love the more,  
 Until my Heart was wounded sore,  
 That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal;  
 But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.  
 As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,  
 And after that, my Spinning-wheel,  
 He bid me leave them all with Speed,  
 And gang with him to yonder Mead.  
 My panting Heart strange Flames did feel;  
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,  
 Now speed thee well, my bonny Maid ;  
 But if thou'lt to the Hay-cock go,  
 I'll learn thee better Work, I trow.

Good faith I lik'd him passing-weel ;  
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,  
 And sweetly kiss'd my Lips so soft ;  
 Yet still, between each honey Kiss  
 He urg'd to gang to further Bliss ;  
 Till I resistless Fire did feel,  
 Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasing Cocks of Hay,  
 Then with my bonny Lad I lay ;  
 What Damsel ever could deny  
 A Youth with such a charming Eye ?  
 The Pleasure I cannot reveal,  
 It far surpass'd the Spinning-wheel.

## S O N G 143.

A S I saw fair Chloe walk alone,  
 The feather'd Snow come softly down,  
 Like Jove descending from his Tower,  
 To court her in a silver Shower.  
 The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts,  
 Like little Birds into their Nests ;  
 But being o'ercome with Whiteness there,  
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear ;  
 Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,  
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

## S O N G 144.

A S I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,  
 A Lass was deploring her hapless Estate ;  
 In a languishing Posture, poor Maid she appears,  
 All swell'd with her Sighs, and blubber'd with Tears ;  
 She cry'd and she sobb'd, and I found it was all  
 For a little of that which Harry gave Doll.  
 At last she broke out, O wretched, she said,  
 Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid ?

With what he with Ease and Pleasure may give,  
 Without which, alas! poor I cannot live.  
 Shall I never leave sighing, and crying, and call  
 For a little of that, &c.

At first when I saw a young Man in the Place,  
 My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face:  
 My Breath it grew short, and I shiver'd all o'er,  
 My Breast never popp'd up and down so before  
 I scarce knew for what, but now find 'twas all  
 For a little of that, &c.

## S O N G 145.

AS I went forth to view the Spring  
 Which Flora had adorned  
 In Raiment fair; now every Thing  
 The Rage of Winter scorned:  
 I cast mine Eye, and did espy  
 A Youth, who made great Clamour;  
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah! omnia vincit Amor.

Upon his Breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murmur'ing River,  
 And mournfully his doleful Song  
 With Sighs he did deliver,  
 Ah! Jenny's Face, and comely Grace,  
 Her Locks that shin'd like Lammer,  
 With burning Rays have cut my Days;  
 For omnia vincit Amor.

Her glancy Een like Comets sheen,  
 The Morning Sun out-shining,  
 Have caught my Heart in Cupid's Net,  
 And make me die with Pining.  
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose Beauties rare make me with Care  
 Cry, omnia vincit Amor.

Ye crystal Streams that swiftly glide,  
 Be Partners of my Mourning;  
 Ye fragrant Fields and Meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her Scorning:

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Let every Tree a Witness be,

How justly I may blame her :

Ye chanting Birds, note these my Words,

Ah ! omnia vincit Amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,

She long had been admir'd,

And been ador'd for Virtues rare,

Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.

Thus said, his Breath began to fail,

He could not speak, but stammer ;

He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,

But omnia vincit Amor.

When I observ'd him near to Death,

I run in haste to save him ;

But quickly he resign'd his Breath ;

So deep the Wound Love gave him.

Now for his Sake, this Vow I'll make,

My Tongue shall ay defame her :

While on his Herse I'll write this Verse,

Ah ! omnia vincit Amor.

Straight I consider'd in my Mind

Upon the Matter rightly,

And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,

He proves in Pith most mighty.

For warlike Mars, nor thund'ring Jove,

And Vulcan with his Hammer,

Did ever prove the Slaves of Love,

For omnia vincit Amor.

Hence we may see, th' Effects of Love,

Which Gods and Men keep under,

That nothing can his Bonds remove,

Or Torments break asunder :

Nor Wise, nor Fool, need go to School,

To learn this from his Grammar ;

His Heart's the Book where he's to look,

For omnia vincit Amor.

# S O N G 146.

A S in a Grove I lately stray'd,

And free from Cares did idly rove,

A Boy lay sleeping in the Shade,

It was the dreadful God of Love,

Lur'd

Lur'd by his Charms I nearer drew ;  
 And saw of that disdainful Maid,  
 Whom I had vow'd no more to woo,  
 The dear deluding From display'd.  
 Her ruby Lips and graceful Mein  
 The Urchin wore. In vain I strove,  
 I sigh'd ; he started from the Green :  
 The slightest Thing will waken Love,  
 Strait seizing his revengeful Bow,  
 And taking out a chosen Dart,  
 He meditates a fatal Blow ;  
 And, as he fled, transfix'd my Heart.  
 Return to Sylvia, foolish Swain,  
 And languish at her Feet, said he ;  
 You shall her Captive still remain,  
 For having dar'd to waken me.

## S O N G 147.

A S it fell on a Holy-day,  
 As it fell on a Holy-day,  
 And upon a Holy-tide a,  
 And upon a Holy-tide a.  
 And when John Dory to Paris was come,  
 A little before the Gate a ;  
 John Dory was fix'd, the Porter was witted,  
 To let him in thereat a.  
 The first Man that John Dory did meet,  
 Was good King John of France a ;  
 John Dory could well of his Courtesie,  
 But fell down in a Trance a.  
 A Pardon, a Pardon, my Liege and my King,  
 For my Merry Men and for me a ;  
 And all the Churls in merry England  
 I'll bring them all bound to thee a.  
 And Nichol was then a Cornish Man,  
 A little beside Bohide a ;  
 And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,  
 With fifty good Oars on a side a.

Run up, my Boy, unto the main top,  
 And look what thou canst spy a ;  
 Who ho ! who ho ! a goodly Ship I do see,  
 I trow it to be John Dory a.  
 They hoist their Sails, both top and top,  
 The Mizzen and all was try'd a ;  
 And every Man stood to his Lot,  
 Whatever should betide a.  
 The roaring Cannons then were ply'd :  
 And Dub a dub went the Drum a ;  
 The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,  
 To courage both all and some a.  
 The grapling Hooks were brought at length,  
 The brown Bill, and the Sword a ;  
 John Dory at length, for all his Strength,  
 Was clapp'd fast under board a.

## S O N G 148.

A S late, while Slumber did infold  
 My loos'ning Limbs with downy Hold,  
 And Fancy 'gan to play,  
 Methought my lucky Foot-steps led  
 Where, sunk upon her downy Bed,  
 The soft Saphira lay.  
 Her Cheeks engrain'd with such a Blush  
 As Roses were upon the Bush  
 Unveiling to the Morn :  
 All bare her breathing Bosom rose,  
 Gently, as when the Zephyr blows  
 Upon the wav'ring Corn.  
 A Thousand Passions fir'd my Soul ;  
 At length unto the Bed I stole,  
 Yet did not enter in :  
 Ardent her Lily Hand I prest,  
 Stood gazing on her snowy Breast,  
 And kiss'd the stainless Skin.  
 Soon as my Lips its Kisses brings,  
 Love beat his softly-sounding Wings,  
 And 'woke the sleeping Fair :  
 Gently she rear'd her bended Head,  
 With sweet confusing Blushes said,  
 What mean you, Thyrsis, here ?

Frown



Frown not, I cry'd, my charming Maid,  
 Forgive the Trespass Love has play'd.

'Twas Love decoy'd me here;  
 Love, taking Notice of my Pain,  
 Bid me no longer sigh in vain;  
 Forget, said he, your Care:

Follow, when Cupid leadeth on,  
 Come, see where he has fix'd his Throne,

And where I'll make you blest;  
 Behold the lovely Queen of Day!

He smil'd, and pointed where you lay  
 Lull'd in the Arms of Rest.

To morrow shall her Glories rise,  
 To gild the Morn, to glad the Skies,

And stretch her ample Reign;  
 What Numbers shall to morrow prove

The Pow'r of Beauty and of Love,  
 And grasp the Golden Chain.

Haste then, the present Hour employ,  
 To gain the Nymph for future Joy,

Made yours by Hymen's Chain:  
 The God commanded, I obey'd,

And why shou'd not my sweetest Maid  
 Consent to ease my Pain.

Long has my faithful Heart been try'd,  
 Let me no longer be deny'd;

Resign your courted Charms:  
 I am, my Dear, for ever thine,

Let Hymen make you ever mine,  
 And thus---thus---blest my Arms,

Saphira, smiling, feign'd a Scream,  
 Love laugh'd aloud, and broke my Dream;

The Scene all shifted Place:  
 The Nymph was vanish'd with her Charms,

The Pillow fill'd my clasping Arms,  
 And mock'd my fond Embrace.

S O N G 149.

A S Love-sick Corydon beside

A murm'ring Riv'let lay,  
 Thus plain'd he his Cosmelia's Pride,  
 And, plaining, dy'd away.

Fair

Fair Stream, (said he) whene'er you pour  
Your Treasure in the Sea,  
To Sea-Nymphs tell what I endure,  
Perhaps they'll pity me.

And, sitting on the clifffy Rocks,  
In melting Songs, exprefs,  
(While as they comb their golden Locks)  
To Trav'lers my Distress.

Say, Corydon, an honest Swain,  
The fair Cosmelia lov'd,  
While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,  
His constant Torture prov'd.

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess  
More faithfully than he :

Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less  
Of Shepherdess cou'd be.

How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,

Did he, alas ! complain,

How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,

And seem'd to share his Pain.

How oft, on Banks of stately Tree,

And on the tufted Greens,

Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,

And what his Soul sustains,

Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,

And fruitless all his Art ;

She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,

And broke, at last, his Heart.

# S O N G 150.

A S May in all her youthful Dress,

My Love so gay did once appear ;

A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,

And Roses did inhabit there,

Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,

Each Night new Pleasures did create ;

Harmonious Words dropt from her Tongue,

And Cupid on her Forehead sat,

But as the Sun to West declines,

The Eastern Sky does colder grow ;

And all its blushing Looks resigns,

To th' pale-fac'd Moon that rules below :      Whil

While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,  
 My Chloe then was kind and gay;  
 But when by Time I lost the Charm,  
 Her Smiles like Autumn dropt away.

## S O N G 151.

A Smiling I rang'd in the Meads all alone,  
 A beautiful Creature was making her Moan,  
 Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,  
 And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.

Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,  
 And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan;  
 She told me her sweet Senefino was flown,  
 And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,  
 Unless the Dear Charmer would come back again.  
 Oh! the Tears, &c.

Why, who is this Mortal, so cruel, said I,  
 That draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?  
 To Beauty so blooming what Man can be blind,  
 To Passion so tender what Monster unkind?  
 Oh! the Tears, &c.

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,  
 That thus in lamenting I water the Lee:  
 My Warb'ler Celestial, sweet Darling of Fame,  
 Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without Name.  
 Oh! the Tears, &c.

Perhaps 'tis some Linnet, some Blackbird, said I;  
 Perhaps 'tis your Lark that has soar'd to the Sky:  
 Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your Grief,  
 I'll bring you another to give you Relief.  
 Oh! the Tears, &c.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Sky-lark, said she,  
 But one much more tuneful by far than all Three;  
 My sweet Senefino, for whom I thus cry,  
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.  
 Oh! the Tears, &c.

Adieu

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,  
Whom Stars and whom Garters extol to the Skies :  
Adieu to the Op'ra, adieu to the Ball,  
My Darling is gone, and a Fig for them all.  
Oh! the Tears, &c.

## S O N G 152.

A S Naked almost, and more fair you appear,  
Than Diana, when spy'd by Actæon ;  
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,  
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,  
So she gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir :  
What Goddess, undrest, such Neglect ever bore ;  
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd such Scorn, Sir ?

The Man who with Beauty feasts only his Eyes,  
With the Fair always works his own Ruin,  
You shall find by our Actions, our Looks, and our Sighs,  
We're not barely contented with viewing.

## S O N G 153.

A S near a Fountain's flow'ry Side  
The bright Selinda lay,  
Her Looks increas'd the Summer's Pride,  
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roses blush'd with deeper red,  
To see themselves out-done ;  
The Lilies shrunk into their Beds,  
To find such Rival shone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat  
A Bee industrious flew ;  
Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry Sweet,  
And sip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,  
Her rosy Lips he found :  
Where he in Transports met his Death,  
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,  
Nor at thy Fall repine ;  
Since Kings would quit their royal State,  
To share a Death like thine.

## S O N G

**A**S, near Porto Bello lying,  
 On the gently swelling Flood,  
 At Midnight with Streamers flying,  
 Our triumphant Navy rode :  
 There, while Vernon sat all glorious  
 From the Spaniards late Defeat,  
 And his Crews with Shouts victorious,  
 Drank Success to England's Fleet :  
 On a sudden, shrilly-sounding,  
 Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard ;  
 Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,  
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd ;  
 All in dreary Hammoocks shrouded,  
 Which for Winding-Sheets they wore ;  
 And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,  
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.  
 On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,  
 When the Shade of Hosier brave  
 His pale Bands was seen to muster,  
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave :  
 O'er the glimm'ring Waves he hy'd him,  
 Where the Burford rear'd her Sail,  
 With Three Thousand Ghosts beside him,  
 And in Groans did Vernon hail.  
 Heed, oh heed ! our fatal Story,  
 I am Hosier's injur'd Ghost ;  
 You who now have purchas'd Glory  
 At this Place where I was lost ;  
 Tho' in Porto Bello's Ruin  
 You now triumph free from Fears ;  
 When you think of our Undoing,  
 You will mix your Joys with Tears.  
 See these mournful Spectres sweeping  
 Ghastly o'er this hated Wave,  
 Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping ;  
 These were English Captains brave,  
 Mark those Numbers pale and horrid,  
 Who were once my Sailors bold,  
 Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,  
 While his dismal Fate is told.

I, by twenty Sail attended,  
 Did this Spanish Town affright,  
 Nothing then its Wealth defended,  
 But my Orders not to fight;  
 Oh! that in this rolling Ocean  
 I had cast them with Disdain,  
 And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,  
 To have quell'd the Pride of Spain.

For Resistance I could fear none,

But with Twenty Ships had done,  
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
 Hast atchiev'd with six alone.  
 Then the Bastimento's never  
 Had our foul Dishonour seen,  
 Nor the Sea the sad Receiver  
 Of this gallant Train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
 And her Galleons leading home,  
 Tho' condemn'd for disobeying.

I had met a Traytor's Doom;  
 To have fallen, my Country crying,  
 He has play'd an English Part,  
 Had been better far than dying  
 Of a griev'd and broken Heart.

Unrepining at thy Glory,  
 Thy successful Arms we hail,  
 But remember our sad Story.

And let Hosier's Wrongs prevail:  
 Sent on this foul Clime to languish,  
 Think what Thousands fell in vain,

Wasted with Disease and Anguish,  
 Not in glorious Battle Gain.

Hence with all my Train attending  
 From their oozy Tombs below;

Thro' the hoary Foam ascending,  
 Here I feed my constant Woe:

Here the Bastimento's viewing,  
 We recal our shameful Doom,

And our plaintive Cries renewing,  
 Wander thro' the Midnight Gloom.



O'er these Waves for ever mourning,  
 Shall we roam depriv'd of Rest ;  
 If, to Britain's Shores returning,  
 You neglect my just Request ;  
 After this proud Foe subduing,  
 When your Patriot Friends you see,  
 Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,  
 And for England sham'd in me.

## S O N G 155.

AS, on a Sun-shine Summer's Day,  
 I to the green Wood bent my Way ;  
 That lonely Path my Fancy took  
 Was guided by a Silver Brook :  
 And trust me, trust me, all I meant,  
 Was to be pleas'd, and innocent.

Upon its flow'ry Banks I sat,  
 Regardless of Love or Hate,  
 So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play  
 The jolly Shepherds Roundelay :  
 And trust me, trust me, &c.

All in the self-same shady Grove,  
 Youthful Sylvia chanc'd to rove,  
 And, by its Echo led, drew near,  
 My rural oaten Reed to hear ;  
 But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.

I held her by the glowing Hand,  
 She something seem'd to understand ;  
 Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,  
 That something too, too plainly spoke :  
 But trust me, but trust me, &c.

## S O N G 156.

AS on a vernal Ev'ning fair,  
 Damon and Celia (happy Pair)  
 Sat on a flow'ry Bank inclin'd :  
 Beneath a fragrant Myrtle Shade,  
 While their young Offspring round 'em play'd,  
 Thus ravish'd Damon op'd his Mind,  
 Oh ! what happy State is this,  
 My Celia ! what a Heav'n of Bliss

Does Love, pure, lawful Love supply.  
 Whether I turn my Look on thee,  
 Or yonder Infant Charmers see;  
 Still Views of Joy salute my Eye.

Life's highest Blessings all are mine,  
 And doubly so by being thine,  
 Dear Crown of all that I enjoy.  
 No anxious, guilty Thoughts I find,  
 To discompose my Peace of Mind:  
 Pure Love yields Sweets without Alloy.

I draw no ruin'd Virgin's Tear,  
 No injur'd Parent's Curse I hear;  
 I dread no violated Laws;  
 I lose no Honour, waste no Wealth,  
 With no Diseases wound my Health,  
 Foul, as the shameful Crime, their Cause.

Our holy Union Heav'n approves,  
 And smiles indulgent on our Loves  
 As our unnumber'd Blessings show:  
 Oh! let our Virtue then improve,  
 Let us secure more Bliss above;  
 For more we cannot wish below.

## S O N G 157.

A S Sylvia in a Forest lay,  
 To vent her Woes alone,  
 Her Swain Philander pass'd that Way,  
 And heard her dying Moan.

Ah! is my Love, said she, to you  
 So worthless and so vain?  
 Why is your usual Fondness now  
 Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd, The Day should Darkness turn,  
 Ere you'd forsake your Love;  
 In Shades now may Creation mourn  
 Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit grave  
 To ev'ry Oath you swore?  
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,  
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Aim was all Deceit,  
The Practice of Mankind :

Alas ! I see it. —but too late,  
My Love before was blind.

What Crime, Philander, have I done,  
For Cruelty so great ?

Yes, ———for your sake neglected one,  
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For you, delighted I could die,  
But oh ! with Grief I'm fill'd,  
To think that foolish, constant I,  
Should by yourself be kill'd.

But what avail my sad Complaints,  
While you my Cause neglect ?  
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,  
Without the wish'd Effect.

This said, ———all breathless, sick and pale,  
Her Head upon her Hand,  
She found her vital Spirits fail,  
And Senses at a stand.

Philander now begins to melt,  
But ere the Word was spoke,  
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,  
And her poor Heart was broke.

### S O N G.

AS soon as the Chaos was turn'd into Form,  
And the first Race of Men knew a Good from a  
They quickly did join [Harm],  
In a Knowledge divine,  
That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and  
Wine :

Since when by Example, improving Delights,  
Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights:  
Love on then, and drink,

'Tis a Folly to think,  
On a Mystery out of our Reaches ;  
Be moral in Thought,  
To be merry's no Fault,  
Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches :

For never, my Friends,  
 Never, never, my Friends,  
 Never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,  
 Than when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools would  
 seem wise.

## S O N G 159.

A S Sparabella pensive lay  
 In dreary Shade along,  
 With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid,  
 Thus wail'd in plaining Song.  
 The Tears forth streaming from her Eyes,  
 Adown her Cheeks fast flow;  
 Her Eyes, which now no longer shine,  
 Her Cheeks no longer glow.  
 Ah, well-a-day! Does Collin then  
 Make Mock of all my Smart?  
 Has he so soon forgot his Vows,  
 Which won my Maiden Heart?  
 Ah, witless Damsel! why did I  
 So soon myself resign?  
 Ah! why did'st thou, false Shepherd, say  
 Thy Heart shou'd still be mine?  
 Oh! Collin, Collin, call to mind  
 What you to me did say,  
 As we in yonder Field were laid  
 Beneath the cocking Hay;  
 Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,  
 My Apron o'er thee spread,  
 Scatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,  
 And lull'd thy leaning Head.  
 Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first  
 With tim'rous Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese, with Lambs, the Dog;  
 And with the Hen, the Kite:  
 The Moon (that roves like thee) shou'd fail;  
 The Stars, benighted prove;  
 The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease  
 To shine, ere thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confusion reign,  
 The Hound with Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese; with Lambs, the Dog;  
 And with the Hen, the Kite:  
 Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine;  
 Ye Stars, extinguish'd be;  
 Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,  
 For Collin's false to me.

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brimful,  
 Rehears'd her piteous Woes;  
 When she perceiv'd her fading Life  
 Draw near, alas! its Close.

But first, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid,  
 Ah! Maid no more, she cry'd,  
 Ye Lasses all, shun flatt'ring Swains;  
 Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

## S O N G 160.

A S Sparks fly upwards, Man is born  
 To Sorrow and to Trouble;  
 But he that takes to him a Wife,  
 Doth make his Burthen double;  
 For Women we have always found,  
 In Strife and Mischief to abound:  
 Of Man they make a Bubble,  
 Of Man, &c.

Oh! Job he was a patient Man,  
 He liv'd in spite o'th' Devil;  
 Tho' Goods and Chattles all were lost,  
 Yet Job was very civil:  
 But when he took to him a Nurse,  
 She prov'd indeed his greatest Curse;  
 Ah! she prov'd his greatest Evil,  
 Ah! she prov'd, &c.

Oh! Sampson was a mighty Man,  
 He fill'd the World with Wonder;  
 With Jaw-bone he Philistines slew,  
 His Blows did sound like Thunder;  
 But when with Dalilah he toy'd,  
 The Sore'refs soon his Strength destroy'd;  
 She quickly brought him under;  
 She quickly, &c.

King

King David was an upright Man,

I tell to you no Fiction,

Until that Beersheba he saw,

That pretty pleasing Vixen,

When he her naked Body view'd,

He found his Goodness soon subdu'd ;

She wrought him great Affliction,

She wrought, &c.

King Solomon was the wisest Man

That ever try'd with Woman ;

When he had try'd the Set all round,

The Virtuous and the Common,

They're all alike, he wisely cry'd,

Vexation, Vanity and Pride ;

They merit Praise of no Man,

They merit, &c.

The poor Man he goes out to Work,

As hard as he is able ;

At Night when he comes home well tir'd,

She bids him rock the Cradle ;

And if the same he doth refuse,

The saucy Puss will him abuse,

And thump him with the Ladle,

And thump, &c.

The Thief that rides up Holbourn-Hill,

To Oliver Cromwell's Palace,

May find some Friend perchance step in,

To save him from the Gallows :

Oh ! no, he cries, drive on to Gib,

I'll ne'er be Slave to my own Rib,

Drive on the Cart, good Fellows,

Drive on, &c.

### S O N G

A S swift as Time put round the Glass,

And husband well Life's little Space ;

Perhaps your Sun, which shines so bright,

May set in everlasting Night.

Or if the Sun again shou'd rise,

Death, 'ere the Morn, may close your Eyes ;

Then drink before it be too late,

And snatch the present Hour from Fate.

Come



Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,  
 Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound ;  
 In these alone true Wisdom lies,  
 For to be merry's to be wise.

## S O N G 162.

**A**S the Delian God  
 To fam'd Helicon,  
 From Heaven's High Court descended down,  
 There the tuneful Muses playing he found  
 A Sonata divinely rare ;  
 When Thalia touch'd the charming Flute,  
 Erato struck the warbling Lute ;  
 And Clio's Treble joining to't,  
 Made the Harmony beyond compare.  
 Then Euterpe's full Bass  
 The sweet Consort did raise,  
 And with sweet Pleasure each Sense was alarm'd ;  
 Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,  
 Ev'ry Hand was employ'd,  
 With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung ;  
 Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue ;  
 But, when his dear Calliope sung,  
 Ah ! then the God was charm'd.

## S O N G 163.

**A**S the Snow in Vallies lying,  
 Phœbus his warm Beams applying,  
 Soon dissolves and runs away ;  
 So the Beauties, so the Graces  
 Of the most bewitching Faces,  
 At approaching Age decay.  
 As a Tyrant, when degraded,  
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided  
 By the Slaves he once controul'd ;  
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,  
 Is contemn'd by every Lover,  
 When her Charms are growing old,  
 Melancholick Looks and Whining,  
 Grieving, Quarrelling and Pining,  
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move ;  
 Soft Caresses, am'rous Glances,  
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,  
 Are the blest Effects of Love,

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,  
Employ Time, lest Age returning  
What your Youth profusely lends;  
You are robb'd of all your Glories,  
And condemn'd to tell old Stories,  
To your unbelieving Friends,

S O N G 164.

A S Tippling John was jogging on,  
Upon the Riot Night;  
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,  
Suspicious of high Flight;  
The Guards who took him by his Look,  
For some chief Firebrand,  
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,  
Who are you? stand, Friends, stand.  
I'm going home, from Meeting come.  
Ay, says one, that's the Case,  
Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,  
The Flame's still in his Face.  
John thought 'twas time to purge his Crime,  
And said, my chief Intent  
Was to assuage my thirsty Rage  
I'th' Meeting that I meant.  
Come, Friend, be plain, you trust in wine,  
Says one, pray let us know,  
That we may find how you're inclin'd,  
Are you High Church or Low?  
John said to that, I'll tell you what,  
To end Debates and Strife,  
All I can say, this is the Way  
I steer my Course of Life.  
I ne'er to Bow nor Burgess go,  
To Steeple-house nor Hall;  
The brisk Bar-bell best suits my Zeal,  
With, Gentlemen, dy'e call?  
Guess then am I Low Church or High,  
From that Tow'r or no Steeple,  
Whose merry Toll exalts the Soul,  
And must make high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at John,  
 With Countenance most pleasant ;  
 By Whisper round they all soon found,  
 He was no damag'd Peasant :  
 Thus while John stood, the best he cou'd,  
 Expecting their Decision,  
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,  
 He's of our own Religion.

## S O N G 165.

A S vainly wishing, gazing, dying,  
 The fond Narcissus lay ;  
 Kind Echo, to his Sighs replying,  
 These Words was heard to say :  
 Ah ! wretched Swain, by Pride betray'd,  
 That Pois'ner of the Mind ;  
 That Vice by none but Fools obey'd,  
 That Test of Souls design'd ;  
 That dang'rous Ill, which ne'er is found  
 In such as with Minerva's Gifts are crown'd.  
 What will you do when Time decaying  
 That lovely beauteous Face,  
 And you the Laws of Fate obeying,  
 Must to old Age give Place ?  
 Old Age, which comes with Swiftneſs on ;  
 Your haſty Minutes fly :  
 Some Part of what you were is gone ;  
 Deforming Death is nigh :  
 When Time and Pain your Charms abate,  
 How will you then this Chryſtal Mirror hate ?  
 The God of Love you're now offending,  
 He looks with Anger down ;  
 And while you're on yourſelf attending,  
 Regardless of his Frown,  
 He'll make you curſe that fatal Hour  
 In which you hither came :  
 When he makes known his wond'rous Pow'r,  
 You'll your Indiſſ'rence blame ;  
 And wiſh to me you'd kinder prov'd,  
 And leſs, much leſs, your own Perfections lov'd.

Be gone, be gone, he still replying,

Felt an inward Anguish;

And still the wat'ry Image eying,

For himself did languish:

The pitying Nymph stood grieving by

To see his vain Desire;

With out-stretch'd Arms she heard him cry,

O why dost thou retire?

Why does this dear attracting Shape

From my Embrace with so much Haste escape?

While thus he was himself admiring;

The cruel sportive Pow'r,

Who saw his Reason was expiring,

Transform'd him to a Flow'r:

The Nymph amaz'd, the Wonder view'd,

And wou'd not thence remove;

At length she by her Grief subdu'd,

An empty Voice did prove:

Both were to Folly Victims made,

She by her Fondness, he by Pride betray'd.

# S O N G 166.

A S unconcern'd and free as Air,

I did retain my Liberty;

Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,

And scorn'd a beauteous Slave to be:

'Till your bright Eyes surpris'd my Heart,

And first inform'd me how to love;

Then Pleasure did invade each Part,

Yet to conceal my Flame I strove.

As Indians at a Distance pay

Their awful Reverence to the Sun;

And dare not 'till he'll bless the Day,

Seem to have any thing begun:

Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,

My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;

And tremble to express Delight,

Unless you please to ease my Pain.

S. O. N. 167.

A S walking forth to view the Plain,  
 Upon a Morning early,  
 While May's sweet Scent did charm my Brain,  
 From Flowers which grew so rarely;  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,  
 She shin'd, tho' it was foggy;  
 I ask'd her Name; Sweet Sir, she said,  
 My Name is Katharine Ogie.  
 I stood a while, and did admire  
 To see a Nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an Air there did appear  
 In a Country-maid so neatly:  
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a Lily in a Bogie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.  
 Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee:  
 Tho' thou art dress'd in Robes but mean,  
 Yet those cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,  
 Far excels any clownish Rogue,  
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,  
 My charming Katharine Ogie.  
 O were I but some Shepherd-Swain!  
 To feed my Flock beside thee,  
 At Boughting time to leave the Plain,  
 In milking to abide thee;  
 I'd think myself a happier Man,  
 With Kate, my Club and Dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,  
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.  
 Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,  
 And State's dangerous Stations:  
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,  
 I'd smile at conquering Nations:  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 The Lads of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are Toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But

But I fear the Gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a Creature,  
 Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other Works in Nature;  
 Clouds of Despair surround my Love,  
 That are both dark and foggy;  
 Fity my Case, ye Pow'rs above,  
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

## S O N G 168.

AS, when on Mountain-heads,  
 With sudden Spring of Light,  
 The Sun his Splendor spreads,  
 And blinds the dazled Sight:  
 From Mariana's Eyes  
 Love throws a flashing Dart,  
 That wounds with gay Surprise,  
 And festers in the Heart.  
 At dead of Night, when Care  
 Forsakes each tortur'd Breast,  
 I only, thro' Despair,  
 Am barr'd from gentle Rest.  
 When Morning Beams dispel  
 The gloomy Shades of Night,  
 Redoubled is my Hell,  
 While others reap Delight.  
 At Noon, when Day's inthron'd,  
 My Sorrows grow intense;  
 Nor is my Case bemoan'd,  
 When silent Hours commence.  
 Then hasten, friendly Death,  
 And ease me of my Woe.—  
 Who would not yield his Breath,  
 When Love's declar'd his Foe?

## S O N G 169.

ASK me not how calmly I,  
 All the Cares of Life defy,  
 How I baffle human Woes,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman knows.



You may live and laugh as I,  
 You like me may Care defy.  
 All the Pangs the Heart endures,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman cures.  
 Ask me not of empty Toys,  
 Feats of Arms and drunken Joys;  
 I have Pleasure more divine,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman's mine.  
 Rapture more than Folly knows,  
 More than Fortune can bestow;  
 Flowing Bowls and conquer'd Fields,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman yields.  
 Ask me not of Woman's Arts,  
 Broken Vows, and faithless Hearts;  
 Tell the Wretch that pines and grieves,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman lives.  
 All Delights the Heart can know,  
 More than Folly can bestow;  
 Wealth of Worlds, and Crowns of Kings,  
 Woman, Woman, Woman brings.

## S O N G 170.

A SK me, why I send you here  
 This Firstling of the infant Year?  
 Ask me, why I send to you  
 This Primrose all be-pearl'd with Dew?  
 I must whisper to your Ears,  
 The Sweets of Love are wash'd with Tears.

Ask me, why this Rose doth show  
 All yellow, green, and sickly too?  
 Ask me, why the Stalk is weak?  
 And yielding each Way, yet not break?  
 I must tell you, these discover

What Doubts and Fears are in a Lover.

## S O N G 171.

A SK not the Cause, why sudden Spring  
 So long delays her Flow'rs to bear?  
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
 And Winter Storms invert the Year?  
 Chloris is gone, and Fate provides,  
 To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair;

She casts not back a pitying Eye;

But left her Lover in Despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die;

Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure

To give the Wounds they will not cure?

Great God of Love, why hast thou made

A Face that can all Hearts command,

That all Religions can invade,

And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?

Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,

Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

When Chloris to the Temple comes,

Adoring Crowds before her fall;

She can restore the Dead from Tombs,

And ev'ry Life but mine recall:

I only am by Love design'd

To be the Victim for Mankind.

# S O N G 172.

ASSIST your vot'ry, friendly nine,

Inspire becoming lays;

Cause Celia's matchless beauty shine,

Till heaven and earth shall blaze.

She's pleasant as returning light,

Sweet as the morning ray,

When Phoebus quells the shades of night,

And brings the chearful day.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,

As purest air serene;

No gloomy passion rising there,

O'ercast the peaceful scene:

Her small bright eye-brows finely bend,

Transport darts from her eyes;

The sparkling diamond they transcend,

Or stars which gem the skies.

A rising blush of heavenly dye

O'er her fair cheek still glows;

Her shining locks in ringlets ly,

Well shap'd and fix'd her nose;

Her smiling lips are lovely red,  
 Like roses newly blown;  
 Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)  
 You'd wish for ever shown.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,  
 Or polish'd marble smooth,  
 That nymph's in beauty far surpass.

Who fir'd the Trojan youth;  
 Her slender waist, white arm and hand,  
 Just symmetry does grace:  
 What's hid from these (if you demand)  
 Let lively fancy trace.

A sprightly and angelick mind  
 Reigns in this comely frame,  
 With decent ease acts unconfin'd,  
 Inspires the whole like flame;  
 Minerva or Diana's state,  
 With Venus softness join'd,  
 Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,  
 Love's rightful queen design'd.

Good gods! what raptures fire my soul!  
 How flutters my fond heart!  
 When tender glances art controul,  
 And love suppress'd impart.  
 Propitious pow'rs; make Celia mine,  
 Complete my dawning blest;  
 At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,  
 Nor grudge their happiness.

S O N G 173.

A T a May-pole down in Kent,  
 Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,  
 Nymphs with Swains to Dancing went,  
 Each hop'd to bring the Garland home.  
 When Amelia came they all gave way,  
 Youths with Joy their Homage pay,  
 Nymphs confess her Queen of May,  
 No one was ever yet so gay.

As her Skin the Lily fair,  
 New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts,  
 New-strung Cupid's Bow, her Hair;  
 Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.

When

When you do her Temper view,  
Young, but wise ; admir'd, yet true,  
Never charm'd with empty Shew,  
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your Steps advance,

Now foot it in a fairy Ring,  
Nimble trip, and as you dance,  
Ever live, bright Amelia ! sing.

With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,  
Your brave Sires their Conqueror met  
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,  
Now does your free Allegiance get.

S O N G 174.

A T Atrick Banks, on a Summer Day,  
At glom'ing, when our Flocks come in,  
I spy'd a Lassie young and gay,

Came wandering thro' the Mist her lane :

My Heart grew light, I ran, I sang

My Arms about her bonny Neck ;

And there I kissed her for lang,

For Words they were to no Effect.

Said I, my Lassie, wilt thou gang

To the Highland Hills the Earle to learn,

And there I'll give thee both Cow and Ewe,

When we come to the Bridge of Earne :

There's Meal come in at Leith, ne'er fail,

And Herrings at the Broomy Law ;

Chear up thy Heart, my loving Lass,

There's Gear to win we never saw.

All Day when we have wrought enough,

At Ev'n when we sit down to spin,

And when the Sun gangs west the Cleugh,

And Winter's Frost and Snow comes in,

I'll screw my Drone, and play a Spring,

Thus the weary Winter Night will end,

Till the tender Kid and Lamb-time bring

The pleasant Summer back again.

In the Highland Hills and Glens you'll see

The Buck, the Tod, the Mairkin run,

And on the Banks the Birds are :

To welcome up the Rising Sun,

At

At Noon our Flocks ly down to Rest,  
 In May the tender Blade appears,  
 And Harvest answers our Request,  
 Then never doubt on doleful Fears.

May all the Gods of Love employ  
 Their Art and Skill in pleasing thee;  
 'Till fondly sooth'd with Cupid's Boy,  
 To wander up the Brae wi' me,  
 We'll love and kiss as lang's we can,  
 And we will merry, merry be;  
 Since that Life it self is but a Span,  
 It's a' be spent in pleasing thee.

S - O N G 175.

A T Break of Day, poor Celadon  
 Hard by his Sheep-folds walk'd alone;  
 His Arms a-cross, his Head bow'd down,  
 His oaten Pipe beside him thrown;  
 When Thirsis, hidden in a Thicket by,  
 Thus heard the discontented Shepherd cry,

What is it Celadon has done,  
 That all his Happiness is gone!  
 The Curtains of the Dark are drawn,  
 And chearful Morn begins to dawn;  
 Yet in my Breast 'tis ever dead of Night,  
 That can admit no Beam of pleasant Light.

Yon pretty Lambs do leap and play,  
 To welcome the new kindled Day,  
 Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,  
 Why is he not as frolick too.

If such Disturbance th' Innocent attend,  
 How differs he from them that dare offend.

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,  
 If I must die, why this Reprieve,  
 If you would have me live, O why  
 Is it with me as those that die.

I faint, I gasp, I pant, my Eyes are set,  
 My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet,

Ye Gods! I never did withhold  
 The fattest Lamb of all my Fold,  
 But on your Altars laid it down,  
 And with a Garland did it crown.

Is it in vain to make your Altars smoke ?

Is it all one to please and to provoke ?

Time was that I could fit and smile,

Or with a Dance the Time beguile ;

My Soul, like that smooth Lake, was still

Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill ;

Like yonder stately Mountains clear and high,

Swift, soft, and gay, as that same Butterfly,

But now within there's Civil War,

In Arms my rebel Passions are,

Their old Allegiance laid aside,

The Traytors now in Triumph ride ;

That many-headed Monster had thrown down

Its lawful Monarch, Reason, from its Throne,

See, unrelenting Sylvia, see,

All this, and more, is 'long of thee ;

For e're I saw that charming Face,

Uninterrupted was my Peace ;

Thy glorious beamy Eyes have struck me blind,

To my own Soul the Way I cannot find.

Yet is it not thy Fault, nor mine,

Heav'n is to blame, that did not shine

Upon us both with equal Rays,

It made thine bright, mine gloomy Days,

To Sylvia Beauty gave, and Riches Store,

All Celadon's Offence is, he is poor.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,

Whose Love is fickle Fortune's Slave :

Those golden Days are out of Date,

When every Turtle chose his Mate :

Cupid, that mighty Prince, then uncontroul'd,

Now like a little Negro's bought and sold.

S O N G 176.

A T Cynthia's Feet I figh'd, I pray'd,

And wept, yet all the while

The cruel, unrelenting Maid

Scarce paid me with a Smile.



Such foolish tim'rous Arts as these  
 Wanted the Pow'r to charm,  
 They were too innocent to please,  
 They were too cold to warm.  
 Resolv'd I rose, and softly prest  
 The Lillies of her Neck;  
 With longing, eager Lips I kist  
 The Roses of her Cheek.  
 Charmed with this Boldness, she relents,  
 And burns with equal Fire;  
 To all my Wishes she consents,  
 And crowns my fierce Desire:  
 With Heat like this Pygmalion mov'd,  
 His Statue's icy Charms;  
 Thus warm'd, the marble Virgin lov'd,  
 And melted in his Arms.

## S O N G 177.

A T dead of Night, when Care gives Place,  
 In other Breasts, to soft Repose,  
 My throbbing Heart feels no Rest,  
 Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.  
 At Morn, when Phœbus from the East  
 Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,  
 The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast  
 Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.  
 At Noon, when most intense he shines,  
 My Sorrows more intense are grown;  
 At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,  
 They set not with the Setting Sun.  
 To my Relief then hasten, Death,  
 And ease me of my restless Woes:  
 With Joy I will resign my Breath,  
 Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.

## S O N G 178.

A T Dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep,  
 The peaceful Cottage lay;  
 Pastora left her folded Sheep,  
 Her Garland, Crook, and useless Scrip:  
 Love led the Nymph astray.

Loose, and undress'd, she takes her Flight

To a near Myrtle Shade;

The conscious Moon gave all her Light,

To bless her ravish'd Lover's Sight,

And guide the charming Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,

And to assuage his Pain,

His restless Passion he obeys,

At such an Hour, in such a Place,

What Lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,

The Moon no Succour gave;

The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look on,

And seem'd to smile at what was done,

Nor would her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by pow'rful Love,

The Nymph expiring lay;

No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,

Since no kind Stars were found above,

She blush'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bless'd the Grove, her conscious Flight

And Youth that did betray;

And panting, dying, with Delight,

She bless'd the kind transporting Night,

And curs'd approaching Day.

# S O N G 179.

A T length I feel the Pow'r of Love

No more preserv'd by Reason's Arms;

Reason, alas! in vain does prove,

Before Maria's killing Charms.

When first her Form, divinely fair,

Resistless struck my ravish'd Sight,

Not knowing there was Danger near,

I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight.

But, oh! too late, I found her Eyes

Could Pains, as well as Joys, impart;

From them a fatal Glance there flies,

Which pierces me quite thro' the Heart.

Bright Celia's Shape I have admir'd,  
 By blooming Chloe's Face been charm'd,  
 Aminta's poyant Wit has fir'd,  
 And Delia's Voice my Breast has warm'd.  
 Each Female could Delight inspire,  
 To ev'ry Charm I us'd to bow;  
 But, oh! tho' each could raise Desire,  
 I never, never lov'd till now.

## S O N G 130.

A T length, my cruel Fairy give o'er  
 Your Frowns, and ease my Pain;  
 Tho' for awhile the Heavens lour,  
 Yet soon they smile again.  
 The Lightning not incessant flies,  
 It quickly spends its Ire;  
 But still you blast me from your Eyes  
 With angry Shafts of Fire.  
 E'en Tityus and Prometheus find  
 From their wing'd Foe some Rest;  
 But Love, not as the Vultur kind,  
 For ever gnaws my Breast.  
 Sometimes Ixion Rest obtains;  
 His whirling Torments cease;  
 But an eternal Round of Pains  
 Ne'er lets me taste of Ease.  
 The weary Sisyphus forbears  
 Sometimes to heave his Stone;  
 But I, beneath a Weight of Cares,  
 Am ever doom'd to groan.  
 One only Hope for me remains,  
 Which from those Wretches flies;  
 Kind Death will free me from my Chains,  
 Death, more than Life, I prize.

## S O N G 131.

A T Noon, on a Sun-shiny Day,  
 The brightest Lady of the May,  
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,  
 Sat knotting in a Shade.

Each slender Finger play'd its Part,  
 With such Activity and Art,  
 As would inflame a youthful Heart,  
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by Chance came by,  
 He saw no Anger in her Eye;  
 Yet, when the bashful Boy drew nigh,  
 She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,  
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball;  
 But strait gave Strephon such a Call,  
 As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?  
 With Innocence I dare be free;  
 By so much Truth and Modesty,  
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,  
 While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,  
 Thou mayst securely take a Nap;  
 Which he, poor Fool! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,  
 And found him fast asleep all o'er;  
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more;  
 But, starting up, she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be;  
 For this thy dull Fidelity,  
 I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me;  
 Pursue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,  
 And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;  
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep  
 By me, mistaken Maid.

# S O N G 182,

A T Polwart on the Green  
 If you'll meet me the Morn,  
 Where Lasses do convene  
 To dance about the Thorn;

A kindly Welcome you shall meet

Fra her wha likes to view

A Lover and a Lad compleat,

The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames say na,

As lang as e'er they please,

Seem caulder than the Sna',

While inwardly they bleez;

But I will frankly shaw my Mind,

And yield my Heart to thee;

Be ever to the Captive kind,

That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the Green,

Among the new-mawn Hay,

With Sangs and Dancing keen

We'll pass the heartsome Day.

At Night, if Beds be o'er thrang laid,

And thou be twinn'd of thine,

Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,

To take a part of mine.

# SONG 183.

A T setting Day and rising Morn,

With Soul that still shall love thee,

I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,

With all that can improve thee.

I'll visit oft the Birken-Bush,

Where first thou kindly told me

Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,

Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Hamnts I will repair,

By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;

Or where the Summer-day I'd share

With thee, upon yon Mountain.

There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,

From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,

By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours

A Heart which cannot wander.

# SONG

A T St. Olyth by the Mill  
There lives a lovely Lass;

Oh! had I her Good-will,

How gaily Life wou'd pass;

No bold intruding Care

My Bliss shou'd e'er destroy,

Her Smiles wou'd gild Despair,

And brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,

Her artless Beauties charm;

Like them, with Joy serene,

Our wishing Hearts they warm;

Her Wit, with Sweetness crown'd,

Steals ev'ry Sense away,

The list'ning Swains around

Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth, and Ease,

Without her tasteless are;

She gives them Pow'r to please,

And makes them worth our Care;

Is there, ye Fates, a Bliss

Reserv'd my future Share,

Indulgent hear my Wish,

And grant it all in her.

A T the Close of the Day,

When the Bean-flow'r and Hay

Breath'd Odours in ev'ry Wind:

Love enliven'd the Veins

Of the Damsels and Swains;

Each Glance and each Action was kind,

Molly, wanton and free,

Kiss'd, and sat on each Knee,

Fond Ecstasie swam in her Eyes.

See, thy Mother is near,

Hark! She calls thee to hear

What Age and Experience advise.

Hast thou seen the blithe Dove

Stretch her Neck to her Love,



All glossy with Purple and Gold? 2

If a Kiss he obtain,

She returns it again :

What follows you need not be told.

Look ye, Mother, she cry'd,

You instruct me in Pride,

And Men by Good-manners are won.

She who trifles with all

Is less likely to fall

Than she that but trifles with one.

Prithee, Molly, be wise;

Left by sudden Surprise

Love should tingle in ev'ry Vein :

Take a Shepherd for Life,

And when once you're a Wife,

You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling, reply'd,

Then I'll soon be a Bride ;

Old Roger has Gold in his Chest.

But I thought all you Wives,

Chose a Man for your Lives,

And trifled no more with the rest.

# S O N G 196.

A T Upton on the Hill

There lives a happy Pair,

The Swain his name is Will,

And Molly is the fair.

Ten Years are gone and more,

Since Hymen join'd these Two,

Their Hearts were one before

The Sacred Rites they knew.

Since which auspicious Day,

Sweet Harmony does reign,

Both love, and both obey,

Hear this, each Nymph and Swain,

If haply Cares invade,

As who is free from Care,

Th' impression's lighter made,

By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,  
 They've no ambitious View,  
 In Plenty live, not State,  
 Nor Envy those that do.  
 Sure Pomp is Empty Noise,  
 And Cares increase with Wealth;  
 They Aim at truer Joys,  
 Tranquility and Health,  
 With Saffy and with Ease,  
 Their present Life does flow,  
 They fear no Raging Seas,  
 Nor Rocks that lurk below.  
 May still a Steady Gale  
 Their little Bark attend,  
 And gently fill each Sail  
 Till Life it self shall end.

## S O N G 187.

A T Winchester was a Wedding,  
 The like was never seen,  
 Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,  
 And bonny Black Bess of the Green:  
 The Fiddlers were crowding before,  
 Each Lads was as fine as a Queen:  
 There was a Hundred and more,  
 For all the whole Country came in;  
 Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,  
 She look'd like a Lily of the Vale,  
 And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,  
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.  
 With Tommy came smiling Katy,  
 He help'd her over the Stile,  
 And swore there was none so pretty,  
 In forty and forty long Mile:  
 Kit gave a green Gown to Betty,  
 And lent her his Hand to rise;  
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,  
 For looking blue under the Eyes:  
 Thus merrily chaffing all,  
 They pass to the Bride-house along,  
 With Johny and pretty fac'd Nancy,  
 The fairest of all the Throng.

The

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
 Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,  
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,  
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd,  
 The Lads were so frolick and jolly.  
 For each had his Love by his Side;  
 But Willy was melancholly,  
 For he had a Mind to the Bride:  
 Then Philip begins her Health,  
 And turns a Beer-glass on his Thumb,  
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking  
 The best in Christendom.  
 And now they had din'd, advancing  
 Into the midst of the Hall,  
 The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,  
 And Jeremy led up the Brawl,  
 But Margaret kept a Quarrel,  
 A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,  
 'Cause Arthur had stolen her Garter,  
 And swore he would tie it himself:  
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 And ready with Anger to cry,  
 'Cause Arthur in tying her Garter,  
 Had slipt his Hand too high.  
 And now for throwing the Stocking,  
 The Bride away was led;  
 The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking  
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed;  
 But Robin finding him silly,  
 Most friendly took him aside,  
 The while that his Wife with Willy  
 Was playing at Hooper's-hide:  
 And now the warm Game begins,  
 The critical Minute was come,  
 And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,  
 Went merrily round the Room.  
 Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,  
 And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;  
 And Tommy was so to Katy,  
 And wedded her with a Rush-Ring:

Sukie,

Sokie, that danc'd with the Cushion,  
 An Hour from the Room had been gone,  
 And Barnaby knew by her blushing,  
 That some other Dance had been done :  
 And thus of fifty fair Maids,  
 That came to the Wedding with Men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
 That so did return again.

## S O N G 188.

Attend, all ye modern young Lasses so gay,  
 Let not such base Envy your Fancy dismay ;  
 I resolve bent in your Cause do appear,  
 For what is a Woman now, without an Air.

For what is a Woman now, without an Air,  
 Tho' Fame has declar'd with her oft-erring Sound,  
 Our good ancient Dames were in Fardingales bound,  
 Yet in other Extreams, the same Goddess declares,  
 That they had as many vain Whimfies and Airs.

For what is a Woman now &c.  
 Their furbelow'd scarves, and their Rumps, then the Taste,  
 Their Petticoats richly bespangl'd and lac'd ;  
 With Scarlet Silk Stockings to set off their Ware,  
 Which is plain, as with us, that they had their Air.

For what is a Woman now &c.  
 And now 'tis the Fashion, each spindle-shank'd Beau,  
 In scanty short Garments, struts on like a Crow ;  
 While we in our trim, in the Mode to appear,  
 Instead of Curtailing, spread ours with an Air.

For what is a Woman now &c.  
 But yet if this Fashion continues, then mine,  
 From seven shall soon be extended to Nine ;  
 To maul such poor Coxcombs in Spite of their Jeer,  
 And we'll bang their Shins as we flaunt with an Air.

For what is a Woman now &c.  
 S O N G 189.

AUGUSTUS crown'd with Majesty,  
 His weighty Cares removing,  
 Beheld this World, but nought could spy,  
 Worth Royal Thoughts, but Loving :

A Synod of the Gods appear,  
 And vote their Sacred Sense;  
 That none but the divinest Fair  
 Should bless the greatest Prince.

Sophronia their Command obeys,  
 Sophronia their chief Blessing;  
 With dove-like Innocence, her Face  
 Was sweet beyond expressing:

A Time commanding Beauty must,  
 While the World lasts, be fine;  
 And when the World is shook to Dust,  
 The Sun will cease to shine.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord  
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,  
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give  
 An Alms to keep a God alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,  
 On these cold Looks that lifeless Air;  
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,  
 With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid!  
 To Life can bring the silent Shade:  
 Thou canst surpass the Painter's Art,  
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.  
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

# S O N G 190.

A Uld Rob Moris that wins in yon Glen,  
 He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of auld Men,  
 Has Fourscore black Sheep, and Fourscore too;  
 Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.  
 Ha'd your Tongue, Mither, and let that abee,  
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen,  
 For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.  
 Ha'd your Tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,  
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;  
 He shall lie by your Side, and kiss ye too;  
 Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

Auld

Auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,  
 His A--it sticks out like ony Peet-creel,  
 He's out-shinn'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;  
 Auld Rob Moris is the Man I'll ne'er loo,

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly Man,  
 Yet his auld Brags it will buy a new Pan;  
 Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to stoop,  
 For auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loob.

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,  
 His Back is sae stiff, and his Beard is grown grey;  
 I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;  
 Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear.

## S O N G 191.

A URELIA, art thou mad,  
 To let the World in me  
 Envy Joys I never had,  
 And censure them in thee?

Fill'd with Grief for what is past,  
 Let us at length be wise,  
 And the Banquet boldly taste,  
 Since we have paid the Prize.

Love does easy Souls despise,  
 Who lose themselves for Toys,  
 And Escape for those devise,  
 Who taste his utmost Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,  
 Like theirs a Folly is,  
 Who are for vain Swearing damn'd,  
 And knew no higher Bliss.

Love should like the Year be crown'd  
 With sweet Variety;  
 Hope should in the Spring be found,  
 Kind Fears and Jealousy.

In the Summer, Flowers should rise,  
 And in the Autumn Fruit;  
 His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,  
 And in a Scoff salute.

## S O N G 192.

A Urelia now one Moment lost,  
 A Thousand Sighs may after cost;  
 Desires



Desires may oft return in vain,  
 But Youth will ne'er return again.  
 The fragrant Sweets which do adorn  
 The glowing Blushes of the Morn,  
 By Noon are vanish'd all away :  
 Then let's, Aurelia, live to Day.

## S O N G 193.

He. **A** Wake, thou fairest Thing in Nature,  
 How can you sleep when Day does break ?  
 How can you sleep, my charming Creature,  
 When all the World you keep awake ?

She. What Swain is this that sings so early  
 Under my Window, by the Dawn ?

He. 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly ;  
 Therefore in Pity ease my Pain.

She. Softly, else you'll wake my Mother,  
 No Tales of Love she lets me hear,  
 Go tell your Passion to some other,  
 Or whisper softly in my Ear.

He. How can you bid me love another,  
 Or rob you of your beauteous Charms ?  
 'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,  
 You're fitter for your Lover's Arms.

## S O N G 194.

**A** Wake, ye drowsy Swains, awake,  
 Behold the beauteous Morning break ;  
 Aurora's Mantle gray appears,  
 And Harmony salutes the Ears.

The Lark has scar'd a wond'rous Height,  
 And, warbling, wings her airy Flight ;  
 The Birds, soft-brooding o'er their Nests,  
 Instruct their Young from tuneful Breasts.

A thousand Beauties fill the Plains ;  
 Each Twig affords melodious Strains ;  
 Thro' ev'ry Eastern Tree and Bush,  
 The Virgin-Day appears to blush.

Already Damon with his Crook  
 Attends his Flock at yonder Brook ;  
 The charming Chloe's by his Side,  
 Of all the Nymphs the Shepherd's Pride.

Unhappy Sluggards in their Beds,  
With parched Throats, and aching Heads,  
Have shut out Day, and all its Bliss,  
To revel in a Strumpet's Kiss:

While Rural Swains enjoy the Morn,  
And laugh at ev'ry Courtier's Scorn,  
Nor envy their voluptuous Way;  
But, while they sleep, enjoy the Day.

S O N G 195.

A Way! away? we've crown'd the Day, we've crown'd  
the Day!

Away! away! we've crown'd the Day!

The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:

The Huntsman's Call invites you all,

The Huntsman's Call invites you all,

Come in, come in, Boys, while you may;

Come in, come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn, the rosy Morn,

The jolly Horn, the rosy Morn,

With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds;

These, these, my Boys, are heavenly Joys,

These, these, my Boys, are heavenly Joys:

A Sportman's Pleasure knows no Bounds,

A Sportman's Pleasure knows no Bounds.

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,

The Horn shall be the Husband's Fee,

And let him take it not in Scorn;

The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,

The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,

Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn,

Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

S O N G 196.

A WAY ye brave Fox-hunting Race,

Away, away to a Burn Chase;

Let Ashton Park alone to Day,

For here will be the royal Play:

See yonder's the Covert, to Horse let's be going,

Throw, throw off the Finder's then; honest Will. Owen.

Away ye brave, &c.

[Beagles Sounds.

Unkennel quick, you blaky Ground,

They'll have a Touch for fifty Pound; 1

Hark,

Hark, hark to Soundwell, that's a noble Dog,  
 Cross him, ye jolly Lads, heur, heur the Drag:  
 The Fox has broke Covert, let one lay behind,  
 We've had an Entapessie, she runs up the Wind;  
 Off with the Chase Hounds ho,  
 Now, the Sportman shew.

Let Lillywhore and Caesar run;

Tossipot and Ruler,

Cappyr and cooler,

L'Pompey and Gallant, low 'em on.

Spur, switch, and then away, o'er Hedges, and Ditches  
 Without Fear of Nettle, or galling your Breeches;  
 Blow a Retreat, blow, blow, Tantives, tives, tives, tives,  
 If she runs down the Wind she may chance to deceive ye;  
 A Recheat, a Recheat, Tives, tives, tives, tives,  
 Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my Soul,  
 The Vixen's just now catch'd, see here's the Hole  
 Put in the Tasslers, faith 'tis so,  
 She's crept at least five Yards below;  
 They're working, hark, and lay at her so well,  
 They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as deep as Hell;  
 'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snapp'd, she's kill'd,  
 Hollow brave Boys then from the Field,  
 And jolly Huntsman blow poor Reynard's Knell.

### S O N G 197.

A W A Y with Sorrow and Whining,

Your Rival is mighty, 'tis true;

But can there be Reason in pining,

While the Fair is constant to you?

What tho' she's in the midst of Danger?

Virtue's the Shield of her Heart;

No Flatt'ry, no Threats can change her,

Who's Proof against Terror and Art.

The honest, the innocent Lover,

May rest, or travel unarm'd;

What Creature will venture to move her

By whom the Creation is charm'd?

When

When Horace was heedlessly straying  
 In his Sabinian Grove,  
 A Wolf, intent upon preying,  
 Pass'd by, and did Homage to Love.

## S O N G 198

AWAY with Suspicion,  
 That Bane to Desire;  
 The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies;  
 The Rules of Discretion  
 But stifle the Fire;  
 On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.  
 What a Folly to tremble,  
 Lest the Lover dissemble  
 His Fire?

Turtles that woo,  
 Bill and coo;  
 While we enjoy  
 We must be true,  
 And to repeat it is all,

All! we can desire.

## S O N G 199

A Way with the Causes of Riches and Cares,  
 That eat up our Spirits, and shorten our Years;  
 No Pleasure can be  
 In State or Degree,  
 But 'tis mingled with Troubles and Fears:  
 Then perish all Fops by Sobriety dull'd;  
 While he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.  
 The Quirks and the Zealots of Beauty and Wit,  
 Tho' supported by Power, at last must submit:

For he that is sad,

Grows wretched or mad,

Whilst Mirth like a Monarch does sit:

He cherishes Life in the old and the young,

And makes every Day to be happy and long.

## S O N G 200

AWAY you Rover,  
 For Shame give over,  
 You play the Lover  
 So like an Ass;

You

You are for storming,  
 You think you are charming,  
 Your faint performing  
 We read in your Face.

## S O N G

A Wful Hero, Marlbro', rise !  
 Sleepy Charms I come to break :  
 Hither turn thy languid Eyes :  
 Lo ! thy Genius calls, awake.  
 Well survey this faithful Plan,  
 Which records thy Life's great Story ;  
 'Tis a short but crowded Span,  
 Full of Triumphs, full of Glory.  
 One by one thy Deeds review :  
 Sieges, Battles, thick appear ;  
 Former Wonders lost in new,  
 Greatly fill each pompous Year.  
 This is Blenheim's crimson Field,  
 Wet with Gore, with Slaughter stain'd.  
 Here retiring Squadrons yield,  
 And a bloodless Wreath is gain'd,  
 Ponder in thy God-like Mind  
 All the Wonders thou hast wrought ;  
 Tyrants, from their Pride declin'd,  
 Be the Subject of thy Thought !  
 Rest thee here, while Life may last :  
 Th' utmost Bliss to Man allow'd,  
 Is to trace his Actions past,  
 And to find 'em Great and Good.  
 But 'tis gone ---- O Mortal born !  
 Swift the fading Scenes remove ----  
 Let 'em pass with noble Scorn :  
 Thine are Worlds which roll above.  
 Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,  
 Pleas'd, thy ripe Approach foresee ;  
 Men who acted wond'rous Things,  
 Tho' they yield in Fame to thee.

Foremost in the Patriot Band,  
 Shining with distinguish'd Day,  
 See thy Friend Godolphin stand!  
 See! he beckons thee away.  
 Yonder Seats and Fields of Light,  
 Let thy ravish'd Thought explore:  
 Wishing, panting for thy Flight!  
 Half an Angel, Man no more.

## S O N G 202.

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory,  
 Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy Story;  
 Wine's first Projector,  
 Mankind's Protector,  
 Patron to Topers,  
 How do we adore thee.  
 Wine's first Projector, &c.

Friend to the Muses, and Whet-stone to Venus,  
 Herald to Pleasures, when Wine wou'd convene us!  
 Sorrow's Physician,  
 When our Condition  
 In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to screen us.  
 Nature she smil'd, when thy Birth it was blaz'd:  
 Mankind rejoic'd when thy Altars were rais'd;  
 Mirth will be flowing,  
 Whilst the Vine's growing,  
 And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

## S O N G 203.

Bacchus, God of jovial Drinking,  
 Keep th' enamour'd Fool from thinking,  
 Teach him Wine's great Power to know:  
 Heroes would be lost in Battle,  
 If not cherish'd by the Bottle,  
 Wine does all that's great above,  
 Wine does all that's great below.

## S O N G 204.

Bauty be no more so coy,  
 Nor look for high-priz'd Courting;  
 Still to gaze and not enjoy  
 Is but a Hell of Sporting.

O

For



For he who fancies any Face,  
 He proves his own Vexation,  
 Unless he can subdue the Place,  
 And take full Satisfaction.

To doat on one, where thousands are,  
 'Tis held a wilful Madness;

For when they know you for their care,  
 They triumph in your Sadness.

Then fit not fighting Day and Night;

For one that proves so hollow;

But cast her off, and seem to slight!

O then she'll fly to follow.

Give me the Lady that is free,

That needs no tedious wooing;

Not as Platonics seem to be,

But straightway fall to doing.

For who doth compliment and court,

And takes no other Diet,

May starve before he comes to Sport,

Or keep his Mistress quiet.

# S O N G 205.

**B**ACCHUS is a Pow'r divine;

For he no sooner fills my Head,

With mighty Wine,

But all my Cares resign,

And droop, and droop, and sink down dead;

Then, then the pleasing Thoughts begin,

And I in Riches flow,

At least I fancy so;

And without Thought of Want I sing,

Stretch't on the Earth, my Head all around,

With Flowers weav'd into a Garland, crown'd;

Then, then I begin to live,

And scorn what all the World can show or give.

Let the brave Fools that fondly think

Of Honour, and delight

To make a Noise, a Noise, and fight,

Go seek out War, whilst I seek Peace,

Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace and Drink,

Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace and Drink.

Then

Then fill my Glass, fill, fill it high;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;  
 But when Bottles are rang'd,  
 Make War with me,  
 The fighting Fool shall see,  
 When I am sunk,  
 The Difference to lie dead,  
 And lie dead drunk:  
 The fighting Fool, &c.

## S O N G. 206.

Bacchus must now his Power resign,  
 I am the only God of Wine;

It is not fit that Rogue should be  
 In Competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,  
 Stock it with nothing else but Wine;  
 Let Wine its only Product be,  
 Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,  
 And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious Life in anxious Care:  
 Let the Ambitious toil and think,  
 Let States or Empires swim or sink,  
 My sole Ambition is to drink.

## S O N G. 207.

Bacchus one Day gaily striding  
 On his never-failing Tun,

Sneaking empty Pots deriding,  
 Thus address'd each toying Son:

Praise the Joys that never vary,  
 And adore the liquid Shrine;  
 All Things noble, gay, and airy,  
 Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,  
 Owe their noble Rise to me;

Poets wrote the flaming Story,  
 Fir'd by my Divinity:

If my Influence is wanting,  
 Music's Charms but slowly move ;  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
 'Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you'd crown the lasting Pleasure,  
 Mortals this way bend your Eyes ;  
 From my ever-flowing Treasure  
 Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,  
 Sole Dispeller of your Pain  
 Gloomy Souls from Care releasing :  
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

## S O N G 208.

BAlow, my Boy, lye still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep ;  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad :  
 Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,  
 Thy Father bred me great annoy.

Balow, my Boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my Darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;  
 But smile not as thy Father did,  
 To cozen Maids : nay God forbid ;  
 For in thine Eye his Look I see,  
 - The tempting Look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

When he began to court my Love,  
 And with his sugar'd Words to move,  
 His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,  
 In Time to me did not appear ;  
 But now I see that cruel he  
 Cares neither for his Bide nor me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest Youth,  
 That ever kist a Woman's Mouth ;  
 Let never any after me  
 Submit unto thy Courtesy,

For, if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
To yield thee all a Maiden's trust;  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love;  
But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,  
Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I wish I were a Maid again,  
From young Men's Flattery I'd refrain,  
For now unto my Grief I find  
They all are perjur'd and unkind:  
Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms,  
Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a Nurse,  
And lull my young Son on my Lap,  
From me, sweet Orphan, take the Pap:  
Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild  
Shall wail as from all Bliss exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee;  
Nor pity her deserved Smart,  
Who can blame none but her fond Heart;  
For, too soon trusting latest finds  
With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,  
When he the thriftless Son has play'd;  
Of Vows and Oaths forgetful, he  
Preferr'd the Wars to thee and me.  
But now, perhaps, thy Curse and mine  
Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,  
 Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee :  
 Perhaps at Death, for who can tell  
 Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,  
 By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,  
 And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c,  
 I wish I were into the Bounds  
 Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,  
 Repeating as he pants for Air,  
 My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.  
 No Woman's yet so fiercely set,  
 But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

S O N G 209.

BANISH Sorrow, let's drink, and be merry Boys,  
 Time flies swift, to-morrow brings Care,  
 If you believe it,  
 Drink, and deceive it,  
 Wine will relieve it,  
 And drown Despair.

Chor. The Sweets of Wine are found in possessing,  
 Its Juice divine, Mankind's chiefest Blessing :  
 The Glas is thine, drink, there's no Excess in  
 A Bumper or two, with a chearful Friend.

'Tis Wine gives Strength, when Nature's exhausted ;  
 Heals the sick Man, frees the Slave ;  
 Makes the Stiff stumble,  
 And the Proud humble,  
 Exalts the Meek,  
 And makes Cowards brave.

Chorus, &c.

'Tis Wine that prompts the tim'rous Lover ;  
 Be brisk with your Mistress, Denials despise ;  
 She'll cry, you'll undo her,  
 But be a brisk Wooer,  
 Attack her, pursue her,  
 You'll gain the Prize.

Chorus, &c.

Th Wine that banishes all worldly Sorrow,  
Then who'd omit the pleasing Task,  
Since Wine's sweet Society  
Eases Anxiety,  
Damn dull Sobriety,  
Bring t'other Flask.  
Chorus, &c.

S O N G 210.

Beauty and Love once fel at odds,  
And thus revil'd each other:  
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,  
And thou wait'st on my Mother:  
Thou had'st no Power on Man at all,  
But what I gave to thee;  
Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,  
Than Men acknowledge me.  
Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,  
We know that thou art blind:  
And Men of nobler Parts, when try'd,  
Our Graces better find:  
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,  
And kindled Mens Desires;  
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,  
And Wings to fan thy Fires.  
Cupid in Anger flung away,  
And thus to Vulcan pray'd,  
That he would tip his Shaft with Scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid;  
So ever since Beauty has been  
But courted for an Hour;  
To love a Day is held a Sin  
'Gainst Cupid and his Power.

S O N G 211.

Beauty and Wit, illustrious Maid,  
Bright as to you belong,  
Charm all Mankind, without the Aid  
Of soft melodious Song.  
Why will you add, enchanting Fair,  
The Magick of your Voice,  
By which in us you cause Despair,  
Yet make our Fate our Choice.



In vain to tempt *Laertes* *Heir*  
 Their Songs the *Syren's* try'd ;  
 But cou'd their Notes with thine compare,  
 He must have heard, and dy'd.  
 Sing on, bright Maid, repeat each Strain,  
 Tho' in each Strain's a Dart ;  
 We die by Pleasure, not by Pain,  
 While thus you pierce the Heart.

## S O N G 212.

**B**Eauty at best is a sickning Flower,  
 It fades and decays as soon as 'tis blown ;  
 It palls on Enjoyment, and satiates the Lover,  
 Tho' its Power the Rover did but lately own.  
 Thus Roses, when blooming, become the Delight,  
 The Wonder, and Rapture of every Eye ;  
 But pluck'd from their Stems, they no longer delight,  
 They shut up their Leaves, they sicken, they die.  
 Then Chloe, be wise, lay hold of the Time,  
 Consent to my Wishes, and feast my Desire ;  
 Give no Bounds to your Pleasure whilst you're in your  
 Age creeps with a slow, and a ling'ring Fire. [Prime,  
 Ne'er mind the dull Precepts of rigid old Prudes,  
 Who rail at Enjoyment, yet languish to know  
 The Pleasure their Virtue pretended excludes,  
 Their Looks, and their Wishes the contrary show.

## S O N G 213.

**B**Eauty from Fancy takes its Arms,  
 And ev'ry common Face some Breast may move ;  
 Some in a Look, a Shape, or Air find Charms,  
 To justify their Choice, or boast their Love ;  
 But had the great *Apelles* seen that Face,  
 When he the Cyprian Goddess drew,  
 He had neglected all the Female Race,  
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copy'd you.  
 In that Design,  
 Great Nature would combine  
 To fix the Standard of her sacred Coin ;  
 The charming Figure had embra'd his Fame,  
 And Shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* Name.  
 But since no Painter e'er could take  
 That Face which baffles all his curious Art ;

And

And he that strives the bold Attempt to make,  
 As well might paint the Secrets of the Heart.  
 O happy Glas, I'll thee prefer,  
 Content to be like thee inanimate,  
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,  
 A better Life and Motion would create.

Her Eyes would inspire,  
 And like Prometheus' Fire,

At once inform the Piece, and give Desire;  
 The charming Phantom I would grasp, and fly  
 O'er all the Orb, tho' in that Moment die.

Let meaner Beauties fear the Day,  
 Whose Charms are fading, and submit to Time;  
 The Graces which from them it steals away,  
 It with a lavish Hand still adds to thine.

The God of Love in Ambush lies,  
 And with his Arm surrounds the Fair;  
 He points his conqu'ring Arrows in these Eyes,  
 Then hangs a sharpened Dart at ev'ry Hair.

As with fatal Skill,  
 Turn which way you will,  
 Like Eden's flaming Sword each Way you kill;  
 So rip'ning Years improve rich Nature's Store,  
 And give Perfection to the golden Ore.

## S O N G 214

BEauty is not what I pray,  
 I ask no shining Graces;

Celia has another Way,  
 Without the Tricks of Faces,

So our Humours still agree,  
 Kind Heav'n, it's enough for me.

Mere Fruition is a Joy

But of a Moment's lasting,  
 Fruit that doth so quickly cloy,

It surfeits but with tasting:

No true Bliss in Love we find,

Unless two Bodies share one Mind.

## SONG 215.

BEauty now alone shall move him,  
 Mars shall know no Joy but Love,  
 Let the wiser Gods reprove him,  
 Melting Kisses,  
 Mutual Blisses,  
 Beauty charming,  
 Love alarming,  
 Raise the Soul to Joys above.

## SONG 216.

BE gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from me;  
 Be gone, old Care, you and I shall never agree:  
 Long Time have you been vexing me,  
 And fain you would me kill;  
 But i' faith, old Care,  
 Thou never shalt have thy Will.  
 Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,  
 And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay:  
 Come you shall dance, and I will sing,  
 So merrily we will play;  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things  
 To drive old Care away.

## SONG 217.

HE. BE still O ye Winds, and attentive ye Swains,  
 'Tis Phæbe invites, and replies to my Strains;  
 The Sun never rose on, search all the World thro',  
 A Shepherd so blest, or a Fair-one so true.  
 SHE. Glide softly ye Streams, O ye Nymphs round me  
 'Tis Collin commands, and enlivens my Song: [throng,  
 Search all the World o'er, you never can find  
 A Maiden so blest, or a Shepherd so kind.  
 BOTH. 'Tis Love like the Sun that gives Light to the  
 The sweetest of Blessings, that Life can endear. [Year,  
 Our Pleasures it brightens, drives Sorrow away,  
 Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.  
 HE. With Phæbe beside me the Seasons how gay,  
 And Winter's bleak Months are as pleasant as May:

The Summers gay Verdure still springs as she treads,  
And Linnets and Nightingales sing thro' the Meads.

SHE. When Collin is absent, 'tis Winter all round,  
How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the Ground:  
Instead of the Linnet and Nightingale's Song,  
I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Day long.

Both. 'Tis Love, &c.

HE. O'er Hill, Dale and Valley, my Phæbe and I  
Together will wander, and Love shall be by:  
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long Day,  
And Phæbe at Night, all his Pains shall repay.

SHE. By Moonlight when Shadows glide over the Plain,  
His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arm shall sustain:  
The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,  
And sleep in a Church-yard if Collin is near.

Both. 'Tis Love, &c.

HE. Ye Shepherds, that wanton it over the Plain,  
How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your Pain,  
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind She,  
And learn to be happy from Phæbe and me.

SHE. Ye Nymphs, who the Pleasures of Love never try'd,  
Attend to my Strains, and take me for your Guide:  
Your Hearts keep from Pride and Inconstancy free,  
And learn to be happy from Collin and me.

Both. 'Tis Love, like the Sun that gives Light to the  
The sweetest of Blessings, that Life can endear: [Year,  
Your Pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,  
Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.

# S O N G 218.

BE wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues,  
These Wits are the Bane of your Charms:  
Beauty play'd against Reason will certainly lose,  
Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young Damon, despis'd for his Plainness of Parts,  
Is worth that a Woman should prize;  
He'll run the Race out, tho' he heavily starts,  
And distance the short-winded Wife.

You

Your Fool is a Saint in the Temple of Love,  
 And kneels all his Life there to pray ;  
 Your Wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove,  
 'Tis a Stage he but takes in his Way.

## S O N G 219.

**B**Efore the Urchin well cou'd go,  
 She Stole the Whiteness of the Snow,  
 And more, that Whiteness to adorn,  
 She Stole the Blushes of the Morn;  
 Stole all the Sweetness Æther sheds  
 On Primrose Buds and Vi'let Beds.

Still to reveal her artful Wiles,  
 She Stole the Graces Silken Smiles ;  
 She Stole Aurora's balmy Breath,  
 And pilfer'd Orient Pearl for Teeth ;  
 The Cherry dipt in Morning Dew,  
 Gave Moisture to her Lips and Hue.

These were her Infant Spoils, a Store,  
 And She in time Still pilfer'd more,  
 At twelve, she Stole from Cyprus' Queen,  
 Her Air, and Love-commanding Mien ;  
 Stole Juno's Dignity, and Stole  
 From Pallas, Sense, to charm the Soul.

Apollo's Wit was next her Prey ;  
 Her next, the Beam that lights the Day ;  
 She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,  
 And to assert their Voice appear'd :  
 She play'd—the Muses from their Hill,  
 Wonder'd who thus had Stole their Skill.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes, and Art,  
 And t'other Day she Stole my Heart.  
 If Lovers, Cupid, are thy Care,  
 Exert your Vengeance on this Fair ;  
 To Tryal bring her Stolen Charms,  
 And let her Prison be my Arms.

## S O N G 220.

**B**Ehold, and listen, while the Fair  
 Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air,

And with her own Breath fans the Fire,  
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.  
What Reason can that Love controul,  
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?  
So when a Flash of Lightning falls  
On our Abodes, the Danger calls  
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame  
To conquer, though from Heaven it came;  
But if the Winds with that conspire,  
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

## S O N G 221.

Behold the sweet Flowers around,  
With all their bright Beauties they wear,  
Yet none on the Plains can be found  
So lovely, so lovely as Celia is fair,  
So lovely as Celia is fair.  
Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,  
No longer in silence remain,  
Lend a fond Lover your Notes,  
To soften, to soften my Celia's Disdain,  
To soften my Celia's Disdain.

Oft times in your flow'ry Vale,  
I breathe my Complaints in a Song,  
Fair Flora attends the sad Tale,  
And sweetens the Borders along.  
But Celia, whose Breath might perfume  
The Bosom of Flora in May,  
Still frowning pronounces my Doom,  
Regardless of all I can say.

## S O N G 222.

Behold I fly on Wings of soft Desire,  
While gentle Zephyrs waft me on;  
Lager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire  
Longs for the Company to be gone;  
She blushing flies the Pleasure,  
He rushing grasps his Treasure,  
Till with mutual Tenderness each other they warm.  
Since Phoebe's my Guide,  
And Love does preside,

P

Each



Each Monarch, tho' great,  
Wou'd envy my State,  
For she, she alone has the Power to charm.

## S O N G 223.

Damon. BEhold the Birds, in Love combin'd,  
In friendly Couplets move !  
O would you try, you soon would find,  
Like theirs, my constant Love.

Celia. Such moving Words I must not hear,  
So fatal to a Maid ;  
Should I believe, too much I fear  
My Love would be betray'd.

Damon. O smile, my Dear ! nor thus disdain  
The Heart which is your Prize.  
Then kindly look, and ease my Pain,  
Or wretched Damon dies.

Celia. If, Damon, I your Heart have won,  
And cause you so to grieve ;  
I, in Exchange, have lost my own,  
Which I can ne'er retrieve.

Damon. Then since our mutual Love we've shewn,  
No more, my Dear, torment.

Celia. Altho' I'm willing, I must own,  
I dare not yet consent.

Damon. To yonder Shade we'll sit 'repair,  
And be for ever blest.

Celia. Your Tongue's so sweet, I must declare  
I can no more resist.

## S O N G 224.

BEhold the Brand of Beauty tost !  
See how the Motion does dilate the Flame !  
Delighted Love his Spoils does boast,  
And triumphs in this Game.  
Fire, to no Place confin'd,  
Is both our Wonder, and our Fear ;  
Moving the Mind,  
As Lightning hurl'd thro' the Air.

High Heav'n the Glory does increase  
 Of all the shining Lamps, this Artful Way ;  
 The Sun in Figures, such as these,  
 Joys with the Moon to play :  
 To the sweet Strains they advance,  
 Which do result from their own Spheres ;  
 As this Nymph's Dance  
 Moves with the Numbers which she bears.

## S O N G 225.

He. BEhold the Man that with gigantick Might  
 Dares combat Heaven again,  
 Storm Jove's bright Palace, put the Gods to flight,  
 Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night ;  
 Come on, ye fighting Fools that petty Jars maintain,  
 I've all the Wars of Europe in my Brain.

She. Who's that talks of War  
 When Beauty does come in ;  
 Whose sweet Face divinely fair,  
 Eternal Pleasures bring :  
 When I appear, the martial God  
 A conquer'd Victim lies,  
 Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,  
 And dreads the Lightning of my killing Eyes,  
 More than the fiercest Thunder in the Skies.

He. Ha, ha, ha ! now, now we mount up high,  
 The Sun's bright God and I  
 Charge on the azure Dawns of ample Sky ;  
 See, see, how th' immortal Spirits run ;  
 Pursue, pursue, drive o'er the burning Zone ;  
 From thence come rowling, rowling down,  
 And search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main,  
 To find my lost, and wand'ring Sense again.

She. By the disjointed Matter  
 That crouds thy Pericranium,  
 I nicely have found that thy Brain is not sound,  
 And thou shalt be my Companion.

He. Come, let us plague the World then,  
 I embrace the blest Occasion ;  
 For by Instinct I find thou art one of the Kind  
 That first brought in Damnation.

## CHORUS.

Then mad, very mad, very mad let us be,  
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,  
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.

She. My Face has Heaven enchanted,  
With all the Sky-born Fellows;  
Jove prest to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,  
Which made old Juno jealous.

He. I challeng'd grisly Pluto,  
But the God of Fire did shun me;  
Witty Hermes I drubb'd round the Pole with my Club,  
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Then mad, &c.

She. I found Apollo singing,  
The Tune my Rage increases;  
I made him so blind with a Look that was kind,  
That he broke his Lyre to Pieces.

He. I drank a Health to Venus,  
And the Mole on her white Shoulder;  
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face;  
Was ever Heroe bolder?

She. 'Tis true, my dear Alcides,  
Things tend to Dissolution;  
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the Gown,  
Have brought all to Confusion.

He. The haughty French began it,  
The English Wits pursue it.

She. The German and Turk go on with the Work,

He. And all in time will rue it.

Then mad, &c.

## S O N G 226.

BELIEVE me, Jenny, for I tell you true,  
These Sighs, these Sobbs, these Tears, are all for you;  
Can you mistrustful of my Passion prove,  
When every Action thus proclaims my Love?

Is't not enough, you cruel Fair,  
To slight my Love, neglect my Pain?

At least, that rigid Sentence spare;

Nor say that I first caus'd you to disdain,

No,

No, no, these silly Stories won't suffice,  
 Fate speaks me better in your lovely Eyes;  
 Let not Diffimulation, baser Art,  
 Stifle the busy Passion of your Heart:  
 Yet, let the Candour of your Mind  
 Now with your Beauty equal prove;  
 Which I believe ne'er yet design'd  
 The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

## S O N G 227.

BElieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,  
 Believe the Heart you've won;  
 Believe my Vows to you sincere,  
 Or Peggy I'm undone.  
 You say I'm fickle, and apt to change  
 At ev'ry Face that's new;  
 But, of all the Girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.  
 My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,  
 'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;  
 But ah! it kindled in a trice  
 A Flame which never dies.  
 Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,  
 That I've a Heart that's true,  
 Of all the Girls I ever saw  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

## S O N G 228.

BElinda, see from yonder Flow'rs  
 The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;  
 Can you perceive what it devours,  
 Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell?  
 So tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,  
 Sweeter than their ambrosial Dew,  
 Why are you angry at my Bliss,  
 Has it at all impoverish'd you?  
 'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,  
 In spite of your unkind Reserve,  
 To keep my famish'd Love alive,  
 Which you inhumanly would starve.

**B**ELINDA! with affected Meins,  
Tries all the Pow'r of Art;  
Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,  
To gain a single Heart;  
Whilst Chloe, in a different Way,  
Has but herself to please;  
And makes new Conquests every Day,  
Without one borrow'd Grace.

**B**ELINDA's haughty Air destroys  
What native Charms inspire;  
While Chloe's artless shining Eyes  
Set all the World on fire:  
Belinda may our Pity move,  
But Chloe gives us Pain;  
And while she smiles us into Love,  
Her Sister frowns in vain.

**B**ELINDA's blest with ev'ry Grace;  
See Beauty triumphs in her Face:  
Her Charms such lively Rays display,  
They kindle Darkness into Day!

When she appears, all Sorrow flies,  
And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes:  
Around her wait the flutt'ring Loves,  
When graceful in the Dance she moves.

**B**ELINDA's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,  
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm:  
Her Prattle-prattle, Tittle-tattle's all engaging, most  
obliging;

Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,  
Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm!  
There is such Magic in her Eyes,  
Such Magic in her Eyes, in her Eyes,  
Does my wand'ring Heart surprize:  
Her prinking, nimping, twinkling, pinking,  
Whilst I'm courting, far transporting,  
How like an Angel she panting lies, she panting lies!

**B**elinda's Pride's an errant Cheat,

A foolish Artifice to blind;

Some honest Glance that scorns Deceit

Does still reveal her Native Mind.

With Look demurè, and forc'd Disdain,

She idly acts the Saint;

We see thro' this Disguise as plain

As we distinguish Paint.

So have I seen grave Fools design,

With formal Looks to pass for Wife;

But Nature is a Light will shine,

And break thro' all Disguise.

## S O N G 233.

**B**end down, you Trees! your Homage pay:

The dearest Object of Desire,

Bright Flora comes; along her Way,

Spring up you Flowers, spring up you Flowers, and admire.

All mild, you wanton Zephyrs! blow,

And gently kiss her bloomy Cheek:

Her Cheek! more soft than falling Snow!

Be hush'd, you Songsters!

Be hush'd, you Songsters! hear her speak.

She comes! she comes! --- My Soul! rejoice:

Thy Life, thy Hope, thy Bliss appears.

I see her Charms! --- I hear her Voice!

Away, begone,

Away, begone, tormenting Fears!

She smiles! --- My Heaven! from those dear Eyes

Still let ecstatic Pleasures flow.

Is there, you Gods! in all your Skies

A Joy can equal,

A Joy can equal this below?

Sound, sound the Trumpet: --- Muse! proclaim

To wondering Worlds thy Master's Love:

Proudly he glories in his Flame,

And envies neither,

And envies neither George nor Jove.



**B**eneath a Beech's grateful Shade  
 Young Colin lay complaining;  
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,  
 Without Hopes of obtaining;  
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,  
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,  
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.  
 Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thus you cruelly use him?  
 If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone  
 For which you should excuse him:  
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,  
 This Fire by which I languish;  
 'Tis thou alone canst quench the same,  
 And cool my scorching Anguish.  
 For thee I leave the sportive Plain,  
 Where every Maid invites me;  
 For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,  
 For thee that only slights me:  
 This Love that fires my faithful Heart,  
 By all but thee's commended.  
 Oh! wouldst thou act so good a Part,  
 My Grief might soon be ended.  
 That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd Tenderness all over;  
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing Lover.  
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's Care ne'er move thee,  
 Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

**B**eneath a cooling Shade:  
 Young Strephon sought Relief,  
 The Flowers around his Head  
 Pin'd, conscious of his Grief.

Fond, foolish Wretch, he cry'd,  
I love and yet despair ;  
Pursue, tho' still deny'd  
By the too cruel Fair.

The Courtier asks a Place,  
The Sailor tempts the Sea,  
The Miser begs Increase,  
Love only governs me.  
Nor Honour, Wealth, nor Fame,  
Can like soft Transports move,  
On Earth 'tis Bliss supreme,  
And Heaven is but to love.

S O N G 236.

Beneath a Cypress lying,  
Young Damon told his Pain,  
While hollow Rocks replying,  
Prolong'd the mournful Strain ;  
The falling Rills combining,  
In Murmurs sweetly flow,  
And Winds in Confort joining,  
Compos'd melodious Woo.

O Cupid ! dear Deceiver,  
Thou Cause of all my Care !  
O tell me, must I leave her,  
For ever lose my Fair ?  
Ah ! say, what Habitation  
Conceals her from my Eyes ?  
I'd range the whole Creation,  
To find the lovely Prize.

In all the Works of Nature,  
Her Equal none can view,  
No Spices e'er were sweeter,  
No Turtle Dove so true :  
The Smile, which Morn discloses,  
Her Eyes indulgent shed ;  
The Blush of op'ning Roses  
Adorns her Cheeks with Red.

But thou, the Guardian cruel,  
With whom was lodg'd my Store,  
Hast far remov'd my Jewel,  
To bless my Sight no more :

Yet when the Fates convey me  
 To Pluto's gloomy Shade,  
 When Rage and Anguish slay me,  
 My Ghost shall serve the Maid:  
 Shall, when she sleeps befriend her,  
 And all her Slumbers guide,  
 Shall, when she wakes, attend her,  
 And hover near her Side.  
 Thus, all alone, lamenting,  
 The Lover press'd the Plain,  
 While Winds, their Murmurs venting,  
 With Tribute paid the Swain.  
 When straight his Ears alarming,  
 A Nymph was heard to say,  
 (No Musick sweetly charming  
 Such Notes could e'er convey :)  
 Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,  
 But give thy Mind Content,  
 I'll to the Fair direct thee;  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and went.

## S O N G 237.

BENEATH a gloomy Shade,  
 For unhappy Lovers made,  
 The poor despairing Lycidas was laid,  
 While drooping Turtles cooing flood  
 On the green Branches of the dusky Wood;  
 The mournful Flutes contend in vain  
 To lull his Cares, to ease his Pain,  
 His Pain and Cares thus force him to complain;  
 Ah, heedless Shepherds! guard your Hearts  
 From Woman's fatal Eyes,  
 They wound us still with poison'd Darts,  
 And he that's wounded dies:  
 Their Form and Face, like Seas serene,  
 Still promise only Joy;  
 But oh! the Shelves, their Hearts within,  
 Are certain to destroy.  
 Ah! let my Fate thy Wreck prevent,  
 Nor venture from the Shore:  
 But here the hapless Shepherd, spent  
 In Sighs, sunk down, and said no more.

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maist,  
 Was sleeping sound and still—O;  
 A'lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove  
 Around her with good Will—O;  
 Her Bosom I prest, but, sunk in her Rest,  
 She stirdna, my Joy to spill—O;  
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,  
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.  
 Oblig'd by Command, in Flanders to land,  
 T'employ my Courage and Skill—O,  
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,  
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill—O:  
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame  
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill—O,  
 My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,  
 Nor kend who had done her the Ill—O.  
 Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,  
 I serlying speer'd how she fell—O  
 Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.  
 Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,  
 And bad a' her Fears expell—O,  
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man  
 Wha had done her the Deed my sell—O.  
 My bonny sweet Lafs, on the gowany Grass,  
 Beneath the Shilling-Hill—O,  
 If I did offence, I'se make ye amends  
 Before I leave Peggy's Mill—O.  
 O the Mill, Mill—O, and the Kill, Kill—O.  
 And the Cogging of the Wheel—O;  
 The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,  
 And round with a Sodgerreel—O.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,  
 Which Love for none but Lovers made,  
 I slept, and straight my Love before me brought  
 Phillis the Object of my waking Thought:  
 Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,  
 Whilst Love strew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,  
 Which prest by her, became, became more sweet

From the bright Vision's Head,  
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;  
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,  
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:  
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,  
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;  
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire,  
Ah! charming Fair, said I,  
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny;  
By Nature and by Love, this lonely Shade  
Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:  
Silence and Shades with Love agree,  
Both shelter you, and favour me,  
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, she said,  
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid.  
Faintly she spoke methought, for all the while  
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:  
Then die, said I; she still deny'd,  
And is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd,  
You use a harmless Maid? and so she dy'd.

I wak'd, and straight I knew  
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;  
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,  
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do:  
Ah! cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain,  
While I can dream, you scorn in vain:  
Asleep, or waking, you must ease my Pain.

S O N G 240.

Beneath a shady Willow,  
Hard by a purling Stream;  
A mossy Bank my Pillow,  
I fancy'd in a Dream,  
That I the charming Phillis  
Did eagerly embrace;  
Her Breast as white as Lilies,  
And Rosamonda's Face.  
What Extasies of Pleasure  
She gave, to tell's in vain,  
When with the hidden Treasure  
She blest her am'rous Swain:

I cou'd nought but Joys discover,  
 And I my Dream believe;  
 I cou'd sleep for ever,  
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,  
 And found all but a Dream;  
 I fain wou'd have eluded  
 The melancholy Theme.  
 O Gods! there's no enduring  
 So exquisite a Pain;  
 The Wound is past all curing,  
 That Cupid gave the Swain.

## S O N G 241.

Beside a Stream repining,  
 In Pride of Beauty shining,  
 The Coquet Alma lay;  
 Young Strephon came to find her,  
 And vow'd to make her kinder,  
 Or weep his Soul away.  
 She Dear at length espying,  
 He seiz'd her Hand, and sighing,  
 Thus made his fond Complaint:  
 Ah! tell me, Fair unkindest,  
 What Pleasure 'tis thou findest  
 In giving so much Pain!

Your Eyes, 'tis true, securely  
 Maintain their Pow'r, yet surely  
 You will not let me die:  
 Let a kind Inclination

Answer my long-try'd Passion,  
 And with my Wish comply.

The Nymph, not sore unwilling,  
 Cou'd hear of Wounds and Killing,

Nor thought it much to stay:  
 But when, no more of dying,

She talk was of complying,  
 She rose and fled away.

The Swain too rose, pursuing,  
 Yet soon he stop'd, and viewing,

The Nymph was out of Sight:



Pish ! said he, why this Pother ?  
 I can but find another  
 That's ev'ry whit as bright.

## S O N G 242.

**B**etty's Beauties shine sae bright,  
 Were her many Virtues fewer,  
 She wad ever give Delight,  
 And in Transport make me view her,  
 Bonny Betty, thee alane  
 Love I, naithing else about thee ;  
 With thy Comeliness I'm tane,  
 And langer cannot live without thee.  
 Betty's Bosom's fast and warm,  
 Milk-white Fingers still employ'd ;  
 He who takes her to his Arm,  
 Of her Sweets can ne'er be cloy'd,  
 My dear Betty when the Roses  
 Leave thy Cheek, as thou grows aulder,  
 Virtue, which thy Mind discloses,  
 Will keep Love frae growing caulder.  
 Betty's Toucher is but scanty,  
 Yet her Face and Soul discovers  
 These enchanting Sweets in plenty  
 Must entice a thousand Lovers.  
 It's not Money, but a Woman  
 Of a Temper kind and easy,  
 That gives Happiness uncommon,  
 Petted Things can nought but teeze ye.

## S O N G 243.

**B**etty early gone a Maying,  
 Met her Sweetheart Willie straying ;  
 Design or Chance, no Matter whether,  
 But this we know, he reason'd with her.  
 Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,  
 Fondly Billing, kindly Woing ;  
 See how ev'ry Bush discovers  
 Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,  
 Ev'ry Moment still improving :

Love and Nature wisely leads 'em :

Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See how the op'ning blushing Rose,  
 Does all her secret Charms disclose ;  
 Sweet's the Time, ah ! short's the Measure  
 Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Bliss  
 Of their soft and fragrant Kisses ;  
 To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,  
 Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no Traces  
 Of those Beauties, of those Graces ;  
 Youth and Love forbid our staying ;  
 Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid ! nay, do not fly me,  
 Let your Pride no more deny me ;  
 Never doubt your faithful Willie,  
 There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

S O N G 244.

Bird of May,  
 Leave the Spray,  
 Fly to the Grove,  
 Wake my Love ;  
 O there the Dove  
 Slumb'ring lies !  
 Warble an Air  
 Till the Fair

Speaks a Passion with her Eyes.

But if my Grief  
 Finds no Relief,

Whisper her, that Thyrsis dies :

Bird of May,  
 Keep the Spray,  
 Keep the Spray ;  
 Bird of May,

Chloe smiles, my Soul's all gay,  
 Chloe smiles, &c.

## S O N G 245.

**B**Lab not what you ought to smother;  
 Honour's Laws shou'd sacred be:  
 Boasting Favours from another,  
 Ne'er will Favour gain with me,  
 Ne'er will Favour gain with me.  
 But, inspir'd with Indignation,  
 Sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell,  
 Ere I'd trust my Reputation  
 With such Fools as kiss and tell,  
 With such Fools as kiss and tell.  
 He who finds a hidden Treasure,  
 Never should the same reveal:  
 He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,  
 Cautious should his Joy conceal,  
 Cautious should his Joy conceal.  
 Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,  
 Shall my Fame from Censure save;  
 One where Truth and Prudence center,  
 And as secret as the Grave,  
 And as secret as the Grave.

## S O N G 246.

**B**Landusia! Nymph of this fair Spring,  
 Appear, while we your Virtues sing;  
 While swelling Notes do raise your Name,  
 And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.  
 See! round your Wells we thronging stand;  
 Now gently wave your sacred Wand,  
 And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,  
 And let your healing Waters flow.  
 They cure the thinking Matron's Spleen,  
 The longing Virgin's sickly Green;  
 Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,  
 And purge a raving Poet's Brains.  
 You mingle with 'em purest Air,  
 Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky!  
 That spacious Valley yields the Fare,  
 Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!  
 Delicious Villa's, sweetest Groves;  
 Each Thing in full Maturity,  
 Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With what Varieties the bright,  
 The noble Thames regales the Sight!  
 Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings,  
 The Sweets of Zephyr's laden Wings.

His gliding by Elyfian Fields,  
 In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;  
 And those so near fair wat'ry Plains,  
 Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs, I've seen, with pleasing Pain,  
 A long and bloody Fight maintain;  
 Ruffled and under Sail, like Jove,  
 Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

## S O N G 247.

**B**LATE Jonny faintly told fair Jean his Mind;  
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;  
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,  
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,  
 That I'm despis'd by thee,  
 I hate to live; but O I'm wae,  
 And unko sweer to die.  
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours  
 I thole by your disdain;  
 Ah! should a breast sae fast as yours,  
 Contain a heart of stane?

These tender notes did a' her pity move,  
 With melting heart she listned to the boy;  
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her Love;  
 He in return thus sang his rising Joy.  
 Hence frae my breast, contentious care,  
 Ye've tint the Power to pine;  
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,  
 And a' her sweets are mine.

O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth  
Of dear enchanting blifs,  
A thousand joys around thy mouth  
Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

## S O N G 248.

Bless, Mortals, bless the chearing Light,  
That flows from Cœlia's Eyes;  
For never did a Star so bright  
In Beauty's Heaven rise;  
And whilst a Crown's uneasy Weight,  
And all the mighty Toils of State,  
She softens with her Charms,  
Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,  
And oft his Joys renew?  
And yet how few in Kings approve  
What they themselves pursue?  
The murmur'ing Crowd themselves afford  
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,  
Tho' Love is Empire's only Dower,  
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

## S O N G 249.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile!  
So spoke and smil'd the Eastern Maid;  
(Like thine, seraphic were her Charms)  
That in Circassia's Vineyard stray'd,  
And blest the wisest Monarch's Arms.  
A thousand Fair of high Desert,  
Strove to enchant the am'rous King;  
But the Circassian gain'd his Heart,  
And taught the royal Bard to sing.  
Clarinda thus our Song inspires,  
And claims the smooth and softest Lays:  
But while each Charm our Bosom fires,  
Words seem to few to sound her Praise.

Her

Her Mind in ev'ry Grace complacit, O 2

To paint, surpasses human Skill ;

Her Majesty, mixt with the Sweet,

Let Seraphs sing her, if they will.

Whilst world'ring, with a ravish'd Eye,

We all that's perfect in her View,

Viewing a Sister of the Sky,

To whom an Adoration's due.

S O N G 250.

Blest with my Sylvia, Life proves a Pleasure,

But from my Treasure 'tis nought but Pain.

Fondly loving,

Constant moving,

Sweetly flowing,

Smiles bestowing ;

With Joy then, Sylvia, fly to your Lover,

You'll there discover

How much you reign :

If then you find my Soul sincere,

Thy should you fly me, what can you fear ?

S O N G 251.

B Low, blow, thou Winter's Wind ;

Thou art not so unkind

As Man's Ingratitude.

Thy Tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green Holly ?

Most Friendship is feigning, most Loving mere Folly :

Then heigh ho, the Holly ;

This Life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh ;

As Benefits forgot.

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy Sting is not so sharp,

As Friends remembered not :

Heigh ho ! sing, &c.



**B**Low, blow, Boreas; blow, and let thy furly Winds  
Make the Billows foam and roar;

Thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds,  
But spite of thee we'll live, and find a Shore.

Then cheer, my Mates, and be not aw'd,

But keep the Gun-Room clear;

Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad,

Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!

The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;

The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came;

And, Salamander-like, we liv'd in Flame.

But now, now we sink! now we go

Down to the deepest Shades below:

Alas! alas! where are we now!

Who, who can tell?

Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,

Or where the Sea-Gods dwell:

With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;

With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain:

But see! we mount! see! see! we rise again!

**B**Low on ye Winds; descend soft Rains

To sooth my tender Grief:

Your solemn Musick lulls my Pains,

And gives me short Relief.

In some lone Corner would I sit

Retir'd from human kind;

Since Mirth, nor Show, nor sparkling Wit

Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun, which makes all Nature gay,

Torments my weary Eyes:

And in dark Shades I spend the Day,

Where Echo sleeping lies.

The sparkling Stars, which gaily shine,

And glitt'ring deck the Night,

Are all such cruel Foes of mine,

I sicken at their Sight.

**B**low, ye bleak Winds, around my Head,  
 And sooth my Heart-corroding Care;  
 Flash round my Brows, ye Lightnings red,  
 And blast the Lawrels planted there.  
 But may the Maid, where-e'er she be,  
 Think not of my Distress nor me.

Let all the Traces of our Love  
 Be ever blotted from her Mind;  
 May from her Breast my Vows remove,  
 And no Remembrance leave behind.  
 But may the Maid, &c.

O may I ne'er behold her more,  
 For she has robb'd my Soul of Rest;  
 Wisdom's Assistance is too poor  
 To calm the Tempest in my Breast.  
 But may the Maid, &c.

Come, Death, O come, thou friendly Sleep,  
 And with my Sorrows lay me low;  
 And should the gentle Virgin weep,  
 Nor sharp nor lasting be her Woe.  
 Then may she think, where-e'er she be,  
 No more of my Distress nor me.

**B**lush not redder than the Morning,  
 Tho' the Virgins gave you Warning;  
 Sigh not at the Chance befall ye,  
 Tho' they smile and dare not tell ye,  
 Maids, like Turtles, love the Coing,  
 Bill and murmur in their Wooing.  
 Thus, like you, they start and tremble,  
 And their troubled Joys dissemble.  
 Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming;  
 Tho' your Beauties now are blooming,  
 Time at last our Joys will sever,  
 And they'll part, they'll part for ever.

**B**lyth, blyth, blyth was she,  
 Blyth was she butt and ban;  
 And well she loo'd a Hawick Gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit Hen.

She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing-free ;  
 But, cunning Carling that she was,  
 She gart me birle my Bawbie.

We loo'd the Liquor well enough ;  
 But waes my Heart my Caff was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my Drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my Shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our Stoup,  
 And the nieft Chappin new begon,  
 In started, to heeze up our Hope,  
 Young Andro with his cutty Gun.

The Carling brought her Kebbuck ben,  
 With Girdle-Cakes well toasted brown,  
 Well does the Canny Kimmer ken,  
 They gar the Scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the Bicker aft about ;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our Bum ;  
 And ay the cleaneft Drinker out  
 Was Andro with his cutty Gun.

He did like ony Mavis sing,  
 And as I in his Oxter fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a sappy Kiss I gat,  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the fun ;  
 But the blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro with his cutty Gun.

## S O N G 257.

**B**Lyth Jockey young and gay  
 Is all my Heart's Delight ;  
 He's all my Talk by Day,  
 And all my Dreams by Night.

If from the Lad I be,  
 'Tis Winter then with me ;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and Jockey met  
 First on the flow'ry Dale,  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And Love was all his Tale.

You are the Lais, said he,  
That staw my Heart frae me;  
O ease me of my Pain,  
And never shaw Disdain.

Well can my Jockey kyth

His Love and Courtesie :

He made my Heart full blyth

When he first spake to me.

His Suit I still deny'd,

He kiss'd, and I comply'd;

Sae Jockey promis'd me,

That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,

Sad when he gangs away;

'Tis Night when Jockey glooms,

But when he smiles 'tis Day.

When our Eyes meet, I pant,

I colour, sigh, and faint;

What Lais that wad be kind,

Can better tell her Mind?

# S O N G 258.

Pllyth was I each Morn, to see

My Swain come o'er the Hill;

He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me,

I met him with Good-will.

I neither wanted Yew nor Lamb,

When his Flocks near me lay,

He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,

And cheared me all the Day.

He tun'd his Pipe, and play'd so sweet,

The Birds sat list'ning by,

And the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his Melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,

Cou'd I but grateful be?

He won my Heart, cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard Fate! that I must banish'd be,  
Go heavily and mourn,  
'Cause I oblig'd the kindest Swain  
That ever yet was born.

## S O N G 259.

**B**LITHE Willy is the Lad I love,  
My Saul's Delight and Pleasure;  
As he alane my Heart can move,  
He is my dearest Treasure.

Yet wae's me! tho' he daily cries  
He loves me more than all,  
He leaves me, and to Arms he flies,  
As soon as Trumpets call.

Ah me! whilst ev'ry common Lass  
Enjoys the Lad doth move her,  
Must Molly still her Summer pass  
In Tears without her Lover?

Dear Willy, thus in martial Strife  
Oh! do not Fate defy;  
Preserve for me thy precious Life,  
Or with Despair I'll die.

## S O N G 260.

**B**Oast no more, fond Swain, of Pleasure  
That the fickle Fair can give thee;  
Believe me, 'tis a Fairy Treasure,  
And all thy Hopes will soon deceive thee.

'Sweet's the Morn; but quickly flying;  
Her Smiles I've known, and her Disdaining:  
The Flow'r is fair, but quickly dying;  
And Chloe still will be complaining.

## S O N G 261.

**B**OAST not, mistaken Swain, thy Art  
To please my partial Eyes;  
The Charms that have subdu'd my Heart,  
Another may despise.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,  
Another it may fright:  
Perhaps, by some fond Whim betray'd,  
In Oddness I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confusion know,  
 'Tis to my Love's Excess,  
 You all your fancy'd Beauties owe,  
 Which fade as that grows less.  
 For, now I perceive what the Fop does endeavour,  
 My Arts shall detain him my Captive for ever.

## S O N G 262.

BOASTING Fops, who court the Fair,  
 For the Fame of being lov'd ;  
 You who daily prating are  
 Of the Hearts your Charms have mov'd ;  
 Still be vain in Talk and Dress ;  
 But while Shadows you pursue,  
 Own that some, who boast it less,  
 May be blest as much as you.  
 Love and Birding are ally'd,  
 Baits and Nets alike they have ;  
 The same Arts in both are try'd,  
 The Unwary to enslave :  
 If in each you'd happy prove,  
 Without Noise still watch your Way ;  
 For in Birding, and in Love,  
 While we talk it flies away.

## S O N G 263.

BONNY Lads and Damsels,  
 You're welcome to our Booth ;  
 We're now come here on purpose  
 Your Fancies for to sooth :  
 No heavy Dutch Performers,  
 Amongst us you shall find ;  
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,  
 And Lassies very kind ;  
 Your Damsons and Philberds  
 You're welcome here to crack :  
 But a Glas of merry Sack, Boys,  
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

You may range about the Fair,  
 New Tricks and Sights to see ;  
 And when your Legs are weary,  
 Pray come again to me :

R

There's



There's thread-bare Holophernes,  
 Whom Judith long hath slain;  
 With Guy of Warwick, St. George,  
 And Rosamond's fair Dame:  
 You'll find some pretty Puppets too,  
 With many a Nicky Nack;  
 But a Glas of jolly Sack, Boys,  
 Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,  
 Some Players hither come;  
 But if my Stars deceive me not,  
 They soon will know their Doom:  
 There's other pretty Strollers,  
 That crowd upon us here;  
 That may have Booths to lett too,  
 Before their Time, I fear.  
 All these may prate and talk much,  
 Shew Tricks, and bounce and crack,  
 But here's a Glas of Sack, Boys,  
 That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then, brisk Lads-all,  
 A Bumper to the King;  
 Old England let's remember,  
 (May Peace and Plenty spring)  
 Let War no more perplex you,  
 Your Taxes soon will end;  
 The Soldiers all disbanded,  
 And each Man love his Friend:  
 Be merry then, carouse, Boys,  
 See, Drawer, what 'tis they lack;  
 And fetch a Bottle neat, Boy,  
 That's a Cordial for the Back.

## S O N G 264.

Born with the Vices of my Kind,  
 I were inconstant too,  
 Dear Cynthia, could I rambling find  
 More Beauty than in you.  
 The rolling Surges of my Blood,  
 By Virtue now ebb'd low;  
 Should a new Show'r encrease the Flood,  
 Too soon 'twould overflow.

But

But Frailty, when thy Face I see,  
Does modestly retire ;  
Uncommon must her Graces be,  
Whose Look can bound Desire.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power,  
This Constancy is due ;  
When Change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

## S O N G 265.

BRight Cynthia's Pow'r's divinely Great,  
What Heart is not obeying ?

A thousand Cupids on her wait,  
And in her Eyes are playing,  
She seems the Queen of Love to reign ;  
For she alone dispenses

Such Sweets as best can entertain  
The Gust of all the Senses,

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,

Her Breath gives balmy Bliss ;

I hear an Angel when she sings,

And taste of Heav'n in Kisses.

Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,

From Nature's richest Treasure :

Let me the other Sense employ,

And I shall die with Pleasure.

## S O N G 266.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air,

Serene was all the Sky,

When on the Waves I left my Dear,

The Center of my Joy ;

Heaven and Nature smiling were,

And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy Field did Odours spread,

All fragrant was the Shore ;

Each River-God rose from his Bed,

And sigh'd, and own'd her Pow'r ;

Curling their Waves, they deck'd their Heads,

As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian Queen  
 Her Hero went to see,  
 Cidnus swell'd o'er her Banks with Pride,  
 As much in Love as he.

Glide on, ye Waters, bear these Lines,  
 And tell her how distress'd :

Bear all my Sighs, ye gentle Winds,  
 And waft 'em to her Breast :

Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,  
 I never shall have Rest.

## S O N G 267.

**B**RIGHT Wonder of Nature,

Divine in each Feature,

You conquer all Hearts ;

Admiring we're dying,

'Tis only by flying

We're safe from your Darts.

## S O N G 268.

**B**RIGHT, bring my Mistress to my Arms,

Let me the Flask embrace ;

Here are the true, the pow'rful Charms,

And none in Celia's Face.

How bright, how sparkling are her Eyes !

How fragrant is her Breath !

Kiss me, my Love, my Life, she cries,

Press me, my Dear, to death.

The flowing Joys have reach'd my Heart,

They glide thro' every Vein ;

What Heat, what Strength, does Wine impart !

What Pleasure without Pain !

While, Love, how frail are all thy Joys !

How soon do they expire !

He loses all, who but enjoys ;

What feeds, puts out the Fire.

## S O N G 269.

**B**Ring out your Coney-skins,

Bring out your Coney-skins, Maids, to me,

And hold them fair that I may see,

Grey, black, and blue : For the smaller Skins,

I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,

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And for your whole Coney  
Here's ready Money.

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin  
With thy black Coney, thy black Coney-skin,  
And Mary and Joan will follow,  
With their silver hair'd Skins and yellow :  
The white Coney-skin I will not lay by ;  
For tho' it be faint it is fair to the Eye ;  
The grey it is worn ; but yet for Money,  
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney :  
Come away, fair Maids, your Skins will decay,  
Come and take Money, Maids, put your Wares away :  
Ha've any Coney-skins, ha've any Coney-skins,  
Ha've any Coney-skins here to sell ?

S O N G 270.

Risk Claret and Sherry  
Will make us all merry ;  
Then fill the Glafs, fill the Glafs readily round ;  
But it o'er the left Thumb,  
Tho' the Company's dumb,  
Will open their Pipes with a musical Sound.  
Will open, &c.  
Then, so, la, me, fa,  
With a Note on ela ;  
Then higher, then higher perhaps it may rise,  
Fill a Bumper about,  
For without any doubt,  
My Bacchus, jolly Bacchus is prais'd to the Skies,  
Is prais'd to the Skies.

S O N G 271.

Ritons, where is your great Magnanimity ?  
Where's your boasted Courage flown ?  
Quite perverted to Pusillanimity,  
Scarce to call yourselves your own.  
That your Ancestors won so victoriously,  
Crown'd with Conquest in the Field ;  
You'd relinquish ; and O most ingloriously  
To Oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her Flight makes Preparative,  
 See her weeping quit the Shore;  
 Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative,  
 Never to behold her more.

Gracious God ! to assist exurgitate,  
 Stretch forth thy vindictive Hand ;  
 Make Oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,  
 And preserve a sinking Land.

## S O N G 272.

**B**RUNETTA wou'd in vain conceal  
 How well she likes her Lover ;  
 Her Breast, her Eyes each Thought reveal,  
 Each warmest Hope discover.

Words may be artful, and deceive ;  
 But in her wishing Eyes,  
 And in her Breasts, when'er they heave,  
 Unerring Nature lies.

Then since Brunetta's Heart I know,  
 And she can guess at mine ;  
 Why should we not together go  
 Where each of them incline ?

Why fear we what the Formal say,  
 With grave censorious Brow ?

'Tis but the Malice of a Day,  
 That envies what we do.

Vile Sots and Gamesters every Day  
 Their Reputation squander ;

If ours we lose, 'tis in a way  
 Might tempt a Saint to wander.

## S O N G 273.

**B**usk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride ;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Marrow ;

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,  
 Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow ;

There will we sport and gather Dew,  
 Dancing while Lav'rocks sing the Morning ;

There learn frae Turtles to prove true ;

O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To westlin Breezes Flora yields,  
 And when the Beams are kindly warming,  
 Blythness appears all o'er the Fields,  
 And Nature looks mair fresh and charming,  
 Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,  
 Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,  
 Yet hastlie they flow to Tweed,  
 And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,  
 Haste to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee ;  
 With free Consent my Fears repel,  
 I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.  
 Thus sang I fastly to my Fair,  
 Who rais'd my Hopes without relenting,  
 O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,  
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

## S O N G 274.

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I.

Freely welcome to my Cup,  
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up :  
 Make the most of Life you may,  
 Life is short, and wears away,  
 Life is, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hast'ning quick to their Decline.  
 Thine's a Summer, mine no more,  
 Tho' repeated to Threescore ;  
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one,  
 Will appear, &c.

## S O N G 275.

BY a broad, a shadowy Willow,  
 Heaven his covering, Earth his Pillow,  
 Young Philander lay ;  
 Wailing to the passing Fountain,  
 Echo answering from a Mountain,  
 Thus he spent the Day.

Cloe, fairest, dearest Creature !  
 Why so great a Foe to Nature ?

Why



Why so coy to me ?  
Find you Musick in my Sighing ?  
Can you see a Shepherd dying ?  
Dying too for thee !

When old Night had stretch'd her Curtain,  
To his Hut the Youth resorting,  
Wail'd his Ditty o'er :  
All the Nymphs, but Cloe, borrow  
Water from his Sea of Sorrow,  
And his Case deplore.

## S O N G 276.

BY a dismal Cypress lying,  
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,  
Kind is Death, that ends my Pain,  
But cruel she I lov'd in vain.

The mossy Fountains  
Murmur my Trouble,  
And hollow Mountains  
My Groans redouble :  
Ev'ry Nymph mourns me,  
Thus while I languish ;  
She only scorns me,  
Who caus'd my Anguish.

No Love returning, but all Hope denying ;  
By a dismal Cypress lying,  
Like a Swan, so sung he dying :  
Kind is Death, that ends my Pain,  
But cruel she I lov'd in vain.

## S O N G 277.

BY a murm'ring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,  
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft times heard her say,  
To tell Strephon I die, if he passes this Way,  
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms ;  
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never warms,  
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his Arms,  
Oh Strephon ! the Cause of my Mourning,

But first, said she, let me go  
Down to the Shades below,

Ere

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show,

That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by ;

He thought she'ad been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;

But finding her breathless, oh Heav'n's ! did he cry,

Ah Chloris ! the Cause of my Mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your Art.

They sighing reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the Dart

That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me ! he said.

I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,

Down to the silent Shade.

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.

# S O N G 278.

BY Beauty's Charms Camilla gains

A Conquest o'er the Heart :

A certain Empire then maintains,

By various subtile Art.

She knows, a constant Fondness cloy

And palls the Lover's Taste :

So measures out his scanty Joys,

Nor Favours grants in waste.

Sometimes the Jealous Mood she tries,

Feigns Fears and Doubts of Love :

Doubts, to be clear'd by Vows and Sighs,

The am'rous Flame t'improve.

If e'er of Bliss he grows secure,

And Indolence ensues ;

A new Gallant she makes her lure,

And Passion thus renews.

While slighted Maids, like Dido, rave

At Gods and Men, in vain ;

By wond'rous Skill she holds her Slave

In an Eternal Chain.

# S O N G

**BY** Chreesht and Shalrit Patrick, going home late last  
 About two in the Morning I was put in a Fright; [Night,  
 Comes a Dog in a Doublet, tripp'd all in his Shirt,  
 And throws down poor Teague very clean in the Dirt.  
 Then firing his Pistol direct on my Faith,  
 Stand still, you damn'd Dog, or you're dead on the Plaist:  
 De'el taulke him for me, for his Favour and Graist,  
 For ne'er was dear Joy in more sorrowful Enist.  
 Confounded, and speechless, bold as Hero I cry'd,  
 Your Rogueship one Day shall at Tyburn be try'd:  
 If Teague catch you again at such vile Tricks as these,  
 He will swear, Joy, upon you his Majesty's Peash.  
 Thus threaten'd, he shively cry'd, my dear Honey,  
 I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy Money.  
 My Money, dear Joy; 'tis Teague's Soul—he's undone;  
 Well, e'en take it all—for by Chreesht, I have none.

**BY** dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,  
 The Wood Nymphs deck'd with Daisies trim.  
 Their merry Wakes and Pastimes keep:  
 What has Night to do with Sleep?  
 Night has better Sweets to prove;  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love:  
 Come, let us our Rites begin;  
 'Tis only Day-Light that makes Sin.

**BY** drinking drive dull Care away,  
 Be brisk and airy,  
 Never vary  
 In your Tempers, but be gay:  
 Let Mirth know no Cessation.  
 We all were born (Mankind agree)  
 From dull Reflection to be free,  
 But he that drinks not, cannot be:  
 Then answer your Creation.  
 When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,  
 Then all our whining,  
 Wishing, Striving,  
 To embrace what Beauty yields,

Is left when in Possession;  
 But Bacchus sends such Treasure forth,  
 Possession never palls its Worth,  
 We always wish'd for't from our Birth,  
 And shall for ever wish-on.

All Malice here is flung aside,

Each take his Glass,

No Healths do pass,

Nor Party Feuds here e'er abide,

They nought but Ill occasion;

We only meet to celebrate

The Day which brought us to this State,

But not to curse, nor yet to hate

The Hour of our Creation.

### S O N G 282.

BY Men belov'd, how soon we're mov'd!

How easily they perswade!

How easily they perswade.

They please us so, who can say No?

Or who wou'd die a Maid?

Males for Females Heaven intended,

So that Heav'n may'nt be offended,

He that first makes Love to me,

Shall find I'll be as fond as he,

Shall find I'll be as fond as he.

A tender Maid, at first tho' staid,

When once she thinks of Love,

When once she thinks of Love,

Will freely own that Lying alone,

Is what she can't approve.

Fruit when young eats then the sweetest,

Looks the gayest and the neatest,

Women too, by all confess,

When they're young kiss'd, kiss then the best,

When they're young kiss'd, kiss then the best.

### S O N G 283.

BY Mansons Art th' aspiring Dome

In various Columns shall arise;

All Climates are their native Home,

Their godlike Actions reach the Skies.

Here's

Hero's and Kings revere their Name,  
 And Poets sing their lasting Fame;  
 Great, Generous, Virtuous, Good and Brave,  
 Are Titles they most justly claim.  
 Their Deeds shall live beyond the Grave,  
 And ev'ry Age their Fame proclaim:  
 Time shall their glorious Acts inroll,  
 And Love with Friendship charm the Soul.

## S O N G 284.

BY Moon-light on the Green,  
 Our bonny Lasses cooing,  
 One dancing there I've seen,  
 Who seem'd alone worth wooing;  
 Her Skin like driv'n Snow,  
 Her Hair brown as a Berry,  
 Her Eyes black as a Sloe,  
 Her Lips red as a Cherry.  
 Oh! how she tript it, skipt it,  
 Leapt it, stept it,  
 Whisk'd it, frisk'd it,  
 Whirl'd it, twirl'd it;  
 Swimming, springing,  
 Starting so quick,  
 The Tune to nick;  
 With a Heave and a Toss,  
 And a Jerk at parting.  
 With a Heave and a Toss,  
 And a Jerk at parting.  
 As she sat down, I bow'd,  
 And veil'd my Bonnet to her:  
 Then took her from the Crowd,  
 With Honey-words to woo her;  
 Sweet blithest Lads, quoth I,  
 It is now bleak Weather,  
 I prithee let us try  
 Another Dance together.  
 Oh! how she, &c.  
 Whilst suing thus I stood,  
 Quoth she, Pray leave your Fooling;  
 Some Dancing heats the Blood,  
 But yours, I fear, lacks cooling.

Will for a Dance I pray'd,  
 And we at last had seven;  
 And whilst the Fiddle play'd,  
 She thought herself in Heav'n,  
 Oh! how she, &c.

At last, she, with a Smile,  
 To dance again desir'd me;  
 Quoth I, Pray stay awhile,  
 For now, good Faith, you've tir'd me;  
 With that she look'd upon me,  
 And sigh'd with muckle Sorrow:  
 Then gang your ways, quoth she,  
 But dance again to-morrow,  
 Oh! how she, &c.

## S O N G 285.

BY the Beer as brown as Berry,  
 By the Cyder and the Perry,  
 Which so oft has made us merry.  
 With a hy down, ho down, derry, S.  
 Muxelinda's I'll remain;  
 True Blue will never stain;  
 Muxelinda's I'll remain,  
 True Blue will never stain.

## S O N G 286.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,  
 And rolling Eye, which smiling tells the Truth,  
 I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,  
 You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?  
 But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done;  
 The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,  
 Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.  
 But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,  
 Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye;  
 Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,  
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.  
 Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'  
 Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':  
 But flint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,  
 And migt nae farther till we've got the Grace.



O charming Armsfu' ! hence, ye Cares, away,  
 I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day :  
 A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,  
 'Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

## C H O R U S.

Sun, gallop down the westlin Skies,  
 Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise ;  
 O lash your Steeds, post Time away,  
 And haste about our Bridal Day :  
 And if ye're weary'd, honest Light,  
 Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

## S O N G 287.

**B**Y the gaily circling Glafs  
 We can see how Minutes pass ;  
 By the hollow Cask are told  
 How the waining Night grows old.  
 Soon, too soon, the busy Day  
 Drives us from our Sport and Play,  
 What have we with Day to do ?  
 Sons of Care ! 'twas made for you.

## S O N G 288.

**B**Y the Mole on your Bubbies, so round and so white  
 By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would  
 By whatever Mole else you have got out of Sight [unite  
 I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly !

By the Kiss just a starting from off thy moist Lips,  
 By the delicate up and down Jut of thy Hips,  
 By the Tip of thy Tongue, which all Tongues far out-tips  
 I beseech, &c.

By the Down on your Bosom, on which my Soul dies,  
 By the Thing of all Things, which you Love as your Eyes  
 By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those when you  
 I beseech, &c. [rise

By all the soft Pleasure a Virgin can share,  
 By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,  
 By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't dare,  
 I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly !

BY the Side of a glimm'ring Fire,  
 Melinda sat pensively down,  
 Impatient of rural Esquire;  
 And vex'd to be absent from Town:  
 The Cricket from under the Grate,  
 With a Chirp to her Sighs did reply:  
 And the Kitten, as grave as a Cat,  
 Sat mournfully purring hard by.  
 Alas! silly Maid that I was,  
 Thus sadly complaining, she cry'd;  
 When first I forsook that dear Place,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
 How gayly I pass'd the long Day,  
 In a Round of continu'd Delight?  
 Park, Visits, Assemblies, and Play,  
 And Quadrille to enliven the Night.  
 How simple was I to believe  
 Delusive poetical Dreams,  
 The flatt'ring Landscips they give,  
 Of Groves, Meads, and murm'ring Streams?  
 Weak Mountains, and wild staring Rocks,  
 Are the wretch'd Result of my Pains;  
 The Swains greater Brutes than their Flocks,  
 And the Nymphs as polite as the Swains.  
 What though I have Skill to ensnare,  
 Where Smarts in bright Circles abound?  
 What though at St. James's at Prayers,  
 Beaus ogle devoutly around?  
 Fond Virgin, thy Power is lost  
 On a Race of rude Hottentot Brutes;  
 What Glory in being the Toast  
 Of noisy dull Squires in Boots.  
 And thou, my Companion, so dear,  
 My all that is left of Relief,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to dissuade me from Grief:  
 'Tis in vain then, you'll say, to repine  
 At Ills which can't be redress'd;  
 But in Sorrows so pungent as mine,  
 To be patient, alas! is a jest.

If farther, to sooth my Distress,  
 Thy tender Compassion is led,  
 Call Jenny to help to undress,  
 And decently put me to Bed.  
 The last humble Solace I wait,  
 Would Heaven indulge me the Boon,  
 Some Dream less unkind than my Fate,  
 In a Vision transport me to Town.  
 Clarissa mean time weds a Beau,  
 Who decks her in golden Array,  
 The finest at ev'ry fine Show,  
 And flaunts it at Park and at Play;  
 Whilst here we are left in the Lurch,  
 Forgot and secluded from View,  
 Unless when some Bumpkin at Church,  
 Stares wistfully o'er the Pew.

## S O N G 290.

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire,  
 A Scullion so hungry was laid,  
 A Pudding was all his Desire,  
 A Kettle supported his Head:  
 The Hogs, that were fed by the House,  
 To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply;  
 And a Gutter, that car'd not a Loue,  
 Ran mournfully muddily by.  
 But when it was set in a Dish,  
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
 My Mouth it does water and wish;  
 I think it had better been fry'd.  
 The Butter around it was spread,  
 'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair:  
 Oh! could I but eat it, he said,  
 The Proof of the Pudding lies there.  
 How foolish was I to believe  
 'It was made for so homely a Clown:  
 Or that it would have a Reprieve,  
 From the dainty fine Folks of the Town!  
 Could I think that a Pudding so fine  
 Could ever uneaten remove?  
 We labour that others may dine,  
 And live in a Kitchen of Love:

What though at the Fire I've wrought,  
Where Puddings do' broil and do fry?  
Though Part of it hither be brought,  
And none of it ever set by?

Ah! Collin! thou must not be first!  
Thy Knife and thy Platter resign;  
There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,  
And her Turn is sooner than thine.

And you, my Companions so dear,  
Who sorrow to see me so pale,  
Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
Forbear at a Pudding to rail;  
Though thro' all the Rooms I shall rove,  
'Tis vain from my Fortune to go,  
'Tis its Fate to be often above,  
'Tis mine for to want it below.

While my hard Fate I sustain,  
In your Breast any Pity be found,  
Ye Servants that early do dine,  
Come see how I lie on the Ground:

Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,  
And sorrow to see how I dwell;  
And say, when you grieve at my Lot,  
Poor Collin lov'd Pudding too well.

Then back to your Meat you may go,  
Which you set in your Dishes so prim,  
Where Sauce in the middle does flow,  
And Flowers are strew'd on the Brim;  
Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,  
By the Hedges shall dismally rove,  
Till when he sees the round Moon,  
He thinks on a Pudding above.

## S O N G 291.

BY the Toast of your Health, when full Bumpers go  
By the am'rous Masquerade Beaus of the Town, [down,  
By the powder'd pert Fop, and the rustick dull Clown,  
I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair so adore,  
By the Pride of the Sex, when their Smiles we implore,  
By the Charms of your Dress, and the Force of its Pow'r,  
I prithee, &c.

By the Posy display'd on your Ring, or your Garter,  
By your delicate Snuff-Box enamell'd much smarter,  
By the Je-ne-say-quoy, when your Captives cry, Quanter,  
I prithee, &c.

By the simpering Dimple your Smiling discovers,  
By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers,  
By the coquetting Belles who censure all others,  
I prithee, &c.

By that Circle your Hoop, which such Charms does inclose,  
By your killing bright Eyes, and your aquiline Nose,  
By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depose,  
I prithee, &c.

By your Lips so ambrosial, and Bosom so fair,  
By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which charms your fine  
By the gen'rous Sylphs who make you their Care, [Ear,  
I prithee, &c.

By your Lilly-white Hands, and Fingers so pretty,  
By your exquisite Genius, facetious and witty,  
By all the gay Fancies describ'd in this Ditty,  
I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.

S O N G 292.

CAN I view a doating As,  
Cringing to a scornful Lais,  
And not burst my Sides with ha, ha, ha!  
Or behold a haughty Fair,  
Giving Sentence of Despair,  
Nor the Farce deride with ha, ha, ha!  
Tho' I flatter, sigh and whine,  
When I hope to have her mine,  
Yet when Frolick makes her prance,  
I give Musick to her Dance,  
And tune her Pride with ha, ha, ha!

S O N G 293.

CAN life be a Blessing,  
Or worth the possessing,  
Can life be a Blessing, if Love were away?  
Ah no! tho' our Love all Night keep us waking,  
And though he torments us with Cares all the Day,  
Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our Pains in the taking,  
There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour to repay.

In every possessing  
 The ravishing Blessing,  
 In every possessing the Fruit of our Pain,  
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,  
 Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain,  
 'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and to languish,  
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

## S O N G 294.

CAN Love be controul'd by advice?

Will Cupid our Mothers obey?

Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,

At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me, so closely he prest,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;

So I thought it both safest and best,

To marry for fear you shou'd chide.

## S O N G 295.

CAN then a Look create a Thought,

Which Time can ne'er remove?

Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,

Again thou bleed'st for Love.

She sees the Conquest of her Eyes,

Nor heals the Wound she gave;

She smiles, 'whene'er his Blushes rise;

And, sighing, shuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and still adore her,

Still her flying Charms pursue;

Love and Interest both implore her,

Pleading Night and Day for you!

## S O N G 296.

CARE away, gae thou frae me,

For I am no fit Match for thee,

Thou bereaves me of my Wits,

Wherefore I hate thy frantick Fits:

Therefore I will Care no moir,

Since that in Cares corpses no restoir;

But I will sing hey down a dee,

And cast doilt Care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,

The moir I have, the moir I fret;

Love.



Love I much, I Care for moir,  
 The moir I have I think I'm poor :  
 Thus Grief and Care my Mind oppress,  
 Nor Wealth or Wae gives no redress ;  
 Therefore I'll Care no moir in vain,  
 Since Care has cost me meikle Pain.

Is not this World a sliddry Ball ?  
 And thinks Men strange to catch a fall ?  
 Does not the Sea baith ebb and flow ?  
 And Fortune's but a painted Show.  
 Why shou'd Men take Care or Grief,  
 Since that by these comes no relief ?  
 Some Careful saw what Careless reap,  
 And Wasters ware what Niggards scrape.

Well then, ay learn to know thy self,  
 And Care not for this worldly Pelf :  
 Whether thy 'state be great or small,  
 Give thanks to G o d whate'er befall,  
 Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,  
 No sudden Grief shall thee displease ;  
 Then mayst thou sing, hey down a dee,  
 When thou hast cast all Care frae thee.

## S O N G 297.

**C**AULD be the Rebels cast,  
 Oppressors base and bloody,  
 I hope we'll see them at the last  
 Strung a' up in a Woody.  
 Blest be he of Worth and Sense,  
 And ever high his Station,  
 That bravely stands in the Defence  
 Of Conscience, King and Nation.

## S O N G 298.

**C**EASE, cease of Cupid to complain,  
 Love, Love's a Joy ev'n while a Pain :  
 Then think how great his Blissess,  
 Moving Glances, balmy Kisses,  
 Charming Raptures, matchless Sweets ;  
 Love alone all Joy compleats.

S O N G

S O N G 1299.

**CEASE, cease your Mourning, lovely Maid!**

Nor shade those bright enliv'ning Eyes;

Oh! spare your Tears for him who's dead,

And kindly pity him who dies.

Your Damon I indeed believe

Had every Virtue Man cou'd boast,

Yet 'tis too much for you to grieve,

If even all the Sex were lost.

That Kings must leave their Crowns, and die,

The mighty Pow'rs of Heav'n ordain;

It must be just that's done on high,

And we on Earth shou'd not complain.

Then let those Eyes, which glad Mankind,

Give Pleasure to a dying Slave;

Sure Celia boasts a noble Mind,

And will not kill whom she can save.

Tell me what hath your Mind decreed,

And do not thus requite my Pain!

Because you mourn for Damon dead,

You make me mourn, like you, in vain.

If what I feel can never speak

The Love and all the Truth I owe,

What greater Torments for your Sake

Shou'd wretched Strephon undergo?

Others a prettier Form may boast,

A handsome Face, or such like Pow'r,

But Oh! I find it to my Cost,

That never Swain can love you more.

Will you not then forget the Dead?

Thrice happy Damon! did you know,

A Truth (as our Divines have said)

Those things on Earth the living do.

But other Joys employ your Care,

We know not what is Heav'n above,

Yet you, my Celia, know that here

We think our Heav'n is only Love.

They

They say 'tis Fancy makes our Bliss ;  
 Think, Celia, think that I am he,  
 Whose Death you mourn to such Excess ;  
 As him you lov'd, love only me.

Think me to be what Damon was,  
 When Smiles were seated on his Brow,  
 But not that cold and Clay-like Mass,  
 Which pale-ey'd Death has made him now.

For wou'd not all your kind Esteem  
 Fly from you at the ghastly Sight  
 Of such a dreadful thing as him,  
 Wrapt in eternal fable Night ?

Consider well, thou lovely Maid !  
 Now youthful Time is in your Pow'r ;  
 For you yourself must once be dead,  
 And all your Beauties shine no more.

Those Eyes shall lose their Blaze of Day,  
 The Roses in your Cheeks be pale ;  
 No Musick on your Tongue shall stay,  
 Nor from your Lips shall Sweets exhale.

But all the Glories you can boast,  
 The Tyrant Death shall quite destroy,  
 And even those who love you most  
 Will hate you as their Bane to Joy.

Come, come, my Celia, cease to mourn ;  
 Dry up those Tears, and spread your Charms ;  
 As Damon never can return,  
 Take faithful Strephon to your Arms.

Reflect, my Dearest, if you grieve  
 For one who dy'd as Fortune will'd,  
 Much more of Reason will you have,  
 For one whom your<sup>o</sup>Unkindness kill'd.

## S O N G 300.

**C E A S E**, lovely Shepherd, cease to mourn,  
 Nor longer wanton in thy Grief ;  
 Her Ashes sleep within their Urn ;  
 Let new-born Passion give Relief.

Tho'

Tho' Sylvia was so soft, so fair,  
That all the Youths and neighb'ring Swains  
Languish'd with Passion and Despair,  
While she reign'd Mistress of the Plains.

Tho' sweet she was, as Morning Dew,  
And silent as the Close of Night;  
Shepherd, she breathes no more for you,  
But rises in the brightest Light.

Colin, then let thy throbbing Heart  
For sprightly Celia glow and burn;  
Sighs for thy Sighs she will impart,  
And gentle Love, for Love, return.

S O N G 301.

CEASE to persuade, nor say you love sincerely,  
When you've betray'd, you'll treat me severely,  
And fly what once you did pursue!  
Happy's the Fair who ne'er believes you,  
Who gives Despair, or else deceives you,  
Or learns Inconstancy from you.

S O N G 302.

CEASE, ye Rovers, cease to range  
Pleasure revels least in Change:  
Wand'ring still uneasy, still, still uneasy,  
Nought can fix ye,  
Nought can please ye,  
Whilst true Love, like heav'nly Joys,  
Never dies, and never cloy:

S O N G 303.

CEASE your Musick, gentle Swains:  
Saw you Delia cross the Plains?  
Every Thicket, every Grove,  
Have I rang'd, to find my Love.  
A Kid, a Lamb, my Flock I give;  
Tell me only does she live?  
White her Skin, as Mountain Snow;  
In her Cheeks the Roses blow:  
And her Eye is brighter far,  
Than the Beamy Morning-star.  
When her ruddy Lip you view,  
'Tis a Berry, moist with dew,

Sweets

Sweets she breathes, as Evening gales,  
Passing o'er the fragrant Vales:  
Wide her Bosom opens, gay  
As the flow'ry Field in May.  
Low, her glossy Tresses twine,  
Like the Tendrels on the Vine.  
Like the Hind before the Hounds,  
Through the silent Lawn she bounds:  
And with lightsome Foot she treads,  
When the winding Dance she leads,

Tell me, Shepherd, have you seen  
My Delight, my little Queen?

S O N G 304.

CELADON, when Spring came on,  
Woo'd Sylvia in a Grove,  
Both gay and young, and still he sung  
The sweet Delights of Love:  
Wedded Joys in Girls and Boys,  
And pretty Chat of this and that!  
The honey Kifs, and charming Blifs,  
That crowns the Marriage Bed;  
He snatcht her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,  
And seem'd as if afraid;  
Forbear, she cries, your fawning Lies,  
I've vow'd to die a Maid.

Celadon, at that began  
To talk of Apes in Hell,  
And what is worse, the odious Curse  
Of growing old and stale;  
Loss of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,  
And Offers kind when none will mind;  
The rose Joy, and sparkling Eye,  
Grown faded and decay'd;  
At which, when known, she chang'd her Tone,  
And to the Shepherd said,  
Dear Swain, give o'er, I'll think once more,  
Before I'll die a Maid.

S O N G

## S O N G 305.

Dam. CELIMENA, of my Heart  
None shall e'er bereave you ;  
If with your good leave I may  
Quarrel with you once a-day,  
I will never leave you.

Celim. Passion's but an empty Name  
Where respect is wanting :  
Damon, you mistake your Aim ;  
Hang your Heart and burn your Flame,  
If you must be ranting.

Dam. Love as dull and muddy is  
As decaying Liquor :  
Anger sets it on the Lees,  
And refines it by Degrees,  
'Till it works the quicker.

Celim. Love by Quarrels to beget  
Wisely you endeavour ;  
With a grave Physician's Wit,  
Who to cure an Ague-fit,  
Put me in a Fever.

Dam. Anger rouses Love to fight,  
And his only Bait is ;  
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,  
And is but an eager Bite,  
When Desire at height is.

Celim. If such Drops of Heat can fall  
In our woping Weather,  
If such Drops of Heat can fall,  
We shall have the Devil and all  
When we come together.

## S O N G 306.

CELINDA, by what potent Art,  
Or unresisted Charm,  
Hast thou thine Ear and frozen Heart  
Against my Passion arm ?  
Or, by what hidden Influence  
Of Pow'rs in one combin'd,  
Hast thou rob Love of either Sense,  
Made Deaf as well as Blind ? T Sure



Sure thou, as Friends, united hast  
Two distant Deities;  
And Scorn within thine Heart hast plac'd,  
And Love within thine Eyes.

Or, those soft Fetters of thy Hair,  
A bondage that disdains  
All liberty, do guard thine Ear  
Free from all other Chains.

Then my Complaint how canst thou hear,  
Or I this Passion fly,  
Since thou imprison'd hast thine Ear,  
And not confin'd thine Eye?

## S O N G 307.

**C**ELIA, charming Celia, hear me,  
Listen to a Lover's Vow,  
Smile, thou lovely Nymph, and cheer me,  
Let no Frown deform thy Brow,  
Let no Frown deform thy Brow.

Tell me, is't a Crime to love you,  
Whom the Gods have made so fair?  
Let my Sighs and Prayers move you,  
And reward a Love sincere.

'Tis not, 'tis not wild Desire,  
But the softest Pains of Love:  
Cherish then a noble Fire,  
And the generous Flame improve.

Lovely Celia, I adore you,  
Kindly ease a Lover's Smart;  
I ne'er lov'd a Maid before you,  
You alone possess my Heart.

Think, my Dear, how frail is Beauty,  
Think how long your Charms can last;  
To employ them is your Duty,  
Time is ne'er recall'd when past.

## S O N G 308.

**C**ELIA, my Heart has often rang'd  
Like Bees o'er gaudy Flow'rs,  
And many thousand Loves has chang'd,  
Till it was fix'd on yours.

But, Celia, when I saw those Eyes,  
 'Twas soon determin'd there ;  
 Stars might as well forsake the Skies,  
 And vanish into Air.

Now, if from this great Rule I err,  
 New Beauties to adore,  
 May I again turn Wanderer,  
 And never settle more.

## S O N G 309.

CELIA has a thousand Charms ;  
 'Tis Heav'n to lie within her Arms ;  
 While I stand gazing on her Face,  
 Some new and some resistless Grace,  
 Fills with fresh Magic all the Place.  
 While I stand gazing, &c.

But while the Nymph I thus adore,  
 I must my wretched Fate deplore ;  
 For, oh ! Myrtillo, have a Care,  
 Her Sweetness is above Compare,  
 But then she's false as well as fair.  
 Have a Care, Myrtillo, &c.

## S O N G 310.

CELIA, hence with Affectation,  
 Hence with all this careless Air ;  
 Hypocrisy is out of Fashion  
 With the Witty and the Fair.

Nature all thy Arts discloses,  
 While the Pleasures she supplies,  
 Paint thy glowing Cheeks with Roses,  
 And inflame thy sparkling Eyes.

Foolish Celia, not to know  
 Love thy Interest and thy Duty,  
 Thou to Love alone do'st owe  
 All thy Joy, and all thy Beauty.  
 Mark the tuneful feather'd Kind,  
 At the coming of the Spring ;  
 All in happy Pairs are join'd,  
 And because they love, they sing.

## S O N G 311.

CELIA, hoard thy Charms no more ;

Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure,  
Still the vain Possessor's poor :

What are Riches without Pleasure ?  
Endless Pains the Miser takes

To encrease his Heaps of Money ;  
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,  
Yet he fears to taste his Honey.

Views, with aching Eyes, his Store,  
Trembling, lest he chance to lose it,  
Pining still for want of more.

Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to use it,  
Celia thus, with endless Arts,  
Spends her Days, her Charms improving,  
Lab'ring still to conquer Hearts,

Yet ne'er tastes the Sweet's of Loving ;  
Views with Pride, her Shape, her Face,  
Fancying still she's under Twenty :

Age brings Wrinkles on a pace,  
While she starves with all her Plenty.

Soon or late they both will find,  
Time their Idol from them sever ;  
He must leave his Gold behind,  
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Celia's Fate will still be worse,  
When her fading Charms deceive her ;  
Vain Desire will be her Curse,  
When no Mortal will relieve her.

Celia, hoard thy Charms no more,  
Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure :  
Taste a little of thy Store,  
What is Beauty without Pleasure ?

## S O N G 312.

CELIA, in whose attractive Smile  
Love undissembled shines,  
Whose gen'rous Breast no shadowy Guile  
E'er knew, nor mean Designs :

To thee, with ardent Zeal, my Soul  
 Avows her glorious Flame ;  
 Nor Reason can that Warmth controul,  
 Which first from Reason came.

Thy taper Waist with juster Grace,  
 No Ribs of Whale can bind ;  
 No Art pollutes thy blooming Face,  
 No Vice thy spotless Mind.

What tho' swift Time will bring the Hour,  
 (How vain is Beauty's Boast !)  
 When that fair Frame, sweet short-liv'd Flow'rs,  
 Shall sink to Parent Dust !

Wit, Candour, Wisdom, Courage, Truth,  
 The Charms thy Soul improve,  
 Shall flourish in immortal Youth,  
 And win immortal Love.

The Sun shall headlong leave the Skies,  
 Shorn of his golden Ray :  
 Thou, Celia, from the Dust shalt rise,  
 And shine in endless Day.

S O N G 313.

CELIA ! my Dearest, no longer depress me,  
 But hasten to bless me,  
 And fly to my Arms.  
 O could I charm you !  
 How I would warm you !

How I would revel and sport in your Arms !

No one is near,  
 Why should we fear ?

Why should we then these Moments delay ?  
 If I've offended,  
 I ne'er intended ;

I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

S O N G 314.

CELIA, now my Heart hath broke  
 The bond of your ungentle Yoke,  
 Dissolv'd the Fetter of that Chain  
 By which I strove so long in vain :  
 May I be slighted if I e'er  
 Am caught again within your Snare,  
 Am caught, &c.

T 3

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In vain you spread your treach'rous Net,  
 In vain your wily Snares are set ;  
 The Bird can now your Arts elpy,  
 And, arm'd with Caution, from them fly :  
 Some heedless Swain your Prey may be,  
 But faith you're too well known to me,  
 But faith, &c.

I with Contempt can now despise  
 The treach'rous Follies of your Eyes,  
 And with Contempt can sit and hear  
 You prattle Nonsense half a Year,  
 And go away as little mov'd  
 As you was lately when I lov'd,  
 As you was, &c.

I wonder what the Plague it was  
 Made me such a stupid Ass,  
 To fancy such a noble Grace  
 In your Language, Mien and Face,  
 Where now I nothing more can find  
 Than what I see in all your Kind,  
 Than what, &c.

Thus when the drowsy God of Sleep,  
 Upon our wearied Fancies creep,  
 Some headless Piece of Image rise,  
 By Fancies form'd delude our Eyes ;  
 But soon as e'er the God of Day  
 Appears, they faint and die away,  
 Appears, they, &c.

## S O N G 315.

CELIA now is all my Song,  
 And all the Language of my Tongue ;  
 Of every waking Thought the Theme,  
 And Vision too of every Dream ;  
 When her I sing, myself I please ;  
 And talking of her I'm at Ease :  
 Only to think on her, I'd wish to wake ;  
 And slumber only for the Vision's Sake.

S O N G

( 2111 )

S O N G 316.

CELIA's Smiles will quite undo me.

Yet her Frowns I cannot bear. ;

Love in every Shape pursues me ;

Why was Celia made so fair !

Why, ye Powers, did ye bestow,

So much Beauty here below ?

Why so many Charms on one,

And yet to be possess'd by none ?

S O N G 317.

CELIA, that I once was blest,

Is now the Torment of my Breast,

Since to curse me, you bereave me

Of the Pleasure I possess :

Cruel Creature, to deceive me,

First to love, and then to leave me !

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,

I then had never known the Want ;

But possessing once the Blessing,

Is the Cause of my Complaint.

Once possessing is but tasting,

'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Celia now is mine no more,

But I am her's, and must adore.

Not to leave her, will endeavour,

Charms that captiv'd me before ;

No Unkindness can dis sever,

Love that's true is Love for ever.

S O N G 318.

CELIA the Charming,

My Fancy's Darling,

All Hopes disarming,

Crosses the Main ;

Since we must sever,

Farewel for ever,

Thou greatest Pleasure,

Thou greatest Pain.

No Beauty shall move me,

If you will love me,

Or if you approve me,

E'er



E'er shall again ;  
 On this relying,  
 Tho' you are flying,  
 Yet when I'm dying  
 I'll sigh your Name.

Youth and Desire  
 Will fan the Fire,  
 And make me aspire  
 To all your Gain.  
 Go then and leave me,  
 'Ere you deceive me,  
 Death must relieve me,  
 And ease my Pain.

## S O N G 319.

CELINDA, think not, by disdain'g,  
 To vanquish my Desire,  
 By telling me I sigh in Vain,  
 And feed a hopeless Fire ;  
 Despair it self too weak does prove  
 Your Beauty to disarm,  
 By Fate I was ordain'd to Love,  
 As you were born to Charm.

## S O N G 320.

CELIA, thou fairest of the Fair,  
 Those Eyes such pointed Arrows bear,  
 To dart Defiance round :  
 Thus to go arm'd in you is vain,  
 Whose very Frown, or cold Disdain,  
 Can kill without a Wound.

Then be not, Celia, thus disgrac'd,  
 Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd ;  
 From such rough Acts desist :  
 Unarmed you can conquer more,  
 Nor can great Mars, with all his Pow'r,  
 Your naked Force resist.

## S O N G 321.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent ;  
 The offering all your store  
 Is, now, but like a Pardon sent  
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,  
 And grant the Bliss too late;  
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,  
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,  
 When first my Court I made;  
 But when your Falshoods plain appear,  
 My Love no longer stay'd;

Your Bounty of these favours shown,  
 Whose Worth you first deface,  
 Is melting valued Medals down,  
 And giving us the Brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a Toy,  
 That's priz'd by Love alone,  
 Why cannot Women grant the Joy,  
 Before the Love is gone?

## S O N G 322.

CELIA, with mournful Pleasure, hears  
 My soft Complaints of Love;  
 Mingles her Wishes, Sighs, and Tears,  
 And vows her Heart I move;  
 But, when to the blest Hour I press,  
 The willing Maid denies;  
 And, tho' a Passion she confess,  
 Yet her lov'd Martyr dies.

Duty forbids my tender Suit,  
 When e'er she bids me live;  
 That guardian Fame defends the Fruit,  
 The nodding Bow wou'd give!  
 Ah! might I with an am'rous Prayer  
 Attone her Fate and mine,  
 We'd both enjoy; but to my Share  
 Fall all the Load of Sin.

## S O N G 323.

Cease, dear Larinda, cease admiring,  
 Why Crowds and Noise I disapprove;  
 Whate'er I see abroad is tiring,  
 O let us to some Cell remove;

Where

Where all alone ourselves enjoying,  
 Enrich'd with Innocence and Peace,  
 On noblest Themes our Thoughts employing  
 Let us our inward Joys increase;

And still the happy Taste pursuing,  
 Raise our Love and Friendship higher;  
 And thus the sacred Flames renewing,  
 In Extasies of Bliss expire,

S O N G 324.

DAMON.

Cease, fair Calistris, cease disdain;  
 'Tis Time to leave that useless Art;  
 Your Shepherd's weary of complaining;  
 Be kind, or he'll resume his Heart.

CALISTRIS.

Damon, be gone; I hate complying;  
 Go Court some fond, believing Maid:  
 I take more Pleasure in denying,  
 Than in the Conquests I have made.

DAMON.

Why, cruel Nymph, why, why so slighting?  
 Is this the Treatment I must have?  
 Were not your Beauty so inviting,  
 I wou'd no longer be your Slave.

CALISTRIS.

Damon, be gone, I hate complying;  
 Your Heart's not worth the having;  
 Were there ten thousand Shepherds dying,  
 Not one were worth the saving.

S O N G 325.

CEASE to pursue the scornful Fair;  
 Let not her vain deluding Air  
 One Thought of thine engage;  
 Leave her to stale Virginity,  
 Let Pride in Youth her Torment be,  
 And Envy in old Age.

S O N G 326.

CECILIA, when with artful Note  
 You charm the attentive Ear;  
 And warble from your tuneful Throat  
 What Seraphims might hear;

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,  
 And dwells upon the Sound :  
 So Syrens draw the list'ning Throng,  
 And please them while they wound.

## S O N G 327.

Celebrate this Festival,  
 'Tis sacred, bid the Trumpets cease ;  
 Kindly treat Maria's Day,  
 And your Homage 'twill repay ;  
 Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle,  
 The tedious Minutes to beguile :  
 Till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore  
 Peace and her Heroe, to depart no more.

## S O N G 328.

Celestial Musas, tune your Lyres,  
 Grace all my Raptures with your Lays ;  
 Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,  
 In lofty Sounds her Beauties praise :  
 How undesigning she displays  
 Such Scenes as ravish with Delight ;  
 Though brighter than Meridian Rays,  
 They daze not, but please the Sight.  
 Blind God, give this, this only Dart,  
 I neither can nor will her harm :  
 I would but gently touch her Heart,  
 And try, for once, if that can charm.  
 Go, Venus, use your fav'rite Wile,  
 As she is beauteous make her kind ;  
 Let all your Graces round her smile,  
 And sooth her till I Comfort find.  
 When thus by yielding I'm o'er-paid,  
 And all my anxious Cares remov'd ;  
 In moving Notes I'll tell the Maid,  
 With what pure, lasting Flames I lov'd.  
 Then shall alternate Life and Death  
 My ravish'd, flutt'ring Soul possess ;  
 The softest, tenderest things I'll breathe  
 Betwixt each am'rous, fond Care.

## S O N G

S O N G 329.

**C** Harm'd with Belinda's Voice and Wit,  
I ask'd Apollo's Aid,  
That I might sing in Numbers fit,  
The harmonious, heavenly Maid.

Unless, said he, she form the Song.

Unless she sing the Strain,  
The Sense, the Music of her Tongue,  
Must undescrib'd remain.

S O N G 330.

**C** Harmer, hear your faithful Lover,  
Nor disdain to admit his Flame;  
Cease to slight, your Scorn give over,  
Constant ever I'll remain.

Charms surround those lovely Features,

Tender Pity grant your Slave;  
Turn, and be so kind a Creature;  
Haste, and heal the Wounds you gave.

S O N G 331.

**C** Harmer, now ease me,  
Leave me not pining here, dying for you;  
How could you wound me so,  
And now wou'd from me go;  
Phillis, take care of what you now do.

Shou'd you now leave me  
Sighing here, striving to conquer Disdain;  
No sooner you fly me,  
More Sorrows they try me,  
Your Absence, dear Phillis, augments my Pain.

S O N G 332.

**C** Harming Chloe, look with Pity  
On your faithful Love-sick Swain;  
Hear, oh! hear his doleful Ditty,  
And relieve his mighty Pain.  
Find you Musick in his Sighing?  
Can you see him in Distress?  
Wishing, trembling, panting, dying;  
Yet afford no kind Redress!

Strephon

Strephon mov'd by lawless Passion  
 For no Favours rudely sues ;  
 All his Flame is out of Fashion,  
 Ancient Honour for him woos.  
 Love for Love 's the Swain's Ambition;  
 But if that is deem'd too great,  
 Pity, pity his Condition,  
 Say, at least, you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,  
 Practis'd in the Art of Guile,  
 Slight so true and kind a Lover,  
 Chloe, might not Strephon smile?  
 Yes, well pleas'd at thy undoing,  
 Vulgar Lovers might upbraid ;  
 Strephon, conscious of thy Ruin,  
 Soon would be a silent Shade.

## S O N G 333.

Harming fair Amoret, that dear Undoer,  
 Altho' she flies me, yet still I'll pursue her ;  
 Nothing like Constancy becomes a Lover,  
 Ere he should reap the Joy, much must he suffer :  
 Martyrs their dying Flames court as a Blessing,  
 And soon forget the Pain, once Heav'n possessing.  
 Can I but touch her Heart with Inclination ;  
 If on my raging Smart she'd take Compassion,  
 And with a gentle Sigh deign to deplore me,  
 Nothing so blest as I e'er lov'd before me :  
 Lock'd in her Arms I'd lie faint and expiring,  
 Lost in the mighty Joy, yet still desiring.

## S O N G 334.

Harming Flavia, cast your Eyes  
 On the Slave that's at your Feet ;  
 He panting, trembling lies,  
 And dare not rise 'till you think fit.  
 Not rather, Flavia, let him lie ;  
 When he, ambitious Slave, is dead,  
 Kings will his happy State envy,  
 And wish they in his Place had laid.  
 Then since to die at Flavia's Feet,  
 Can thus from Monarchs Envy move ;  
 Blest the Youth, whom she doth meet  
 In all the Ecstasies of Love ! U

Oh!



Oh! were the mighty Blifs but mine,  
 Immortal Jove would envy me;  
 'Midst Heav'nly Joys he would repine,  
 And own me far more blest than he.

## S O N G 335.

CHarming is your Shape and Air,  
 And your Face as Morning fair;  
 Coral Lips, and Neck of Snow,  
 Checks where op'ning Roses blow;  
 When you speak, or smile, or move,  
 All is Rapture, all is Love.

But those Eyes, alas! I hate  
 Eyes, that, heedless of my Fate,  
 Shine with undiscerning Rays,  
 On the Fopling idly gaze;  
 Watch the Glances of the vain,  
 Meeting mine with cold Disdain.

## S O N G 336.

CHarming Phillis, clear as Lillies,  
 But her Will is to disdain;  
 This fair Creature's beauteous Features  
 Give me Pleasure mix'd with Pain.

Lips like Cherries, black as Berries  
 Are the Eyes of Phillis fair;  
 Slender waisted, Snow-white breasted,  
 None with Phillis can compare.

Breath like Posies June disposes,  
 Sweet as Roses fragrant Smell;  
 Brisk and airy, like a Fairy,  
 Charms that Nature doth excel.

Ever pleasing, never teasing,  
 Yet she's freezing cold as Snow;  
 To her Lover, who to move her ditiw  
 Melting Language does bestow, or sur  
 Send an Arrow, pierce her thorough,  
 Oh! kind Cupid, see my Grief:  
 Make her kinder, let me find her  
 Warm'd with Love to find Relief.

Lovely Jewel, be not cruel,  
 Quench my Fuel, see me burn ;  
 See me languish, ease my Anguish,  
 Turn, oh ! lovely Charmer, turn.  
 Grant your Favour, and I ever  
 Will endeavour to adore ;  
 I'll carefs thee, and will bless thee,  
 With true Love for evermore.

## S O N G 337.

Larinda does at Fifty Six,  
 To youthful Charms lay claim,  
 Saunters and lisps, plays Monkey Tricks,  
 At ev'ry Heart takes Aim.  
 Awkardly gay, the Coquet apes,  
 And roll her dying Fyes,  
 Assumes Variety of Shapes ;  
 Yet makes, alas ! no Prize.  
 Twelve diff'rent Airs one Hour will shew,  
 Our stubborn Hearts t'engage ;  
 But all these Arts will never do  
 To blind us to her Age.  
 Fain she'd avoid the heavy Curse  
 Laid on the ancient Belle,  
 But as she has no heavy Purse,  
 She must lead Apes in Hell.

## S O N G 338.

Larinda, the Pride of the Plain,  
 So fam'd for her conquering Charms,  
 Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,  
 Sat pensive, and folding her Arms :  
 Her Lute, and her shining Attire,  
 Neglected, were laid at her Side :  
 While pining with hopeless Desire,  
 The Damzel thus mournfully cry'd :  
 Oh ! could the past Hours but return,  
 When I triumph'd in Angelot's Heart,  
 Larinda would mutually burn,  
 Would mutually suffer the Smart :

But far from the Plain he is gone,  
 Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair,  
 Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,  
 And Clarinda no more is his Care.  
 How oft at these Feet has he lain,  
 Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!  
 But all his Complaints were in vain,  
 I foolishly doated on State.  
 I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,  
 To sparkle in golden Array;  
 By my Dress and my Charms to be known,  
 In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.  
 I thought without Grandeur and Fame,  
 That Marriage no Blessing could prove:  
 Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim;  
 And I slighted poor Angelot's Love.  
 Such Madness besotted my Mind,  
 I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain;  
 I regarded his Vows but as Wind,  
 And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.  
 How happy my Fortune had been,  
 Could my Reason have conquer'd my Pride?  
 In Bliss I had rivall'd a Queen,  
 Had I been my dear Angelot's Bride:  
 With him more Content I had found,  
 Than Grandeur and Fame can supply;  
 For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd,  
 With a Passion that never would die.  
 I had feasted with innocent Joy  
 On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease;  
 While the Fears which the Great-ones annoy,  
 Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.  
 But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!  
 His Love I can never regain:  
 And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,  
 'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.  
 Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,  
 When the Swain to the Green did advance;  
 In his Hand his new Consort appears,  
 With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance.

Impatient,

Impatient, and sick at the Sight,  
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,  
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)  
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

## S O N G 339.

CLarinda, hear my Moan,  
My Boon do not deny;  
If you'll not be my own,  
Your Martyr I must die.  
Remember that my Love  
To you is ever true:  
I can't my Passion move,  
It's fix'd till Death on you.  
If you my Life will save,  
Receive me in your Arms;  
Or sink me in my Grave  
A Victim to your Charms.  
But when I'm dead and gone,  
Let this then be your Guide;  
Bury it on my Tomb,  
For you I liv'd and dy'd.

## S O N G 340.

CHLOE! your sovereign Charms I own;  
I feel the fatal Smart:  
The Glory, you can boast, alone  
To fix my wandering Heart.  
Your beauteous Sex, with various Grace,  
My Passions oft have mov'd;  
And now a Shape, and then a Face,  
As Fancy led, I lov'd.  
So does the vagrant Bee explore  
Each Sweet that Nature yields;  
Lightly she skims from Flower to Flower,  
And ranges all the Fields.  
But you have found the cruel Art,  
To cure my roving Mind;  
Each female Beauty you impart,  
Your Sex in one combin'd.

My Eyes disclose my secret Pain;  
 My constant Sighs discover,  
 Tho' in deep Silence I remain,  
 That I am Chloe's Lover.

Irk some I pass the Hours away,  
 When banish'd from your Sight;  
 I languish all the live-long Day,  
 And all the wakeful Night.

Tell me, ye learn'd, who study much  
 The Nature of Mankind,  
 Why, if I think, or look, or touch,  
 If she be coy or kind;

I feel my Bosom strangely move,  
 Quick Throbbings seize my Breast:  
 All that I know is, that I love;  
 Do you explain the rest.

## S O N G 341.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,  
 The vainest, ficklest Thing alive,  
 Behold the strange Effects of Time!  
 Marries, and doats at Forty Five.  
 So Weather-cocks, that for a while  
 Have ver'd about with every Blast,  
 Grown old, and destitute of Oil,  
 Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

## S O N G 342.

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,  
 On Purpose to invite:  
 Yet, when I press her, she in Tears  
 Denies her sole Delight.  
 Whilst Celia, seeming shy and coy,  
 To all her Favours grants;  
 And secretly receives the Joy,  
 Which others think she wants.  
 I wou'd, but fear I never shall,  
 With either Fair agree;  
 For Celia will be kind to all,  
 But Chloe won't to me.

## S O N G 343.

CHLOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,

And push'd me rudely from her :

I call'd her faithless jilting Whore,

To talk to me of Honour.

But when I rose, and would be gone,

She cry'd, nay, whither go ye ?

Young Damon, stay ; now we're alone,

Do, do, do what you will,

Do what you will with Chloe :

Do what you will, what you will,

What you will with Chloe :

Do what you will, what you will,

What you will with Chloe.

## S O N G 344.

CHLOE, be kind, no more perplex me,

Slight not my Love at such a rate ;

Shou'd I your Scorn return, 'twou'd vex ye,

Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can you, lovely charming Creature,

Put on the Look of cold Disdain ?

Women were first design'd by Nature,

To give a Pleasure, not a Pain,

Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,

When other Charms are fled away ;

Think on the Time we now are wasting,

Throw off those Frowns, and Love obey.

## S O N G 345.

CHLOE found Love for his Psyche in Tears ;

She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his Fears ;

'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,

Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps :

'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,

Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps,

Cupid he smiles, and Chloe she weeps.

## S O N G 346.

CHLOE is handsome, brisk, and gay,

And gets new Lovers ev'ry Day ;

For



For in her Eye doth dwell  
A secret and a pow'rful Charm.  
That wou'd the coldest Hermit warm,  
And draw him from his Cell.

When first I saw her, I believ'd  
An Angel's Form my Sight deceiv'd,  
So graceful was her Mien;  
And surely Angels cannot be  
More bright than is this lovely She,  
Who is of Beauty Queen.

Hew happy will the Youth be then,  
Who does with matchless Truth obtain  
Possession of her Heart!  
To meet with such a pow'rful Cure,  
The worst of Torments I'd endure,  
And laugh at all the Smart.

## S O N G 347.

CHLOE, my fair Despiser,  
Take Warning, and be wiser,  
Nor more refuse me :  
If I should change my Mind,  
And should some Charmer find  
That Pity may make kind,  
You might lose me.

Too long to slight a Lover's Pains,  
Shews but the Folly of the Mind ;  
'Tis difficult to hold Love's Reins,  
When those that hold them are unkind :  
The prudent Fair, (as there are such)  
That smile, and kindly play the Rein,  
Nor hold their Hands, nor give too much,  
O'er all the World a Conquest gain.  
Smile, my Fair, and take the Prize,  
My Heart is yet your Right,  
Love waits Orders from those Eyes,  
To stay, or take his Flight.

S O N G

## S O N G 348.

CHLOE, sure the Gods above

For our Joys did you compose,

Graceful as the Queen of Love,

Wanton as the billing Dove,

Fragrant as the blowing Rose:

Wit and Beauty both we find,

Striving which shall arm you most:

Doubly, Chloe, thus you bind;

Had not Nature made you kind,

We, alas! were doubly lost.

## S O N G 349.

CHLOE, when I view thee smiling,

Joys celestial round me move,

Pleasing Visions, Care beguiling,

Guard my State, and crown my Love.

To behold thee gaily shining,

Is a Pleasure past defining,

Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight;

But, O Heav'n! when I'm chafing,

Thrilling Raptures, never ceasing,

Fill my Soul with soft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely dearest Creature!

Sweet Enslaver of my Heart;

Beauteous Master-piece of Nature,

Cause of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,

To dissolving Bliss convey me,

Softly sooth my Soul to rest;

Gently, kindly, oh my Treasure!

Let me die with Pleasure,

On thy panting snowy Breast.

## S O N G 350.

CHLOE's a Goddess in the Groves,

A Naiad in the Streams;

An Angel in the Church she moves;

A Woman in my Dreams.

She steals Artill'ry from her Eyes,

The Graces point her Charms;

Prophets is rival'd in her Voice,

And Venus in her Arms.

Never

Never so happily in one  
 Did Heav'n and Earth combine ;  
 And yet 'tis Flesh and Blood alone  
 Makes her this Thing divine.  
 She looks like other mortal Dames,  
 Till I unlace her Boddice ;  
 But when with Fire she meets my Flames,  
 The Wench turns up a Goddess.

## S O N G 351.

CHLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,  
 'Tis well her Heart is tender ;  
 How might such killing Eyes perplex,  
 With Virtue to defend her !  
 But Nature graciously inclin'd,  
 Not bent to vex but please us,  
 Has to her boundless Beauty join'd  
 A boundless Will to ease us.

## S O N G 352.

CHLOE proves false, but still she is charming ;  
 Nature like Beauty her Temper has made ;  
 Subject to change,  
 O'er each Heart she will range ;  
 Always alarming,  
 Ever disarming,  
 Never dismay'd.

Banish my Senses, or let her not slight me ;  
 Love ne'er was made to inherit Disdain ;  
 Love is a Bubble,  
 That gives Mankind Trouble ;  
 Reflecting Extasy  
 Drops with the Simile,  
 Airy and vain.

Sure Venus gave her that Face to deceive me,  
 And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly ;  
 Haste to thy Mother,  
 And beg for another ;  
 Chloe, the Mark must be,  
 Make her to pity me,  
 Ere that I die.

## S O N G

## S O N G 353.

CLOE, why so long denying?

Why so long your Lover flying?

Think in Time, and ease my Pain,

E'er you kill me with Disdain.

View yonder blooming blushing Rose

How it does all thy Charms disclose;

But see! how soon 'tis wither'd grown,

And all at once its Beauties flown,

How fragrant it appear'd before;

But now alas! its Charms are o'er:

Fair Maid, let this a Warning prove,

And, while 'tis Time, reward my Love.

Take heed, fair Blossom, and beware,

E'er fleeting Time your Charms impair:

For all the Beauties of thy Face,

Tho' now so gay, in Time, will pass:

The Darts within your radiant Eyes,

That now can make each Heart a Prize,

Too soon, alas! will fruitless prove,

And have no Force to kindle Love.

## S O N G 354.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go;

For if with thee I longer stay,

Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,

I shall prove blind, and lose my Way.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,

Among the rest me hither brought:

Finding this Fame fall short of Truth,

Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,

A Servant to another's Will:

Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,

Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what Assurance can I take?

When thou, foreknowing this Abuse,

For some more worthy Lover's sake,

May'st leave me with so just Excuse,

For

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy Fault,  
That thou didst thus inconstant prove ;  
Being by my Example taught  
To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

No, Chloris, no : I will return,  
And raise thy Story to that Height,  
That Strangers shall at Distance burn ;  
And she distrust me reprobate.

## S O N G 355.

**C**HLORIS, I cannot say your Eyes  
Did my unwary Heart surprize,  
Nor will I swear it was your Face,  
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace ;  
For you are so entirely Fair,  
To love a Part Injustice were.

No drowning Man can know which Drop  
Of Water his last Breath did stop ;  
So when the Stars in Heav'n appear,  
And join to make the Night look clear,  
The Light we no one's Bounty call,  
But the united Work of all.

He that doth Lips or Hands adore,  
Deserves them only, and no more ;  
But I love all, and ev'ry Part,  
And nothing else can ease my Heart :  
Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,  
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

## S O N G 356.

**C**HLORIS, in native Purple bright,  
The Violet of Beauty springs ;  
She spreads her op'ning Sweets to Sight,  
And ravishes with warbling Strings.  
Fair Charmer of our Eyes and Ears,  
Cecilia sure has Heav'n forsok ;  
She brings soft Musick from the Spheres,  
And bears an Angel in her Look.

## S O N G 357.

**C**HLORIS, now thou'rt fled away,  
Amyntor's Sheep are gone astray ;

And all the Joy he took to see  
 His pretty Lambs run after thee,  
 Is gone, is gone, and he alone,  
 Sings nothing now but well-a-day, well-a-day,  
 His Oaken Pipe, that in thy Praise  
 Was wont to play such Roundelays,  
 Is thrown away, and not a Swain  
 Dares pipe or sing, within his Plain;  
 'Tis Death for any one to say  
 One Word to him but well-a-day.

The May-pole where thy little Feet  
 So roundly did in Measures meet,  
 Is broken down, and no Content  
 Comes near Amyntor since you went.  
 All that I ever heard him say,  
 Was Chloris, Chloris, well-a-day.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,  
 He ever since hath lain his Head;  
 And whisper'd there such pining Woe,  
 As not a Blade of Grass will grow:  
 O Chloris! Chloris! come away,  
 And hear Amyntor's well-a-day.

## S O N G 358.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,  
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought,  
 That, like a Spirit, with this Spell  
 Of my own teaching I am caught,  
 That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,  
 Which, on the Shaft that made him die,  
 Espy'd a Feather of his own,  
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Eccho, with so sweet a Grace,  
 Narcissus' loud Complaints return'd,  
 Not for Reflection of his Face,  
 But of his Voice, the Boy had burn'd.

## S O N G 359.

CIARA, charming without Art,  
 The Wonder of the Plain,  
 Wounded by Love's resistless Dart,  
 Had over fondly giv'n her Heart

X

To



To a regardless Swain;  
Who, tho' he well knew  
Her Passion was true,  
Her Truth and her Beauty disdain'd;  
While thus the fair Maid  
By her Folly betray'd,  
To the rest of the Virgins complain'd:  
Take heed of Man, and while you may,  
Shun Love's alluring Snare;  
The Joy it promises to Day,  
Does e'er the Morrow fly away;  
And all the rest is care.

But if you love first,  
You're certainly ruin'd;  
Despair will insult in your Breast:  
The Nature of Men  
Is to slight who love them,  
And love those that slight them the best.  
Yet let the Conqueror know my Mind,  
Ingrateful Celadon,  
That he will never, never find  
One half so true, or half so kind,  
When I am Dead and gone!

But as she thus spake,  
Her tender heart broke;  
Death spares not the fair nor the young;  
So Swans, when they die,  
Make their own Elegy,  
And breathe out their Lives in a Song.

S O N G 360.

Cold and raw the North did blow,  
Bleak in the Morning early;  
All the Trees were fill'd with Snow,  
Cover'd with Winter yearly;  
As I was riding o'er the Slough,  
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,  
Her rosy Cheeks and bonny Brow  
Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my Bonnet low,  
 Meaning to shew my Breeding;  
 She return'd a graceful Bow,  
 Her Visage far exceeding.  
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,  
 And long'd to hold a Parley:  
 She told me to the next Market-town,  
 On purpose to sell her Barley.  
 In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,  
 Twenty Pounds lies fairly;  
 Seek no further one to buy,  
 For I'll take all thy Barley:  
 Twenty Pounds more shall purchase Delight,  
 Thy Person I love so dearly,  
 If thou wilt lig with me all Night,  
 And gang home in the Morning early.  
 If Forty Pounds would buy the Globe,  
 This Thing I would not do, Sir:  
 Or were my Friends as poor as Job,  
 I'd never raise them so, Sir:  
 For thou'd you prove one Night my Friend,  
 We's get a young Kid together,  
 And you'd begone ere nine Months End;  
 Then where should I find the Father?  
 Pray what would then my Parents say,  
 If I should be so silly,  
 To give my Maidenhead away,  
 And lose my true Love Billy?  
 Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,  
 And therefore I say you pay, Sir;  
 And if that you would me embrace,  
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.  
 I told her I had wedded been  
 Fourteen Years and longer;  
 She I'd chuse her for my Queen,  
 And tie the Knot still stronger.  
 She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manage my Wedlock fairly,  
 And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home,  
 For some other should buy her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe  
 She rode away and left me ;  
 After her I could not go,  
 Of Joy she quite bereft me ;  
 Thus I myself did disappoint,  
 For she did leave me fairly ;  
 One Word knockt all Things out of Joint,  
 I lost both Maid and Barley.  
 Riding down a narrow Lane,  
 Some two or three Hours after,  
 Then I chanc'd to meet again  
 This Farmer's bonny Daughter.  
 Altho' it was both raw and cold,  
 I staid to hold a Parley,  
 And shew'd once more my Purse of Gold,  
 When as she had sold her Barley.  
 Love, said I, pray do not frown,  
 But let us change Embraces :  
 I'll buy thee a fine filken Gown,  
 With Ribbons, Gloves, or Laces ;  
 A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,  
 No Lady shall have neater ;  
 For, as I am an honest Man,  
 I ne'er saw a sweeter Creature.  
 Then I took her by the Hand,  
 And said, My dearest Jewel,  
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,  
 I prithee be not cruel.  
 She found my Mind was fully bent,  
 To please my fond Desire ;  
 Therefore she seemed to consent,  
 But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.  
 Sir, said she, what shall I do,  
 If I commit this Evil,  
 And yield myself in Love with you,  
 I hope you will prove civil ?  
 You talk of Ribbons, Gloves, and Rings,  
 And likewise Gold and Treasure ;  
 Oh, let me first enjoy those Things,  
 And then you shall have your Pleasure.

Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,  
 Said I, my own dear Honey;  
 Then into her Lap I quickly laid  
 Full Forty Pounds in Money;  
 We'll to the Market-Town this Day,  
 And straightway end this Quarrel;  
 And deck thee like a Lady gay,  
 In flourishing rich Apparel.  
 All my Gold and Silver there  
 To her I did deliver;  
 On the Road we did repair,  
 Out-coming to a River,  
 Whose Waters are both deep and wide,  
 Such Rivers I ne'er see many;  
 She leapt her Mare on th'other Side,  
 And left me not one Penny.  
 Then my Heart was sunk full low,  
 With Grief and Care surrounded;  
 After her I could not go,  
 For Fear of being drowned:  
 She turn'd about, and said, Behold  
 I'm not for your Devotion;  
 But, Sir, I thank you for your Gold,  
 'Twill serve t'enlarge my Portion.  
 I began to stamp and stare,  
 To see what she had acted;  
 With my Hands I tore my Hair,  
 Like one that was distracted.  
 Give me my Money then, I cry'd,  
 Good Faith, I did but lend it;  
 But she full fast away did ride,  
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

## S O N G 361.

COME, and listen to my Dirty,  
 All ye jolly Hearts of Gold:  
 Lend a Brother Tar your Pity,  
 Who was once so stout and bold:  
 But the Arrows of blind Cupid,  
 Alas! have made me rue;  
 Sure true Love was ne'er so treated,  
 As I am by scornful Sue!

When I landed first at Dover,  
 She appear'd a Goddess bright;  
 From Foreign Parts but just come over,  
 I was struck with so fair a Sight:  
 On the Shore pretty Sukié walked,  
 Near to where our Frigate lay,  
 And altho' so near the Landing,  
 I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty Creature,  
 The Delight of Land and Sea,  
 No Man ever saw a sweeter,  
 I'd have kept her Company:  
 I'd have fain made her my true Love,  
 For better, or for worse;  
 But alas! I could not compass her,  
 For to steer the Marriage Course.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure  
 Could have come into my Mind,  
 Than to see the bold Defiance  
 Sailing right before the Wind;  
 O'er the white Waves as she danced,  
 And her Colours gaily flew;  
 But that was not half so charming  
 As the Trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky Coast I've driven,  
 Where the stormy Winds do rise;  
 Where the rolling mounting Billows  
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:  
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,  
 Little Dread I ever knew,  
 When compared to the Dangers  
 In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd, why my Jewel  
 Had the Heart to use me so;  
 Till I found by often Sounding,  
 She'd another Love in Tow.  
 So farewell, hard-hearted Sukié,  
 I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,  
 And try a more friendly Latitude,  
 Since in yours I cannot be.

SONG

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,  
That love to tope good Wine,  
Let us offer up a Hoghead,  
Unto our Master's Shrine.

And a Topping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,  
For I'll give a Reason why ;

'Tis a great Sin to leave a House,  
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.

And a Topping, &c.

At Times of Old I was a Fool,

I drank the Water clear ;

But Bacchus took me from that Rule,

He thought 'twas too severe.

And a Topping, &c.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,

And bad me take a Sup ;

But had it been a Gallon-Pot,

By Jove I'd tost it up.

And a toping, &c.

And ever since that happy Time,

Good Wine has been my Cheer ;

Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,

But Water or Small-Beer.

And a Topping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,

And never flinch, nor fly ;

Let fill our Skins brim-full of Wine,

And drain the Bottles dry.

And a Topping, &c.

COME, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er blest

By cruel Beauty's Pride,

Put each a Garland on his Head,

Let none his Sorrows hide ;

Put Hand in Hand around me move,

And sing the saddest Tales of Love :

And see, when your Complaints ye join,

That all your Wrongs can equal mine.



The happiest Mortal once was I,  
 My Heart no Sorrows knew;  
 Pity the Pain with which I die,  
 But ask not whence it grew.  
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find,  
 That's very lovely, very kind,  
 Tho' bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bears,  
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

## S O N G 364.

COME, be free, my lovely Lasses,  
 Banish dull restraining Pride;  
 Now we're o'er our generous Glasses,  
 Let the Mask be thrown aside.  
 With our Wine sweet Kisses blending,  
 You its Virtues shall improve;  
 Wine our warm Desires befriending,  
 Shall increase the Power of Love.

Squeamish Prudes may take occasion,  
 Whilst they burn with inward Fire,  
 To condemn a generous Passion,  
 Which they never could inspire;  
 But how curs'd is their Condition,  
 Whilst in us they Freedom blame?  
 Every Night pant for Friction,  
 Yet find none to meet their Flame.

## S O N G 365.

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians  
 Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog;  
 Leave Discord and Death to the College Physicians,  
 Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent flo  
 Already Rome opens her Arms to receive ye,  
 And of ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye.  
 Indulgences, Pardons, and such holy Lumber,  
 As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;  
 Whilst musty old Relicks of Saints without Number,  
 For barely the looking upon shall be shown:  
 These, were you an Atheist, wou'd needs overcome  
 That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mums.

The

They'll shew ye the River so long by the Poet,  
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd on  
the Head :

They'll shew ye the Place too, as some will avow it,  
Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to Bed :

For which, ever since, to prevent interloping,  
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping.

What a Sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accouter'd

With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side !

On his Inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward

Shews Servus Servorum no Hater of Pride.

Those Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,

As the Clerk's of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What a Sight 'tis to see the Old Man in Procession,

Thro' Rome, in such Pomp as her Cæsars did ride !

Here scatt'ring her Pardons, there crossing and blessing,

With all his shav'd spiritual Train-band by his Side,

Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacon,

And rev'rend Arch-bishops, to rosy Arch-deacons.

Here, for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,

Fine Musick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see ;

And who much shall out-warble your am'rous Fidele,

And make you meer Fools of Ballon and L' Abbee ;

And to shew you how fond they're to kiss Vosstras Manns,

Each Padre turns Pimp, and all Nuns Courtezana's.

And when you've some Months at old Babylon been-a,

And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is spent ;

And when you've seen all that is there to be seen-a,

You'll return not so rich, tho' as wise as you went :

And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much Expend-a.

But your Heirs will do so just a Hundred Years hence-a.

# S O N G 366.

COME buy my new Ballad,

I have 't in my Wallet,

'twill not I fear please every Pallate ;

Then mark what ensu' th,

I swear by my Youth,

That every Line in my Ballad is Truth :

A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of Worth,  
 'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:  
 'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,  
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crimp'd the Crown.

I'll tell you in brief,

A Story of Grief,

Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief,

It tore Common-Prayers,

Imprison'd Lord Mayors,

In one Day it voted down Prelates and Players;

It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,

And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance,

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,

That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crimp'd the Crown.

It was a black Cloak,

In good time be it spoke,

That kill'd many Thousands, but never struck Stroke;

With Hatchet and Rope,

The Forlorn Hope

Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope;

It set all the Sects in the City to Work,

And rather than fail, 'twon'd have brought in the Turk

Then let us endeavour, &c.

It seiz'd on the Tow'r-Guns,

Those fierce Demi-Gorgons;

It brought in the Bagpipes, and pull'd down the Organ;

The Pulpits did smother,

The Churches did choke,

And our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:

It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read,

It set publick Faith up, and pull'd down the Creed.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impostor

Such Fury did foster,

It left us no Penny, nor no Pater-Noster;

It threw to the Ground

Ten Commandments down,

And set up twice twenty times Ten of its own:

It routed the King, and Villains elected,  
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected.  
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind People's Eyes,  
This Cloak was so wise;  
It took off Ship-money, but set up Taxe;  
Men brought in their Plate,  
For Reasons of State,

And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:  
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,  
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkin, and Whistles.  
Then let us endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it mov'd,  
And was much approv'd,  
For crying out——Fight the Lord's Battles, Belov'd;  
It bobtail'd the Gown,  
Put Parley down;  
It led on the Mice to reach at the Crown;  
And into the Field it an Army did bring,  
To aim at the Council; and shot at the King.

Then let us endeavour, &c.  
It raised up States,  
Whose Politick Pates  
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;

To Father and Mother,  
To Sister and Brother,  
It gave a Commission to kill one another:  
It took up Men's Horses at very low Rates,  
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.

Then let us endeavour, &c.  
This Cloak did proceed  
To a damnable Deed:

It made the best Mirror of Majesty bleed:  
Tho' Cloak did not do't,  
He set it on Foot,  
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:  
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,  
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.

Then let us endeavour, &c.

Tho'

Tho' some of them went hence,  
 By sorrowful Sentence,  
 This lofty long Cloak was not mov'd to Repentance;  
 But he and his Men,  
 Twenty Thousand Times Ten,  
 Are plotting to do their Tricks over again:  
 But let this proud Chalk to Authority stoop,  
 Or DUN will provide him a Button and Loop.  
 Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,  
 That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.  
 Let's pray that the King,  
 And his Parliament,  
 In sacred and secular Things may consent;  
 So Righteously firm,  
 And Religiously free,  
 That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be;  
 And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,  
 One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us  
 Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown  
 And all Popish Plots, and their Plotters shall down.

## S O N G 367.

**C**OME Carles a' of Fumblers Ha',  
 And I will tell you of our Fate,  
 Since we have married Wives that's braw,  
 And canna please them when 'tis late:  
 A Pint we'll take, our Hearts to chear;  
 What Faults we have, our Wives can tell:  
 Gar bring us in baith Ale and Beer,  
 The auldest Baism we ha's our Self.  
 Christ'ning of Weans we are redd of,  
 'The Parish Dr. A. noo  
 We aw him noucht: *This Cloak did prove*  
 The Off *bedeavell*  
 Our Bairns's Tocher is a' paid,  
 We're Mastr of the Gear our Sell;  
 Let either Well or Wae betide,  
 Here's a Health to a' the Wives that's yell.  
 Our Nibour's auld Son and the Lass,  
 Into the Barn amang the Strae,  
 He grips her in the dark beguets,  
 And after that comes meikle Wae.

Repentance ay comes afterhin',  
 It cost the Carle both Corn and Hay;  
 We're quat of that with little Din,  
 Sic Crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,  
 When we think on our Nibour Robie,  
 The Way the Carle does, we see,

Wi' his auld Son and Daughter Maggy:  
 Boots he maun hae, Pistols, why not;

The Hussy maun hae Corkit Shoon:  
 We are no fae; gar fill the Pot,  
 We'll drink to a' the Hours at E'en.

Here's a Health to John Mackay we'll drink,  
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob and Tam;

We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,  
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.

Foul fa the Cock, he's split the Play,  
 And I do trow he's but a Fool,

We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,  
 For a' the Cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,  
 The formast hame shall bear the Mell;

I'll set me down, lest I be fee,  
 For fear that I shou'd bear't my sell.

And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,  
 The Gear shall never me out-ride,

But we'll take a Somp of the Barley-bree,  
 And drink to our yell Fire-side.

S O N G 368.

COME, Celis, let's agree, at last,  
 To love and live in quiet.

Let's tie the Knot to very last,  
 That Time shall ne'er untie it.

Love's dearest Joys they never prove,  
 Who free from Quarrels live;

Tis sure the tenderest Part of Love  
 Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took  
 No Pleasure, nor no Rest;

And when I feign'd an angry Look,  
 Alas! I lov'd you best.

Y

Say



Say but the same to me, you'll find  
 How blest will be our Fate;  
 Ah! to be grateful, to be kind,  
 Sure never is too late.

## S O N G 369.

COME, cheer up your Hearts,  
 And call for your Quarts;  
 And let there no Liquor be lacking:  
 We have Money in Store,  
 And intend for to roar,  
 Until we have sent it all packing;  
 Then, Drawer, make haste,  
 And let no Time waste,  
 But give ev'ry Man his Due;  
 To avoid all Trouble,  
 Go fill the Pot double,  
 Since he that made One, made Two.  
 Since he that made One, made Two.  
 Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
 And call for Wine;  
 'Tis that makes a Man to speak truly;  
 What Sot can refrain,  
 Or daily complain,  
 That he, in his Drink, is unruly?  
 Then drink and be civil,  
 Intending no Evil,  
 If that you'll be ruled by me;  
 For Claret and Sack  
 We never will lack,  
 Since he that made Two, made Three,  
 Since he, &c,  
 The old Curmudgeon  
 Sits all the Day drodging  
 At home, with brown Bread and Small Beer;  
 With scraping damn'd Pelf,  
 He starveth himself,  
 Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:

But we'll not do so,  
 Howe'er the World go,  
 Since that we have Money in Store;  
 For Claret and Sack  
 We never will lack,  
 Since he that made Three, made Four.  
 Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
 And call for your Wine;  
 D'ye think I'll leave you, I sh' Lurch?  
 My Reck'ning I'll pay  
 Ere I go away,  
 Or hang me as high as Paul's Church,  
 Tho' some Men will say,  
 This is not the Way

For us in this World to thrive;  
 'Tis no Matter for that,  
 Let us have t'other Quart,  
 Since he that made Four, made Five.  
 Since he, &c.

A Pox of old Chalon,  
 His Brains are all rotten,  
 His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;  
 But we care for Wine,  
 'Tis Drink more divine,  
 Without it we perish and die.

Then troll it about,  
 Until 'tis all out,  
 We'll affront him in Spite of his Styx;  
 If he grudges hisERRY,  
 We'll drink and be merry;  
 Since he that made Five, made Six.  
 Since he, &c.

But now the Time's come  
 That we all must go home;  
 Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;  
 Which makes me repine,  
 That a God so divine  
 Won't give us one Cup at our parting;  
 But since all is paid,  
 Let's not be dismay'd,

Yours, &c.

But fly to great Bacchus in Heaven ;  
 And chide him because  
 He made no better Laws,  
 Since he that made Six, made Seven.  
 Since he, &c.

## S O N G 370.

COME, hear me, my Boy, hast a mind to live long,  
 Take a Dose of brisk Claret, and Part of a Song ;  
 A gen'rous Heat good Wine does impart,  
 And Time to good Musick is beat by the Heart ;  
 Let each be content with his own proper Store,  
 And keep ourselves honest, tho' the World keeps us poor.

## S O N G 371.

COME, come, my Molly, come let us be jolly,  
 Since we are here met together ;  
 My Mother's from home, and we are alone,  
 Come let us be merry together ;  
 I'll give you Rings, and Bracelets fine,  
 And other fine Trinkets, if you'll be mine.  
 O no, kind Sir, I dare not incline,  
 My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,  
 My Mother she tells me I munnot.  
 You shall have a Gown of the finest Silk  
 That ever yet was seen ;  
 You shall have the Cream of all the Milk  
 Of the Cows that go o'er the Green ;  
 You shall have the Curds and Cheese-cakes Store,  
 And Custards too, all sugar'd o'er.  
 O no, kind Sir, pray ask no more,  
 My Mother, &c.  
 You shall have a Petticoat fine and gay,  
 The best in all the Town ;  
 And you shall wear it ev'ry Day,  
 And so you shall your Gown ;  
 Your Shift shall be of Holland fine,  
 If you in Love with me will join.  
 O no, kind Sir, I dare not be thine,  
 My Mother, &c.

I'll settle you in a Copy-hold

Of Forty Pounds a Year;

And I have Twenty Pounds in Gold,

Will serve to buy good Chear.

O no, kind Sir, I know you too well,

Give you an Inch, and you'll take an Ell,

And when you have done, you'll tell, you'll tell.

My Mother, &c.

S O N G 372.

COME, come ye Nymphs,

Come ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,

Galatea leaves the Main,

To revive us on the Plain,

To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;

Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,

Galatea leaves the Main,

To revive us on the Plain,

To revive us on the Plain,

Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

S O N G 373.

COME, come, bid adieu to Fear,

Love and Harmony live here:

No domestic jealous Jars,

Buzzing Slanders, wordy Wars,

In my Presence will appear,

Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous Sighs returning,

Pulses beating, Bosoms burning,

Bosoms with warm Wishes panting,

Words to speak those Wishes wanting,

Are the only Tumults here,

All the Woes you need to fear,

Love and Harmony reign here.

S O N G 374.

COME, come, my Hearts of Gold,

Let us be merry and wise,

It is a Proverb of old,

Suspicion has double Eyes:

Y 3

What

Whatsoever we say or do,

Let's not drink to disturb our Brain ;

Let's laugh for an Hour or two,

And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,

To drive the cold Winter away ;

'Twill cherish and comfort the Blood

Most when a Man's Spirits decay :

But he that doth drink too much,

Of his Head he will complain ;

Then let's have a gentle Touch,

And ne'er, &c.

Good Claret was made for Man,

But Man was not made for it ;

Let's be merry as we can,

So we drink not away our Wit ;

Good Fellowship is abus'd,

And Wine will infect the Brain ;

But we'll have it better us'd,

And ne'er, &c.

When with Good-Fellows we meet,

A Quart among three or four,

'Twill make us stand on our Feet,

While others lie drunk on the Floor.

Then, Drawer, go fill us a Quart,

And let it be Claret in grain ;

'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,

But we'll ne'er, &c.

Here's a Health to our noble King,

And to the Queen of his Heart ;

Let's laugh and merrily sing,

And he's a Coward that will start ;

Here's a Health to our General,

And to those that were in Spain,

And eke to our Colonel,

And we'll ne'er, &c.

Enough's as good as a Feast,

If a Man did but Measure know ;

A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,

For he'll drink till he cannot go.

No Man could Time recall,  
In a Tavern that's spent in vain,  
We'd learn to be sober all,  
And we'd ne'er, &c.

## S O N G 375.

COME Delia, come, let's shun the Heat,  
The sultry Heat invades;

To yonder Covert let's retreat,  
And seek the cooling Shade.

The twining Jessamine beneath,  
And twisted Eglantine,

To flying Gales their Breath bequeath,  
Almost as sweet as thine.

The Ring-Dove and his constant Mate  
In tender Notes agree;

Their Passion sooner shall abate,  
Than mine shall cease to thee:

I'll weave the Roses blushing red,  
And join the Lilly pale;

And while I bind my Delia's Head,  
I'll tell the tender Tale.

Dost see, my Dear, this twisted Crown,  
These Flow'rs to grace thy Head;

By Night their Fragrance will be gone,  
And all their Beauty fade:

O, Delia, all thy Charms shall prove,  
When with'ring Age draws nigh;

And what now Crowds of Vot'ries love,  
Be thrown neglected by.

The Veins that wander o'er thy Neck  
Shall lose their curious Blue;

The blowing Roses in thy Cheek,  
Their lively ruddy Hue:

Those Eyes, where sportive Cupid plays,  
No more shall cause Delight;

Those lovely Tresses, where he strays,  
Shall turn to scatter'd White.

No Breast shall then for Delia glow,  
Her Charms shall cease to fire;

And I, who more than Love you now,  
Shall look without Desire.

Then



Then, Delia, seize the proffer'd Joy,  
 While now 'tis in your Power;  
 No Thoughts on future Time employ,  
 But seize the present Hour.

## S O N G 376.

COME, dearest Flavia, pray, be kind:  
 Why should you shun, why longer slight me?  
 You'll find in Love all Pleasures join'd,  
 And share the Joys, whilst you delight me.  
 Why should you be averse to Bliss,  
 Whilst I in boundless Transports die?  
 You'll feel the rapt'rous Ecstasies,  
 And cease to breathe as well as I.  
 Let us the happy Time improve,  
 Now Time and Place do both conspire.  
 Time swiftly flies away in Love;  
 Then let us gratify Desire.  
 (She yields, I see it in her Eyes)  
 You'll find true Bliss in Love alone;  
 How vast must be the rapt'rous Joys,  
 Where ev'ry Sense is bless'd in one!

## S O N G 377.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the Town,  
 And to the rural Hamlets ply;  
 Behold, the Winter Storms are gone,  
 A gentle Radiance glads the Sky.  
 The Birds awake, the Flow'rs appear,  
 Earth spreads a verdant Couch for thee,  
 'Tis Joy and Musick all we hear!  
 'Tis Love and Beauty all we see!  
 Come, let us mark the gradual Spring,  
 How peep the Buds, the Blossom blows,  
 Till Philomel begins to sing,  
 And perfect May to spread the Rose.  
 Let us secure the short Delight,  
 And wisely crop the blooming Day;  
 For soon, too soon, it will be Night:  
 Arise, my Love, and come away.

## S O N G 378.

COME, fair Nymphs, to this sweet Grove,  
 Constant Swain, make haste away,  
 And behold my charming Love  
 Rejoice with me this happy Day.  
 Sylvia, at length, has chang'd her Mind,  
 She Pity shews, and no Disdain;  
 Never flying,  
 Nor denying,  
 Her Heart to me she has resign'd;  
 I no more shall sigh in vain.  
 My faithful Vows she now will hear;  
 Joys delighting,  
 Charms inviting,  
 In fair Sylvia do appear.

## S O N G 379.

COME, fair one, be kind,  
 You never shall find  
 A Fellow so fit for a Lover;  
 The World shall view  
 My Passion for you,  
 But never my Passion discover.  
 I still will complain  
 Of Frowns and Disdain,  
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;  
 The World shall declare  
 I die with Despair,  
 When only I die in your Arms.  
 I still will adore,  
 And love more and more;  
 But, by Jove, if you chance to prove cruel,  
 I'll get me a Miss,  
 That freely will kiss,  
 Tho' after I drink Water-Gruel.

## S O N G 380.

COME fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,  
 Let's have no more Female Impert'nence and Noise;  
 We've try'd the Endearments and Pleasures of Love,  
 And I find they're but Nonsense and Whimfies, by Jove.  
 When

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,  
I whin'd like a Fool, and she sigh'd like a Saint:  
But I found her Religion, her Face, and her Love,  
Were Hypocrisy, Paint, and Self-Interest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with her languishing Air,  
Her Out-side was orderly, modest, and fair;  
But her Soul was sophisticate, so was her Love,  
For I found she was only a Strumpet, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's Gold charm'd me at last,  
(You know Marriage and Money together does best)  
But the Baggage, forgetting her Vows and her Love,  
Gave her Gold to a spy'ling, dull Coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys,  
Here's a Farewel to Female Impert'nence and Noise;  
I know few of their Sex that are worthy my Love,  
And for Strumpets and Jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

## S O N G 381.

COME fill me a Glas, fill it high,

A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have:

He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,

Tho' I drink myself into my Grave,

Here's a Health to all those jolly Souls,

Who like me will never give o'er,

Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off their Bowls,

And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak Foes,

I scorn to obey her Command;

Cou'd she ever suppose, I'd be led by the Nose,

And let my Glas idly stand?

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,

A Foe to the Joys of dear Drinking;

Made use of by Tools, who'd set us new Rules,

And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill 'em all, I'll have six in my Hand,

For I've trifled an Age away:

'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand

Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come,

Come, my Lads, move the Glass, drink about,  
 We'll drink the Universe dry;  
 We'll set Foot to Foot, and drink it all out;  
 If once we grow sober we die.

## S O N G 382.

COME here's to the Nymph that I love!

Away, ye vain Sorrows, away!

Far, far from my Bosom be gone,  
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,  
 Come fill up the Glasses around,  
 We'll drink till our Faces be redly,  
 And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting  
 With every gay blooming Desire,  
 My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,  
 Soft Pleasures my Bosom inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,  
 Oh Fate! had I here my fair Charmer,  
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,  
 Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here  
 With his Troops of vain Cares in array?  
 Avaunt, idle pensive Intruder,  
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper;  
 Young Cupid, here's to thy Confusion—  
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,  
 Adieu to his anxious Delusion.

Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee;  
 Hu za Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,  
 Sing lô, sing lô to Bacchus—  
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.

Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial,  
 Come tune up your Voices and sing;  
 What Soul is so dull to be heavy,  
 When Wine set's our Fancies on wing.

Come,

Come, Pegasus lies in this Bottle,  
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,  
Each of us a gallant young Perseus,  
Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,  
In Seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,  
The Clouds far beneath me are sailing.

I see the Spheres whirling around.  
What Darkness, what Rattling is this,  
Thro' Chaos' dark Regions I'm hurl'd,  
And now,—oh my Head it is knockt  
Upon some confounded new World.

Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,  
See yonder bright blazes a Star,  
Where am I?—behold the Empyreum,  
With flaming Light streaming from far.

S O N G 383.

COME from the Groves, each Goddess,  
Tune up your sweet Hautboys,

And to the Voice of Musick  
Make an harmonious Noise:  
Sing her for whom I languish,  
The charming Song approve;  
Sing on till Jove grow jealous,  
And envy me my Love.

Flora, thou charming Goddess,  
In all thy Bloom appear;  
Put on again fresh Garlands,  
Begin once more the Year.

Join thyself to Pomona,  
With Flow'rs adorn the Ground;  
Let Spring remain for ever,  
With Youth and Beauty crown'd.

Let little Birds, thro' Meadows,  
All tune their warbling Throats,  
While bubbling Water echoes  
The Musick of their Notes.  
Sing her for whom I languish,  
The charming Song approve;

Sing on till Jove grow jealous,  
And envy me my Love.

COME follow, follow me,  
Ye Fairy Elves that be,  
Light tripping o'er the Green;  
Come follow Mab your Queen;  
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,  
For this Place is Fairy Ground,

When Mortals are at Rest,  
And snoring in their Nest;  
Unhear'd and unesp'y'd,  
Thro' Key-holes we do glide;  
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,  
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,  
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,  
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the Sluts asleep;

Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs,  
And make us hear, and none us spica.

But if the House be swept,  
And from Uncleanliness kept,  
We praise the Household Maid,  
And surely she is paid:

Every Night before we go,  
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head  
Our Table-cloth we spread;

A Grain of Rye or Wheat,  
The Diet that we eat;

Daily Drops of Dew we drink,  
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,  
With mellow Fat of Smalls,

Between two Cockles stew'd;  
The Meat that's eas'ly chew'd;

And Worms, and Marrow of Mice,  
The Feast that's wond'rous nice.

The Grasshopper, Gnats, and Fly,  
Are for our Minstrelsy;

Grace



Grace said we dance awhile,  
 And so the Time beguile;  
 But if the Moon doth hide her Head,  
 The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.  
 O'er Tops of dewy Grass  
 So nimbly we do pass,  
 The young and tender Stalk  
 Ne'er bends where we do walk;  
 Yet in the Morning may be seen  
 Where we the Night before have been.

S O N: G 383,

C O M E Gallants, let's tender those Hearts we surrender;  
 At the blest Coronation of our Faith's great Defender;  
 Now Glory shall Rule:  
 No more Popish Edge-Tool;  
 Thank Heav'n of a Knave we've at last made a Fool  
 [of a Jesuit.

Th' High-Commission-Court Sham,  
 Jeff'rys, Devil, and Dam,  
 Once maul'd our poor Church with the Pope's batt'ring  
 But the great Sleeves of Law  
 No more shall be drawn  
 Into Nooses and Goals, by the impudent Spawn of a Jesuit.  
 Who but They and their Crew  
 Poor James could undo,  
 And loose him his Honour and Diadem too!  
 By Peter's false Measure,  
 Th' unfortunate Caesar  
 Turn'd (alas!) out a grazing, like Nebuchadnezzar, by  
 [the Jesuit.

With your Chancellor, false Steward,  
 Rome's Scholar so toward,  
 Your Castlemain Nuncio, and your Cardinal Howard,  
 You have out-done the Shot  
 Of your Gunpowder Plot,  
 And blown up the credulous James, have you not,  
 [false Jesuit

Our Freedoms and Charters  
 Were the first of your Martyrs,  
 For Rome had begun to take up her Head Quarters:  
 Her

Her Vengeance to wreak,  
 All Faith we must break;  
 For Law, Oaths, and Gospel are all Bonds too weak for  
 [a Jesuit.

With your fly false Presables,  
 For your dear Stakes and Shambles,  
 And goring three Kingdoms with the old Thorns and  
 What Engines infernal [Brambles;  
 In the Popish Diurnal,  
 Could fill the whole World with Treasons eternal, but the  
 [Jesuit?

## S O N G 386.

COME, gentle sleep, and as I lie,  
 Oh, bid the Hours tread softly by;  
 While in thy still Pavillion laid,  
 I think upon the Charming Maid.  
 Some mimic Dream, on Fancy's wing  
 Light-pois'd, command such Joys to bring,  
 (Obedient to thy milder Sway)  
 As tyrant Love denies by Day.

Come, sweet Seducers! who restore  
 And Exiles to their native Shore;  
 To his proud Hopes the Courtier raise;  
 And crown the youthful Bard with Bays.  
 O, come! savour all your Art,  
 To paint the Mistress of my Heart:  
 But, make the lovely Phantom kind;  
 And bless, while you deceive my Mind.  
 Like Egypt's Queen, her Charms display;  
 And let me give the World away!  
 Or Juno like, let her be seen;  
 (If Juno be so bright a Mien)  
 When smiling soft with languid Eyes,  
 Within the Chambers of the Skies,  
 She fondly tempts, to nuptial Love,  
 The mighty Majesty of Jove.

In the warm Blush of Virgin Bloom,  
 Conduct her to the bridal Room!  
 Ye Graces, there undress the Fair;  
 Ye Graces, loose her gather'd Hair!

O come ! and, while my ravish'd View  
 This pleasing Shadow shall pursue,  
 Let my Resemblance be convey'd,  
 Indulgent, to the sleeping Maid :  
 That both our Visions may agree,  
 And the chaste Charmer think on me !

## S O N G 387.

COME hither, good People, both aged and young,  
 And give your Attention to my merry Song ;  
 I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you long.

With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, &c.

A Parson there was, and whose Name I could tell,  
 But suppose I do not, it will do full as well,  
 Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel.

With a down, &c.

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,  
 Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,  
 Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below.

With a down, &c.

A Sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,  
 Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night could he sleep ;  
 Which made him think how to her Bed he should creep ;

With a down, &c.

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend  
 His Mind to a Brother, before a good Friend ;  
 Who said, Fear not, Watt, thou shalt compass thy End.

With a down, &c.

In Woman's Apparel dress out, and be gay ;  
 I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,  
 If you condescend but to what I shall say.

With a down, &c.

And thus to the Parson's this Couple rode on ;  
 Dear Doctor, says Frank, here's a Thing to be done,  
 Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own.

With a down, &c.

This Lady that long has Love's Passion defy'd,  
 And all my Addresses so often deny'd,  
 Will now make me happy, by being my Bride.

With a down, &c.

To pass the canonical Hour, said he,  
And 'till the next Morning you know it can't be,  
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily.

With a down, &c.

Says Frank, I confess, Sir, you're perfectly right,  
But here lies the Hardship, we can't while 'til Light,  
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to Night.

With a down, &c.

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,  
The Lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,  
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me.

With a down, &c.

You so much oblige me, in what you now say,  
I hope in Return I shall find out a Way,  
Such generous Kindness with Thanks to repay.

With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent,  
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent  
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all went.

With a down, &c.

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,  
Watt, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case;  
Dear Madam, says he, I must---then did embrace.

With a down, &c.

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,  
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and Dick;  
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick.

With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,  
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,  
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day.

With a down, &c.

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night full of Grief,  
Of hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life  
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife.

With a down, &c.

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,  
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I must be gone:  
If so, the poor Man, you know, may be undone.

With a down, &c.

Now how to prevent this, I'll think of a Way,  
If I can persuade her some Time for to stay;  
And that's a good Office, I'm sure, you will say.

With a down, &c.

'Tis so my dear Creature; pray do what you can  
To please her, and bring her to Humour again;  
And I'll do the best to divert the poor Man.

With a down, &c.

The Plot so well taken, made both their Hearts bound;  
All Night and all Day too, whenever they found  
Convenience for Pastime her Pleasure he crown'd

With a down, &c.

And thus my Friend Watt his full Swing did obtain,  
The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,  
And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his More back again.

With a down, &c.

# S O N G 388.

COME hither, my Country 'Squire,  
Take friendly Instructions from me;  
The Lords shall admire  
Thy Taste in Attire,  
The Ladies shall languish for thee.

## C H O R U S.

Such Flaunting,  
Gallanting,  
And Jaunting,

Such Frolicking thou shalt see,  
Thou ne'er like a Clown  
Shalt quit London sweet Town,  
To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,  
With little more Brim than Lace;  
Nine Hairs on a Side  
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,  
Will set out thy jolly broad Face.  
Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,  
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose;  
 Then friz like a Shock,  
 And plaister thy Block,  
 And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.

Such Flaunting, &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair;

To pleasure thee shall strive;

In a Chaise and a Pair

They shall take the Air,

And thou in the Box shalt drive.

Such Flaunting, &c.

S O N G 389.

COME, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,

Crown this Night with Pleasure:

Let none at Cares of Life repine,

To destroy our Pleasure:

Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,

That ev'ry true and loyal Soul

May drink, and sing, without Controul,

To support our Pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be

Guardian to our Pleasure;

That, under thy Protection, we

May enjoy new Pleasure:

And, as the Hours glide away,

We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,

And sing thy Praises, that we may

Live and die with Pleasure.

S O N G 390.

COME, Lads, ne'er plague your Heads

With what is done in Spain,

But leave to them

Who are supreme,

To settle Peace again:

Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,

Pays no Nation's Debt;

'Tis Time must clear it,

Just like Claret,

When it is on the fret.



Each one should Mind his own,  
 Not Business of the State:  
 This all we get,  
 By Meddling yet,  
 More Troubles to create.  
 Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,  
 But disturb the Town;  
 Such Men of Mettle,  
 In a Kettle,  
 Make two Holes for one.  
 If you the Dangers knew  
 Of those that wear a Crown,  
 You'd scarce envy  
 A State so high,  
 But wisely use your own:  
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,  
 With the dazzling Height;  
 Yet daily stooping,  
 Also drooping  
 Underneath the Weight.  
 Low Swains that range the Plains,  
 Their native Freedom keep,  
 Who yet command,  
 With Crook in Hand,  
 Their faithful Dog and Sheep:  
 Their Leisure, Pleasure, Sporting, Courting,  
 None but Time deceive;  
 Whilst Amaryllis,  
 Jug and Phillis,  
 Flow'ry Garlands weave.

## S O N G 391.

COME Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;  
 For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
 If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.  
 Hasten ye, gang to the Grund of ye'r Trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;  
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkeys  
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

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Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
 And tak my Word and Offer again,  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown dowie with lying alane;  
 Away then, leave both Minny and Dady,  
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

## S O N G 392.

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,  
 Bacchus hates repining,

Venus loos nae dwining,  
 Let's be blyth and free.

Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir;  
 Ye're Mistress, Robie, gi'es her,  
 We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,  
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,  
 That's a Lais can charm ye,  
 And to Joys alarm ye,  
 Sweet is she to me.

Some Angel ye wad ca' her,  
 And never wish ane brawer,  
 If ye bare-headed saw her  
 Kiltet to the Knee.

PEGGY a dainty Lais is,  
 Come let's join our Glasses,  
 And refresh our Haufes  
 With a Health to thee.

Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,  
 Be Statesmen tint in thinking,  
 While we with Love and Drinking,  
 Give our Cares the lie.

## S O N G 393.

COME let us drink,  
 'Tis vain to think,  
 Like Fools, on Grief or Sadness;  
 Like our Money fly,  
 And our Sorrow die,  
 All worldly Care is Madness.

But

But Wine and good Chear,  
 Will, in spite of our Fear,  
 Inspire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys:  
 The Time we live  
 To Wine let us give,  
 Since all must turn to Earth, Boys:  
 Hand about the Bowl,  
 The Delight of my Soul,  
 And to my Hand commend it;  
 A Fig for Chink,  
 'Twas made to buy Drink,  
 And before we go hence we'll spend it.

## S O N G 394.

COME, let us prepare,  
 We Brothers that are  
 Met together on merry Occasion;  
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,  
 Our Wine has a Spring:  
 Here's a Health to an Accepted Mason,  
 The World is in Pain,  
 Our Secret to gain,  
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,  
 Till they're shewn the Light,  
 They'll ne'er know the right  
 Word, or Sign of an Accepted Mason.  
 'Tis this, and 'tis that,  
 They cannot tell what;  
 Why so many great Men in the Nation  
 Should Aprons put on,  
 To make themselves one  
 With a Free and Accepted Mason.  
 Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,  
 Have laid by their Swords,  
 This our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on;  
 And ne'er been asham'd  
 To hear themselves nam'd  
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiquity

Antiquity's Pride  
We have on our Side,  
It makes each Man just in his Station;  
There's nought but what's good,  
To be understood

By a Free and an Accepted Mason:

We're true and sincere,  
We're just to the Fair,  
They'll trust us on ev'ry Occasion;  
No Mortal can more  
The Ladies adore

Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Then join Hand in Hand  
To each other firm stand,  
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on;  
So Mortal can boast  
So noble a Toast,  
A Free and an Accepted Mason.

### S O N G 395.

COME, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,

For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may not,

For perhaps we may not meet here to morrow.

He that goes to Bed, goes to Bed, goes to Bed sober,

Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,

Falls as the Leaves do in October.

This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough and the Phthific,

This is to all Men, this is to all Men,

This is to all Men the best of Physic.

### S O N G 396.

COME, let's be merry,

While we've good Sherry;

Let's be airy,

Sprightly, and gay:

And Wine's a Pleasure

The only Treasure

That makes us joyful,

By Night or Day.

Wine makes us jolly,  
Cures Melancholly,  
Drowns all our Folly,  
Makes our Hearts glad ;  
While we're possessing  
That glorious Blessing,  
Good Wine careffing,  
Let's not be sad.

## S O N G 397.

COME, little Cupid, God of Love,  
Each tender Passion gently move ;  
With fondest Wishes, softest Pain,  
Exert thy courted pleasing Reign ;  
Assist this present new Desire,  
And gently fan the glowing Fire.  
Then prune your silken Wings, and bear  
These Sounds to haughty Chloe's Ear ;  
Capricious fair One, lay aside  
Your awkward Coyness, hateful Pride :  
For know, that now's the happy Hour,  
That roving Damon owns your Pow'r.  
Then quickly snatch thy golden Bow,  
Accept the Flame, receive the Vow ;  
Tell her I rage, I burn, I die,  
Don't tell her, Boy, 'tis all a Lye ;  
Tell her, To-day if she'll not yield,  
To-morrow Celia takes the Field.

## S O N G 398.

COME, little Infant, love me now,  
While thine unsuspected Years  
Clear thine aged Father's Brow  
From cold Jealousy and Fears.  
Pretty surely 'twere to see  
By young Love old Time beguil'd ;  
While our Sportings are as free  
As the Nurse's with the Child.  
Common Beauties stay fifteen ;  
Such as yours should swifter move ;  
Whose fair Blossoms are too green  
Yet for Lust, but not for Love.

Love as much the snowy Lamb,  
Or the wanton Kid, does prize,  
As the lusty Bull or Ram,  
For his Morning Sacrifice.

Now then love me : Time may take  
Thee before thy Time away :  
Of this Need we'll Virtue make,  
And learn Love before we may.

So we win of doubtful Fate ;  
And if Good to us she meant,  
We that Good should antedate,  
Or, if Ill, that Ill prevent.

Thus as Kingdoms, frustrating  
Other Titles to their Crown,  
In the Cradle crown their King,  
So all foreign Claims to drown :

So, to make all Rivals vain,  
Now I crown thee with my Love :  
Crown me with thy Love again,  
And we both shall Monarchs prove.

## S O N G 399.

Roger. COME, Love, let us join,  
Come prithee be mine,  
My only, my dear pretty Creature ;  
More my Cicely I prize,  
Than I do both my Eyes,  
And than Honey to me she is sweeter.

Cicely. You think to persuade  
A poor silly Maid,  
Unkill'd in the Bus'ness of Wooing ;  
If you hold on your Jest,  
I'll be gone, I protest,  
For fear it should prove my Undoing :

Rog. I'm in such a Fever,  
The like it was never ;  
So dreadfully sore is my Smart,  
That Cupid, I weat,  
Were you but to see'r,  
I bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.

A a

Cic.



Cic. Yes, yes, the plain Case is,  
 You know all your Paces,  
 Whene'er you would compass your Pleasure ;  
 And if silly Wenches  
 Believe your Pretences,  
 They're left to repent at their Leisure.

Rog. In Pity forbear  
 To insult me, my Dear ;  
 O spare, while so sorely I languish !  
 What Room, dear Unkind,  
 For Deceit can you find  
 In a Breast that is brimful of Anguish ?

Cic. Nay, nay, Roger, now,  
 You wrong me, I vow ;  
 I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted :  
 But alas ! I have known,  
 For believing too soon,  
 Poor Maids that have wofully smarted.

Rog. Pray do not suppose,  
 That I'm one of those  
 Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch :  
 I mean, in good Sooth,  
 To plight you my Troth,  
 When the Banns have been ask'd in the Church.

Cic. But then should you soon,  
 With the first Honey-moon,  
 Should you forfeit the Troth you have plighted ?  
 Should you cool to your Spouse,  
 Laugh at all your past Vows,  
 And Cicely, poor Cicely, be slighted ?

Rog. Come, Sweet, be not shy,  
 On your True-love rely,  
 Come, with hearty good Will let's agree ;  
 You may quit ev'ry Fear,  
 When, without you, I swear,  
 All the World would be nothing to me.

Cic. Well, I can't but approve  
 Of so honest a Love,

Nor dread to be such a one's Wife,  
 Rog. And a Love, my dear Cis.  
 That's as honest as this,  
 So as long and as lasting as Life.

S O N G 400.

COME, my Lovers, come, come away;

Come, come away;

Let's take our Pleasures while we may.

Hark! how the Musick charms our Ears,

Increasing Love, dispelling Fears.

S O N G 401.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,

While we can, the Sports of Love;

Time will not be ours for ever,

He at length our Good will sever;

Spend not then his Gifts in vain:

Suns that set may rise again,

But if once we loose this Light,

'Tis with us perpetual Night.

Why should we defer our Joys?

Fame and Rumour are but Toys.

Cannot we delude the Eyes

Of a few poor household Spies?

'Tis no sin Love's Fruits to steal;

But the sweet Thefts to reveal:

To be taken, to be seen,

These have Crimes accounted been.

S O N G 402.

COME, my Dear, whilst Youth conspires

With the Warmth of our Desires;

Envious Time about thee watches,

And some Grace each Minute snatches:

Now a Spirit, now a Ray,

From thy Eye he steals away;

Now he blasts some blooming Rose,

Which upon thy fresh Cheek grows;

Gold now plunders in a Hair;

Now the Rubies doth impair,

Of thy Lips; and with sure Hast

All thy Wealth will take at last,

Only that of which thou mak'st

Use in Time, from Time thou tak'st.

A 2 2

## S O N G 403.

COME Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,  
 The Sun in haste  
 Drives to the West,  
 With Sports conclude the Day.

Let every Man chuse out his Lads,  
 And then salute her on the Grass;  
 And when you find  
 She's coming kind,  
 Let not that Moment pass.

## C H O R U S.

We'll tofs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,  
 To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.  
 At Night when round the Hall we're sat,  
 With good brown Bowls,  
 To chear our Souls,

And raise a merry Chat;  
 When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,  
 And Jokes about the Table fly;  
 Then we retreat,  
 And that repeat,  
 Which all would gladly try.

Let lazy Great ones of the Town  
 Drink Night away,  
 And sleep all Day,

Till Gouty they are grown:  
 Our nightly Sports such Vigour give,  
 That oftentimes we do revive,  
 And kiss our Dames  
 With stronger Flames

Than any Prince alive.

## S O N G 404.

COME, old Time, and use thy Sickle,  
 Life's a Weight I cannot bear;  
 Cares are constant, Fortune fickle;  
 All our Joys but Trifles are.  
 Friends are Shadows that deceive us,  
 In our Wants they disappear;  
 The World's too base for Heav'n to give us  
 Any real Blessings here.

S O N G

COME, Pyrrha, tell what Lover now

Is most in your good Graces?

On what lac'd Coat, or scented Beau,

In publick you your Smiles bestow;

And more in private Places.

What easy Heart do you invade

By all this nice adorning?

For what vain Fop is now display'd

The Mecklin Lace and rich Brocade?

At Toilet spent the Morning?

Ah, how he'll rage, when midst this Calm

Tempestuous Clouds shall gather;

When he beholds the lowring Storm,

That faithless Brow of thine deform,

Untry'd in boisterous Weather!

Whom now thy Look serene beguiles,

Ah! poor unthinking Creature!

Who, credulous, enjoys thy Smiles,

And never Dreaming of thy Wiles,

Now thinks thee all Good-nature.

He feels thy Charms in wretched Hour,

That's to thy ways a Stranger:

As for my Part, my Turn is o'er;

I've scap'd the Deep, and, safe from Shore,

Look on another's Danger.

COME, Stoick, come, thou proud Philosopher,

Thou, thou that art so cold, and so severe;

Who, with vain Gravity diseas'd,

Art so afraid of being pleas'd.

Come, listen, listen to our tuneful Strains,

View the delightful Nymphs, and ravish'd Swains.

Poor, lost Philosopher,

How wilt thou find thy Passions here?

How with thy self all Eye; and with thy self all Ear.

Come, Stoick, come, thou proud Philosopher,

Thou, thou that art so cold, and so severe:

Who so severe, whom Musick cannot charm?

So cold, whom Beauty cannot warm?

But when both, both are combining,  
 Both united Forces joining,  
 Then what Madness 'tis to arm !  
 When so kind too is th' Alarm,  
 And such Softness does impart,  
 Such gladfom Tremblings to the Heart.  
 Who so severe, whom Musick cannot charm ?  
 So cold, whom Beauty cannot warm ?

Let loose thy Soul to Joy ;  
 Nor call what pleases thee a Toy.  
 Fco! he, that wants to be above  
 Gay Delight, and gentle Love !  
 Fool, against himself contriving,  
 Who, with kindly Nature striving,  
 Quarrels with the Sweets of living.

Let loose thy Soul to Joy,  
 Nor call what pleases thee a Toy.  
 Virtue, the Mistress of thy Care,  
 Is but a Part of good ;  
 Pleasure's the rest ; is lovely Fair,  
 And wou'd be wisely woo'd ;  
 Cheat not thy self of Bliss was meant thee ;  
 But take, take all kind Fate has sent thee.

#### Grand C H O R U S.

All, all at fav'rite Hours improve,  
 Deal in Musick, deal in Love ;  
 All thy Faculties employ,  
 To treat thy jolly Nature high ;  
 Every Sense allow its Joy,  
 And every Joy its luxury :  
 Let not Age have to complain,  
 That neglected Youth was vain,  
 Its Pleasures an untasted Stream ;  
 Let not Time, when 'tis gone,  
 Say, that nothing was done,  
 And Life scarce so good as a Dream.

#### S O N G 407.

COME, take your Glafs, the Northern Lass  
 So prettily advis'd ;  
 I drank her Health, and really was  
 Agreeably surpriz'd.

Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet,  
 Her Air and Mien so free;  
 The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,  
 But take your Drink, said she.

Y from the North such Beauty came,  
 How is it that I feel  
 Within my Breast that glowing Flame  
 No Tongue can e'er reveal?  
 Tho' cold and raw the North-wind blow,  
 All Summer's on her Breast;  
 Her Skin was like the driven Snow,  
 But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,  
 Tho' frozen now it seems;  
 That Joy with Pain be equal felt,  
 And balanc'd in Extremes.  
 Then like our genial Wine she'll charm  
 With Love my panting Breast:  
 Me, like our Sun, her Heart shall warm;  
 Be Ice to all the rest.

## S O N G 408.

COME to my Arms, my Treasure,  
 Thou Spring of all my Joy;  
 Without thy Aid all Pleasure  
 Must languish, fade and die.

In vain is all Resistance,  
 When arm'd with thy Assistance,  
 What fair One can deny?

Then fill around the Glasses,  
 And thus we'll drink and chant,  
 May all the dear kind Lasses  
 Have all they wish or want.

## S O N G 409.

He. COME to my Arms, my lovely Fair,  
 Sooth my uneasy Care:

In my Dream late I woo'd thee,  
 And in vain I pursu'd thee,  
 For you fled from my Pray'r,  
 And bid me despair;

Come to my Arms, my lovely Fair.

She,



She. Tho' 'tis easy to please ye,  
 And hard to deny;  
 Tho' possessing's a Blessing  
 For which I cou'd die,  
 I dare not, I cannot comply.

He. When I languish with Anguish,  
 And tenderly sigh,  
 Can you leave me, deceive me,  
 And scornfully fly?  
 Ah fear not; you must not deny.

She. I dare not, I cannot comply,

He. Ah fear not; you must not deny.

S O N G 410.

Complying, denying,  
 Now free and now coy,  
 Alluring, and curing  
 Love's Pain with its Joy.

With Frowns, or with Smiles, that can kindle a Fire,  
 Is a Girl that each Temper and Age must admire.

Her Eye darts its Glances,  
 Our Heart feels its Ray;  
 Her Power advances,  
 And ours ebbs away.

From Charms so strong there's none can retreat,  
 For, do what she will, she's ev'ry way sweet.

S O N G 411.

Conquering Beauty, 'tis I still adore,  
 Tho' Thousands your Victims have fell before;  
 Let Pity now move;  
 Grant me your Love;

Dearest, your Aid I implore.

Lovely Transporter,  
 Your Faithful relieve,

I'll crown you with Glory;

Charmer, believe;

I'll banish all Fear,

Forget dull Care,

Let me my Senses retrieve.

He. **C**onfess thy Love, fair blessing Maid,  
 For since thine Eye's consenting,  
 Thy sifter Thoughts are a' betray'd,  
 And Nafays no worth tenting.  
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,  
 With Words thy Wish denying?  
 Since Nature made them to be kind,  
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint Consent  
 Make Love a sacred Blessing;  
 Then happily that Time is spent,  
 That's war'd on kind Caressing.  
 Come then, my Katie, to my Arms,  
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;  
 But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,  
 And prove a faithful Lover.

She. What you design by Nature's Law,  
 Is fleeting Inclination,  
 That Willy Wisp bewilts us a'  
 By its Infatuation.  
 When that goes out, Caresses tire,  
 And Love's nae mair in Season,  
 Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire  
 With all our boasted Reason.

He. The Beauties of inferior Cast  
 May start this just Reflection:  
 But Charms like thine maun always last,  
 Where Wit has the Protection.  
 Virtue and Wit, like April Rays,  
 Make Beauty rise the sweeter;  
 The langer then on thee I gaze,  
 My Love will grow complicater.

**C**orinna cost me many a Prayer,  
 E'er I her Heart cou'd gain;  
 But the ten Thousand more should hear,  
 To take that Heart again.

Despair

Despair I thought the greatest Curse ;  
 But to my Cost I find,  
 Corinna's Constancy still worse ;  
 Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve ?

How ill divide the Joy ?

Who does at first his Lovers starve,  
 And then with Plenty cloy.

S O N G 414.

Corinna, I excuse thy Face,  
 Those erring Lines which Nature drew,  
 When I reflect, that every Grace  
 Thy Mind adorns, is just and true.

But oh ! thy Wit what God has sent ?

Surprising, airy, unconfin'd ;

Some Wonder, sure, Apollo meant,  
 And shot himself into thy Mind.

S O N G 415.

Corinna, in the Bloom of Youth,  
 Was coy to ev'ry Lover ;

Regardless of the tend'rest Truth,

No soft Complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her Feet

Lay prostrate and adoring ;

The Witty, Handsome, Rich, and Great,

In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair

Her Loss of Time, and Pleasure ;

With willing Eyes, and wanton Air,

Inviting every Gazer.

But Love's a Summer Flow'r, that dies

With the first Weather's changing ;

The Lover, like the Swallow, flies

From Sun to Sun, still ranging.

Mira, let this Example move

Your foolish Heart to Reason ;

Youth is the proper Time for Love,

And Age is Virtue's Season.

S O N G

## S O N G 416.

Cosmelia's Charms inspire my Lays,  
 Who, young in Nature's Scorn,  
 Blooms in the Winter of her Days,  
 Like Glassenbury Thorn.

Cosmelia, cruel at Threescore,  
 Like Bards in modern Plays,  
 Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,  
 But in the Fifth she slays.

If e'er, impatient for the Bliss,  
 Within her Arms you fall,  
 The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss,  
 Like Thisbe, thro' a Wall.

## S O N G 417.

Corinna is divinely fair,  
 Easy her Shape, and soft her Air ;  
 Of Hearts she had the absolute Sway,  
 Before she threw her own away :  
 The Power now languishes by which she charm'd,  
 Her Beauty's sullied, and her Pride disarm'd.

Like Nature, she is apt to waste  
 Her Treasure where 'tis valued least ;  
 So Peasants surfeit where it grows,  
 On Fruit the Eastern Sun bestows ;  
 But all the Delicacy fades before  
 It can thro' Oceans reach our distant Shore.

## S O N G 418.

Corinna, with Innocence, Beauty, and Wit,  
 Every Sense does invade,  
 And my Reason persuade,

And with Pleasure compels me my Reason to quit ;  
 Tho' my Tongue has pretended to serve and adore,  
 I find my Heart ne'er was in earnest before ;  
 Not so bright are her Charms, all my Hopes I distrust ;  
 My Want of Desert makes my Jealousy just :  
 If the Joys her Eyes promise I ne'er must obtain,  
 Let 'em quickly determine my Doubts by Disdain ;  
 I am none of those Fools who can sigh and complain,  
 But if she can betray me, my Fate let me meet,  
 Let me live in her Arms, or die at her Feet.

## S O N G 419.

Cou'd a Man be secure, that Life would endure,  
As of old, a thousand good Year,  
What Arts might he know, what Acts might he do,  
And all without Hurry or Care?

But we, who have but span-long Lives,  
The thicker must lay on our Pleasure,  
And since Time will not stay, add the Night to the Day,  
And thus we may lengthen the Measure.

## S O N G 420.

Could'st thou give me a Pleasure,  
Like the Mistress of my Heart,  
I'd drink beyond all Measure,  
And from thee never part.

A Pleasure so alluring,  
I never could refrain,  
Till Life not worth enduring,  
In a Tun I'd drown my Pain.

But since there's no comparing  
With Raptures she can give,  
Whose Extasy (past bearing)  
I scarce can taste, and live:  
To brighter Joys resigning,  
I'll quit thy sparkling Charms,  
And die without repining,  
To be bury'd in her Arms.

## S O N G 421.

COY Belinda may discover,  
Love is nothing but a Name;  
'Tis not Beauty warms the Lover,  
When he tells her of his Flame.

But she keeps a greater Treasure,  
Bills and Bonds inflame his Heart;  
Charms that flow with Tides of Pleasure,  
More obey'd than Cupid's Dart.

## S O N G 422.

CRowds of Coxcombs, that deluding,  
Cringing, chattering,  
Ogling, flatter'ing,  
By Coquetting, and by Pruding,  
All are Victims to my Art.

While

While at Will the Fools I'm leading,  
 They for Favours interceding,  
 With vain Hopes and Fancies feeding,  
 Still untouch'd I keep my Heart.  
 Still, &c.

Each imagines he shall gain me,  
     Thinks I prize him,  
     Who despise him;  
 All their Wiles shall ne'er obtain me,  
     Born to baffle all Mankind.  
 Like the Winds and Waves still changing,  
 Never constant, ever ranging,  
 Cupid from my Heart estranging,  
     That's as cold as he is blind.  
 That's, &c.

## S O N G 423.

Crown me with the branching Vine,  
 Round my Temples let it twine;  
 See! the reeling God appears,  
 With Silenus, green in Years,  
 Crown'd with Joy, let them come,  
 Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!  
 Pour the fragrant Oil, and shed  
 Od'rous Perfumes on my Head,  
 Cupid shall the Skinker be;  
 Fill a Glass, and give it me;  
 Fill out more, you little Sot,  
 Till it overlook the Pot.  
 Mingle Love and soft Desires,  
 Tender Thoughts and am'rous Fires,  
 Let not Jealousy intrude,  
 Trivial Joys or noisy Fwd;  
 But let's drink, and be divine,  
 Like our Brother Phœbus shine;  
 Drink like him, like him appear,  
 Fresh and blooming all the Year,  
 Gay and smiling, full of Life,  
 Easy, quiet, free from Strife;  
 Fraught with Friendship, fraught with Love,  
 Let the Hours successive move,

B b

Passing



Passing unregarded on,  
 Nor repine at what is gone ;  
 But the present Hour employ,  
 With Wine, oh, Love's alternate Joy !  
 Thus content, if rigid Fate  
 Calls us from our happy State,  
 We'll drink our Glass, and throw it down,  
 And die without a single Frown.

## S O N G 424.

**C**rown your Bowls,  
 Loyal Souls,  
 Cæsar to his Home returns ;  
 From the Shore  
 Cannons roar,  
 England smiles, and Holland mourns :  
 Malecontents in Mischief failing,  
 Changing Notes, now leave off railing ;  
 Now the Vipers hide their Stings.  
 Fill, fill then high,  
 Proclaim your Joy,  
 And now in a Chorus sing,  
 Welcome best of Kings :  
 Noble Boy, here's to thee,  
 Look on my Glass and me ;  
 Here's the Way ;  
 We this happy Day  
 Make as fam'd as the Jubilee.

## S O N G 425.

**C**Ruel Creature, can you leave me !  
 Can you then ungrateful prove ?  
 Did you court me to deceive me,  
 And to slight my constant Love ?  
 False ungrateful, thus to woo me,  
 Thus to make my Heart a Prize ;  
 First to ruin and undo me,  
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.  
 Shall I send to Heaven my Pray'r ?  
 Shall I all my Wrongs relate ?  
 Shall I curse the dear Betrayer ?  
 No, alas ! it is too late,

Cupid, pity my Condition,  
 Pierce this unrelenting Swain;  
 Hear a tender Maid's Petition,  
 And restore my Love again.

## S O N G 426.

C Ruel Despair, no more torment me,  
 No more my blooming Hopes annoy;  
 Let soft Delusion, to content me,  
 Arise with flattering Dreams of Joy.  
 No more my bleeding Heart shall languish  
 In Sighs, the Voice of silent Grief;  
 No more I'll dread the painful Anguish;  
 Sweet Hope returning brings Relief.

## S O N G 427.

C Ruel Stars we find,  
 Seldom, ah! too seldom kind;  
 Pleasures vanish quick away,  
 Tedious is the dismal Day;  
 Pleasures vanish quick away,  
 Tedious is the dismal Day;  
 Good uncertain, short, short its Stay.  
 Such, such is the Life poor Mortals share,  
 Alas! but little worth our Care,  
 Such, such is the Life poor Mortals share,  
 Alas! but little worth our Care.

## S O N G 428.

C Ruel Amynta, can you see  
 A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?  
 Love, of himself, ne'er vanquish'd me,  
 But thro' your Eyes the Conquest made.  
 In Ambush there the Traitor lay,  
 Where I was led by faithless Smiles,  
 No Wretches are so lost as they  
 Whom much Security beguiles.

## S O N G 429.

C Upid and Venus one Day strove  
 To warm Amyntor's Heart,  
 And give him all the Joys of Love,  
 The Joys without the Smart.

Says Venus then, Let ev'ry Maid  
Bestow a fav'rite Grace :  
No, Mamma, Cupid smiling said,  
Let's shew him Celia's Face.

## S O N G 430.

Cupid, disarm thyself on me,  
And all thy Arrows spend ;  
I court thy fear'd Artillery ;  
Shoot then and be my Friend.  
I only dread thy sparing Rage,  
By which I am confin'd ;  
Do not my Thoughts to one engage,  
That's mercilessly kind.

What common Plowman idly would  
On one small Spot bestow,  
What he to nobler Purpose should  
Upon whole Acres sow.

Believe me, Cupid, those thy best  
And useful Captives prove,  
Who not in this or that will rest,  
But rove in constant Love.

## S O N G 431.

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,  
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid :  
With equal Ardour wound the Swain :  
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,  
Drive thy Arrows through his Heart ;  
When one you wound, you then destroy ;  
When both you kill, you kill with Joy.

## S O N G 432.

Cupid, forbear thy childish Arts ;  
I cannot, will not love :  
Thy Quiver emptied of its Darts  
On me, would harmless prove.

In vain, fond Boy, Miranda's Eyes  
You point with beamy Fire ;  
Strephon each killing Glance defies,  
And looks without Desire.

Thy

Thy Chloe's dimpled Cheeks adorn  
 With gay, bewitching Smiles :  
 I laugh at all her wanton Scorn ;  
 And triumph o'er her Wiles.

The snowy Neck, the slender Waste,  
 The gently-bending Brow,  
 The ruby Lip, with Moisture grac'd,  
 I view without a Vow.

Should thy bright Mother, Beauty's Queen,  
 Court me with open Arms ;  
 Adonis-like, would I be seen  
 To slight her proffer'd Charms.

## S O N G 433.

U<sup>C</sup>upid, God of pleasing Anguish,  
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,  
 Teach him soft Desires to know :  
 Heroes would be lost in Story,  
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,  
 Did not Love inspire their Glory ;  
 Love does all that's great below,  
 Love does all that's great below.

## S O N G 434.

U<sup>C</sup>upid, God of gay Desires,  
 Hymen, with thy sacred Fires,  
 Smiling Zephyrs haste away,  
 'Grace this happy, happy Day.  
 Loves and Graces all attend,  
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,  
 Make them your peculiar Care,  
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

## S O N G 435.

U<sup>C</sup>upid ! instruct an am'rous Swain,  
 Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,  
 To common Youths unknown :  
 To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts,  
 Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts,  
 Are Methods vulgar grown.  
 What need'st thou tell ? (the God reply'd)  
 That Love the Shepherd cannot hide

The Nymph will quickly find :  
 When Phœbus does his Beams display,  
 To tell Men bravely that 'tis Day,  
 Is to suppose 'em blind.

## S O N G 436.

Cupid once in Search of Prey,  
 Thought my Reason gone astray,  
 From his Quiver chose a Dart ;  
 Soon he drew it to the Head,  
 And thus smiling to me said :  
 Traytor, now have at thy Heart.  
 O how pleas'd the Chit was grown,  
 With the Thoughts I was his own,  
 But, alas ! I feign'd the Smart.  
 When the God perceiv'd the Sham,  
 And that he had lost his Aim,  
 In a Passion thus he swore :  
 Farewel Quiver, farewel Bow,  
 From this very Time I vow,  
 Never will I use you more.

## S O N G 437.

Cupid, with Ganynde to play,  
 Had laid his Wings aside ;  
 And lest they should be stol'n away,  
 Sat on his Darts astride.  
 For oft the God had, to his Cast,  
 (As Prior sweetly sings)  
 His Quiver, Bow, and Arrows lost,  
 But never lost his Wings.  
 Miss Kitty, Love's great Favourite,  
 Was there a Stander-by,  
 And hit upon a new Conceit,  
 Which she resolv'd to try.  
 She oft had heard her Lover sigh,  
 And praise her Angel Face,  
 And raise her Beauties to the Sky,  
 Where they deserv'd a Place.

She

CUSTOM  
 MAK  
 Which m  
 Withou  
 For an Oa  
 A Lover's  
 A Lawyer  
 Or a Pa

She would not trust the flatt'ring Youth,

And gave a careless Ear;

Yet fain at Heav'n wou'd know the Truth,

But how shou'd she get there?

The Urchin's Wings wou'd fit her Shape,

And put it to a Trial;

Yet durst not ask the waggish Ape,

She fear'd a pert Denial.

Young Cupid, without Thought or Care,

Of no Design afraid,

Did not suspect the wily Fair,

The seeming harmless Maid.

Whilst Joke and witty Repartee

'Twixt him and Gany past,

She stole his Wings and merrily

To Peter's Gate did haste.

Arriving soon, and rapping hard,

Like hasty Seraphim,

Peter unto his Post repair'd

To let the Angel in.

When Porter Peter op'd the Door,

And saw her Face and Mien,

Of Bows and Scrapes he made some Score,

Expecting she'd come in.

But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair,

Then laughing, said aloud,

I'd rather be an Angel there,

Than one amongst a Crowd.

# S O N G 438.

Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the Great,

Makes Oaths easy Potions to sleep on,

Which many, on gaining good Places, repeat,

Without e'er designing to keep one:

For an Oath's seldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;

A Lover's fond Vows; or a Prelates's good Name;

A Lawyer to Truth; a Statesman from Blame;

Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.

# S O N G



## S O N G 439.

CYnderaxa, kind and good,  
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;  
She makes me love, not hate my Food,  
As other peevish Wenches do,

When Venus leaves her Vulcan's Cell,  
Which all but I a Colehole call;  
Fly, fly ye, that above Stairs dwell,  
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

And as she's fair, she can impart  
That Beauty, to make all Things fine;  
Brightens the Floor with wond'rous Art,  
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

## S O N G 440.

CYNthia frowns whene'er I woo her,  
Yet she's vex'd if I give over:  
Much she fears I should undo her,  
But much more to lose her Lover.  
Thus in doubting, she refuses,  
And not winning thus she loses.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,  
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you,  
Then too late Desire will find you,  
When the Power does forsake you.  
Think, oh! think; oh! sad Condition,  
To be past, yet with Fruition!

## S O N G 441.

DAME Jane, a sprightly Nun, and gay,  
And form'd of very yielding Clay,  
Had long with Resolution strove  
To guard against the Shafts of Love.  
Fond Cupid smiling, spies the Fair,  
And soon he baffles all her Care.  
In vain she strives her Pain to smother,  
The Nymph too frail, becomes a Mother.  
But now, these little Follies o'er,  
She firmly vows she'll sin no more;  
No more to Vice will fall a Prey,  
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.

Close

Cloſe in her Cell immur'd ſhe lies,  
Nor from the Croſs removes her Eyes;  
Whiſt Siſters, crouding at the Grate,  
Spend all their Time in Worldly Prate.

The Abbefs, overjoyed to find  
This Happy Change in Jenny's Mind,  
The reſt, with Air compos'd, addreſſing,  
Daughters, if you expect a Bleſſing,  
From pious Jane, Example take,  
The World, and all its Joys forſake.  
We will (they all reply'd as One)  
But firſt let's do as Jane has done.

## S O N G 442.

D Amon aſk'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd,  
Intending to ſnap him the next time he try'd;  
But alas! he's determin'd to aſk me no more,  
And now makes his Suit to the ſam'd Leonore.

Yet why ſhould I grieve? for I'm well aſſur'd,  
Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd have ta'en the firſt  
Tho' he ſawns and he cringes, I'll venture to ſay, [Word;  
That Man is a Fool, that will take the firſt Nay.

Had his Love been ſincere, and really in Pain,  
He then wou'd have aſk'd me again and again;  
But adieu; let him go; for I never will vex:  
A Swain that's in earneſt allows for our Sex.

## S O N G 443.

D Amon, if you will believe me,  
'Tis not Sighing o'er the Plain;

Songs nor Sonnets can't relieve ye,

Faint Attempts in Love are vain:

Urge but home the fair Occaſion,

And be Maſter of the Field;

To a powerful kind Invaſion,

'Twere a Madneſs not to yield.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,

Says you're rude and much to blame;

And with Tears implores your Pity,

Be not merciful for Shame:

When

When the first Assault is over,  
 Chloris time enough will find  
 This so fierce and cruel Lover  
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

## S O N G 444.

D Amon, thy Pride no longer boast,  
 Nor cold Indifference to the Fair;  
 Thy rural Life its Sweets hath lost,  
 And Patty now is all thy Care.  
 In lonely Walks, and gloomy Shades,  
 You hope to mitigate your Grief;  
 In vain we fly when Love invades,  
 In vain from Love we seek Relief.  
 Your tuneful Pipe with jocund Strains,  
 No longer cheers the mirthful Grove;  
 In Thought oppress'd, you shun the Plains,  
 And nothing now indulge but Love.  
 Your lowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,  
 Unguarded, range the distant Fields;  
 The murm'ring Rills, and hollow Rocks,  
 Some Pity to thy Sorrow yields.  
 Had Fate ordain'd the beauteous Maid,  
 In Courts a Birth of high Degree,  
 Some nobler Conquest she had made;  
 And Damon's Heart had still been free.

## S O N G 445.

D Amon for Love still meets Disdain,  
 The Nymph makes no Return;  
 All she affords to heal his Pain,  
 Is to reward with Scorn.  
 The more he begs she'd hear his Vows,  
 The more she still denies;  
 The faster he her Steps pursues,  
 She still the faster flies.  
 At length she leaves her hasty Flight,  
 And turns to meet the Swain;  
 Surpriz'd she's now to find him slight  
 What he pursu'd with Pain.

My Crime (she cries) I see too late,

I shew'd my Flame too soon :

If I had still repay'd with Hate,

I'd had him still my own.

Ye lovely Nymphs, in time beware,

Nor yield your Hearts too soon,

Left my unhappy Fate you share,

And be, like me, undone.

### S O N G 446.

Damon to Sylvia, when alone,

Did thus express his Love :

Fair Nymph, I must a Passion own,

Which else wou'd fatal prove.

Can you a faithful Shepherd see,

Who languishes in Pain,

And yet so cruel-hearted be,

To let him sue in vain ?

Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,

And whining Phrases, he

treated her to ease Desire,

And grant him Remedy.

Allur'd with am'rous Looks, the Maid,

Fearing he might prevail,

begg'd, that he wou'd no more persuade

A Virgin that was frail.

Fear not, dear Nymph, replies the Swain,

There's none can know our Bliss!

None can relate our Loves again,

While this Place silent is.

Then Damon, with a lov'd Surprise,

Leap'd close into her Arms ;

With ravishing Delight he dies,

And melts with thousand Charms.

### S O N G 447.

Daphne, the beautiful and coy,

Along the winding Shore of Peneus flew,

To shun Love's tender offer'd Joy,

Tho' 'twas a God that did her Charms pursue :

While thus Apollo, in a moving Strain,

Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his am'rous Pain.

Fairest

Fairest Mortal, stay and hear,  
 Cannot Love, with Musick join'd,  
 Touch thy unrelenting Mind!  
 Turn thee, leave thy trembling Fear,  
 Fairest Mortal, stay and hear,

The River's echoing Banks with Pleasure did prolong  
 The sweetly measured Sounds, and murrur'd with a Song.

Daphne fled swifter in despair,  
 To shun the God's Embrace,

And to the Genius of the Place,  
 She sigh'd this wondrous Prayer.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me,  
 Let some sudden Change invade me,

Fix me rooted on thy Shore;  
 Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,

I am Daphne now no more.  
 Apollo wondering stood to see

The Nymph transform'd into a Tree;  
 Vain were his lyre, his Voice, his tuneful Art,

His Passion and his Race Divine;  
 Nor could th' eternal Beams that round his Temple

Melt the cold Virgin's frozen Heart.  
 Nature alone can Love inspire,

Art is vain to move Desire;  
 If Nature does the Fair incline,

To their own Passion they'll resign.  
 Nature alone, &c.

## S O N G 448.

Daphnis stood pensive in the Shade,  
 With Arms a-cross, and Head reclin'd;

Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,  
 And Sighs reliev'd his love-sick Mind:

His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,  
 Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem'd to say,

My Chloe is unkind.  
 Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?

Ye Larks, ye Linnets cease your Strains;  
 I faintly hear in your sweet Notes,

My Chloe's Voice that wakes my Pains:

Yet why should you your Song forbear ?  
Your Mates delight your Song to hear,  
But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,  
Dejected as the lonely Dove ;  
Sweet Sounds broke gently thro' the Wood. —

I feel the Sound ; my Heart-strings move,  
'Twas not the Nightingale that sang ;  
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter Tongue.  
Hark, hark, what says my Love ?

How foolish is the Nymph, she cries,  
Who trifles with her Lover's Pain !  
Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,  
Our artful Lips were made to feign.  
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my Pride,  
'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd,  
Come back, dear Youth, again.

As t'other Day my Hand he seiz'd,  
My Blood with thrilling Motion flew ;  
Sudden I put on Looks displeas'd,  
And hastily from his Hold withdrew.  
'Twas Fear alone, thou simple Swain :  
Then hadst thou press'd my Hand again,  
My Heart had yielded too !

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,  
That swell'd thy Lip and rosy Cheek ;  
Think not my Skill in Song defam'd,  
That Lip should other Pleasures seek :  
Tho' much thy Music I approve ;  
Yet break thy Pipe, for more I love,  
Much more, to hear thee speak.

My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,  
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone ;  
Last Night with Delia's Dog he play'd :  
Love by such Trifles first comes on.  
Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,  
My Tongue wou'd now my Heart obey ;  
Ah ! Chloe, thou art won.



The Youth stept forth with hasty Pace,  
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;  
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her Face,  
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.  
 At last with broken Words she cry'd :  
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd ;  
 But I am lost to Day.

S O N G 449.

DEAR Catholick Brother, are you come from the  
 [Wars,  
 So lame of your Face, and your Foots full of Scars  
 To see your poor Shela, who with great Grief was fill'd,  
 For you my dear Joy, when I think you were kill'd,  
 With a Fa, la, la, &c.

O my Shoul, my dear Shela ! I'm glad you see me .  
 For if I were dead now, I could not see thee ;  
 The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,  
 I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.  
 But oh my dear Shela ! dost thou now love me,  
 So well as you did, ere I went to the Sea ?  
 By Crieft and St Patrick, my dear Joy, I do,  
 And we shall be marry'd to morrow just now.  
 I'll make a Cabin for thee to keep off the Cold,  
 And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold ;  
 To make three halves of it I think will be best,  
 Give two to my Shela, and the tird to the Priest.  
 Old Philemy my Father was Fourscore Years old,  
 And tho' he be dead, he'll be glad to be told,  
 That we two are married ; my Dear, spare no Cost,  
 But send him some Letter upon the last Post.

S O N G 450.

DEAR Aminda, in vain you so coyly refuse,  
 What Nature and Love do inspire ;  
 That formal old Way, which your Mother did use,  
 Can never confinè the Desire,  
 It rather adds Oil to the Fire.  
 When the tempting Delights of wooing are lost,  
 And Pleasure a Duty becomes ;  
 We both shall appear, like some dead Lover's Ghost,  
 To frighten each other from Home ;  
 And the genial Bed like a Tomb.

Now

Now low at your Feet your fond Lover will lie,  
 And seek a new Fate in your Eyes;  
 One amorous Smile will exalt him so high,  
 He can all but Aminda despise;  
 Then change to a Frown, and he dies.

To Love, and each other, we'll ever be true;  
 But to raise our Enjoyments by Art,  
 We'll often fall out, and as often renew;  
 For to wound, and cure the Smart,  
 Is the Pleasure which captives the Heart.

## S O N G 451.

DEAR charmer of my Pleasure,  
 I only wait your leisure,  
 To crown me with the Treasure  
 Of your tender Heart.  
 Now, dearest, kindly use me,  
 And don't with Frowns refuse me,  
 Lest you by Death shou'd lose me,  
 For fatal is your Dart.

## S O N G 452.

DEAR charming Beauty, you're my Pleasure,  
 'Tis you alone that I adore;  
 Grant me your Love, my only Treasure,  
 And all my Care will now be o'er.  
 Ah! do not fly me, my dear Jewel,  
 Lest you kill your faithful Slave:  
 You ne'er was known yet to be cruel,  
 To destroy what you can save.

Had I ne'er seen you, charming Phillis,  
 Such Torture I ne'er shou'd have known;  
 But thank my Stars, if that your Will is,  
 To smile, and ever be my own;  
 No greater Blessing I'll desire,  
 Than your matchless Charms, my Fair:  
 For you are all that I admire,  
 And all I love, and all I fear.

## S O N G 453.

DEAR Chloe attend  
 To th' Advice of a Friend,

And for once be admonish'd by me :

Before you engage

To wed with old Age,

Think how Summer and Winter agree,

Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,

For Want of a Root,

Is doom'd to a speedy Decay ;

Youth might ripen your Charms,

But old Age in young Arms,

Is like frosty Weather in May.

Believe me, dear Maid,

When the best Cards are play'd,

You seldom can meet with a Trump ;

And, to hold the Jest on,

When the Sucker is gone,

What the Plague would you do with a Pump ?

Let Men of Threescore

Think of Wedlock ; no more

They need not be fond of that Noose ;

The Cripple that begs,

Without any Legs,

Can have no great Occasion for Shoes

A Clock out of Repair

Doth but badly declare

The Hour of the Day or the Night ;

For unless, my dear Love,

The Pendulum move,

'Twould be strange if the Clock should go right.

# SONG 454.

DEAR Chloë, while thus beyond Measure

You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,

You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,

And hoard up an old Age of Pain :

Your Maxim, That Love is still founded

On Charms that will quickly decay,

You'll find to be very ill grounded,

When once you its Dictates obey.

The

The Passion from Beauty first drawn  
 Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve ;  
 Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,  
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love :  
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,  
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,  
 Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.  
 Old Darby, with Joan by his Side,  
 You've often regarded with Wonder :  
 He's dropsical, she is fore-cy'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder ;  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,  
 And at Night, when old Darby's Pipe's out,  
 His Joan will not smook a Whiff more.  
 No Beauty nor Wit they possess,  
 Their several Failings to smother ;  
 Then, what are the Charms, can you guess,  
 That make them so fond of each other ?  
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,  
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow ;  
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,  
 The best of our Blessings below.  
 Those Traces for ever will last,  
 Nor Sickness nor Time can remove ;  
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,  
 And Age brings the Winter of Love :  
 Friendship insensibly grows,  
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these ;  
 The Current of Fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.

## S O N G 455.

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty Face ?  
 Thy Cheek all on Fire, and thy Hair all uncurl'd :  
 'Tis thee quit this Caprice ; and (as old Falstaff says)  
 Let us e'en talk a little like Folks of this World.  
 How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy  
 The Beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?  
 Those

These Looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy :  
 More ord'nary Eyes may serve People for weeping.  
 To be vext at a Trifle or two that I writ,  
 Your Judgment at once, and my Passion you wrong :  
 You take that for Fact, which will scarce be found Wit :  
 Ods-life ! must one swear to the Truth of a Song ?  
 What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shews  
 The Diff'rence there is betwixt Nature and Art :  
 I court others in Verse ; but I love thee in Prose :  
 And they have my Whimsies ; but thou hast my Heart.  
 The God of us Verse-men (you know Child) the Sun,  
 How after his Journey, he sets up his Rest :  
 If at Morning o'er Earth 'tis his Fancy to run ;  
 At Night he reclines on his Thetis's Breast.  
 So when I am weary'd with wandring all Day,  
 To thee my Delight in the Evening I come :  
 No matter what Beauties I saw in my Way :  
 They are but my Visits ; but thou art my Home.  
 Then finish, 'dear Chloe, this Pastoral War ;  
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree :  
 For thou art a Girl as much brighter than her,  
 As he was a Poet sublimer than me.

## S O N G 456.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm Blushes,  
 Since how can I speak without Pain ?  
 My Eyes have oft told my Wishes,  
 Oh ! can't you their Meaning explain !  
 My Passion wou'd lose by Expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame ;  
 Then don't you expect a Confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.  
 Since yours is the Province of Speaking,  
 Why shou'd you expect it from me ?  
 Our Wishes shou'd be in our Keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be :  
 Then quickly why don't you discover ?  
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine,  
 I need not tell over and over  
 What I in my Bosom confine.

DEAR Dorinda, weep no more,  
 No more, my charming Creature, grieve;  
 My Wandrings I will now give o'er,  
 And in the peaceful Shades will live.  
 With thee, my Joy, will live and love,  
 Constant as Nature to its Course;  
 As constant as the Turtle-Dove,  
 Whose Love Death only can divorce.  
 Thy Sighs no more can Silvia hear,  
 Thy pretty Innocence has won  
 Me, all my Passion to declare,  
 Which can be due to you alone.  
 Joy of my Mind, then let us haste,  
 And join our Hands as Hearts are join'd,  
 No flying Moments let us waste,  
 In which we greater Joys may find.

DEAR Johnny's a Lad so gay,  
 He's all my Heart's Delight;  
 He's all my Charms by Day,  
 And all my Dreams by Night.  
 No Rival ever here,  
 Shall Johnny's Love molest:  
 It's he alone's my Care,  
 And dwells within my Breast.

When first that we did meet,  
 Cupid he play'd his Part:  
 Young Johnny's Kisses sweet  
 Soon stole into my Heart:  
 His blythe and bonny Parts,  
 His witty gilded Tongue  
 Wou'd ravish all the Hearts  
 Of Virgins fair and young.  
 Well, Johnny, since I find  
 That to me you are true,  
 For ever I'll be kind,  
 And constant unto you:



Then to the Kirk let's go;  
Where we'll be fairly wed:  
Our Joys will ever flow,  
In the lawful Marriage-Bed.

## S O N G 459.

DEAR Madam, when Ladies are willing,  
A Man needs must look like a Fool;  
For me, I would not give a Shilling,  
For one that can love out of Rule:  
At least you shou'd wait for our Offers,  
Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair;  
If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffers,  
Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.  
You should leave us to guess at your Wishing,  
And not speak the Matter-too plain;  
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,  
And yours to affect a Disdain:  
That you're in a terrible taking,  
By all your fond Oglings I see;  
The Fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

## S. O N G 460.

DEAR Molly, why so oft in Tears,  
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,  
For thy bold Son of Thunder?  
Have Patience till we've conquer'd France,  
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;  
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

Before Toulon thy Yoke-mate lies,  
Where all the live-long Night he sighs  
For thee in lousy Cabin:

And tho' the Captain's Chloe cries,  
'Tis I, dear Bully, prithee rise——  
He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,  
Says, 'tis the readiest Way to thrive,

By sharing Female Bounties:  
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,  
She vows he shall be dubb'd a Knight,  
When she is made a Countess.

Then

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipt,  
 Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stript,  
 Who late to Peers belonging,  
 Are nightly now compell'd to trudge  
 With Links, because they would not drudge,  
 To save their Ladies Longing.

But Vol, the Eunuch, cannot be,  
 A colder Cavalier than he,

In all such Love Adventures:

Then pray do you, dear Molly, take,  
 Some Christian Care, and do not break  
 Your conjugal Indentures.

Bellair! who does not Bellair know?

The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,

Gives out, he loves you dearly:

And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,

And soft Impertinence and Noise,

Full oft' has beat a Parley.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade

Shall come with am'rous Serenade,

Soon from the Window rate him:

But if Reproof will not prevail,

And he perchance attempt to scale,

Discharge the Jordan at him.

S O N G 461.

DEAR Pinckaninny,

If half a Guinea,

To Love will win ye,

I lay it here down;

We must be thrifty,

'Twill serve to shift ye,

And I know fifty

Will do't for a Crown.

Duns come so boldly,

King's Money so slowly,

That by all Things holy,

'Tis all I can say;

Yet I'm so rapt in

The Snare that I'm trapt in,

As I'm a true Captain,

Give more than my Pay.

Good

Good Captain Thunder,  
Go mind your Plunder;  
Ods—ns, I wonder,  
You dare be so bold;  
Thus to be making,

A Treaty so sneaking,  
Or dream too of taking  
My Fort with small Gold.

Other Town Misses  
May gape at ten Pieces,  
But who me possesses,  
Full Twenty shall pay;  
To all poor Rogues in Buff,  
Thus, thus I strut and huff,  
So Captain Kick and Cuff,  
March on your Way.

## S O N G 462.

DEAR pretty Maid, don't fly me so,  
But once more turn this Way,  
Don't fly me so, turn once more,  
Pretty Maid, turn this Way.  
In tender Amours we'll pass away Time,  
With innocent Sport and Joy,  
We'll sweetly love, and our Days  
Happily thus employ.

Remember, my Dearest,  
Beauty will soon decay;  
Think, oh my Dear, Time goes on,  
Beauty will soon decay.

## S O N G 463.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
And answer Kindness with a Slight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,  
For Women in a Man delight:  
But them despise who're soon defeat,  
And with a simple Face give way  
To a Repulse—then be not blate,  
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.

Whe

When Maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean ;  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue ;  
 But tent the Language of their Een :  
 If these agree, and she persist  
 To answer all your Love with Hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

## S O N G 464.

**D**Ejected as true Converts die,  
 But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd :  
 So Fairest, at your Feet I lie,  
 Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.  
 Too long, alas ! have I defy'd  
 The Force of Love's almighty Flame,  
 And often did aloud deride  
 His Godhead, as an empty Name.  
 But since so freely I confess  
 A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,  
 Allow me now to make it less,  
 By any just and fair Excuse.  
 I then did vulgar Joys pursue,  
 Variety was all my Bliss ;  
 But ignorant of Love and you,  
 How could I chuse but do amiss ?  
 I ever now my wand'ring Eyes  
 Search out Temptations as before ;  
 I once I look, but to despise  
 Their Charms, and value yours the more :  
 My sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,  
 Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me ;  
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,  
 May I lose All, in losing Thee.

## S O N G 465.

**Thyrsis.** **D**elia, how long must I despair,  
 And tax you with Disdain ;  
 Still to my tender Love severe,  
 Untouched when I complain ?

Delia

Delia. When Men of equal Merit love us,  
 And do with equal Ardor sue;  
 Thyrsis, you know but one must move us,  
 Can I be yours and Strephon's too?  
 My Eyes view both with mighty Pleasure,  
 Impartial to your high Desert;  
 To both alike Esteem I measure,  
 To one alone can give my Heart.

Thyr. Myſterious Guide of Inclination,  
 Tell me, Tyrant, why am I,  
 With equal Merit, equal Paſſion,  
 Thus the Victim choſe to die?  
 Why am I  
 The Victim choſe to die?

Del. On Fate alone depends Succeſs,  
 And Fancy Reaſon over-rules;  
 Or why ſhould Virtue ever miſs  
 Reward, ſo often given to Fools?  
 'Tis not the Valiant nor the Witty,  
 But who alone is born to pleaſe;  
 Love does predeſtinate our Pity,  
 We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

## S O N G 466.

DElia, if thou wilt not woe me,  
 Prithee ſpare one ſingle Kiſs,  
 In good Faith, 'tis a Wrong you do me,  
 To deny ſo ſmall a Blifs.  
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows,  
 Prithee knit no more thy Brows,  
 Frowns diſgrace a charming Face,  
 And but make us Paſtime loſe.  
 Put on a little dimpling Smile,  
 Pleaſing Looks the Heart beguile.

## S O N G 467.

DElia, when I e'er review  
 Dreams delightful more than true;  
 When my Fancy me beguil'd,  
 Then the lovely Delia ſmil'd,

On my Breast did willing lie,  
 Glances melting in her Eye;  
 Warm'd with gentle Fires within,  
 Love upon her Cheeks did shine;  
 Glowing, blushing like the Morn,  
 Now they fade, and now return:  
 How delighted then am I,  
 Let me love thus, and thus die.  
 Oh! if Love cou'd more allow,  
 Thus I'd wish thee willing now;  
 Thus to languish on my Breast,  
 Of immortal Love possess.

## S O N G 468.

DE'l take the Wars that hurried Billy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn;  
 They made him Captain sure to undo me,  
 Wo's me! he'll ne'er return.  
 A thousand Loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run:  
 Day and Night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from Sword and Gun.  
 I us'd alluring Graces,  
 With muckle kind Embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, Tears dropping fall;  
 And had he my soft Arms  
 Preferr'd to War's Alarms,  
 By Love grown mad, without the Man of God,  
 I fear in my Fit I had granted all.  
 I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;  
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men,  
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again;  
 For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,  
 Which with golden Flow'rs did shine;  
 My Love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scotch Lass was e'er so fine.

My Petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted,

D d

Lace-



Lace-shoes, and Silk-Hose, Garter full over Knee;  
 But oh! the fatal Thought,  
 To Billy these are nought;  
 Who rode to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,  
 When he, silly Loon, might have plunder'd me.

## S O N G 469.

D E E P melancholic Thoughts arise,  
 And gloomy Cares around me fly,  
 Which fill my Soul with dire Surmise,  
 And dreadful Pains, and Woes supply.  
 Were you to search o'er India's Coast,  
 And all their plenteous Vines survey,  
 You'd find they can't such Liquor boast,  
 As can my piercing Grief allay:  
 Or cou'd you drain the Sea, by Art,  
 Not all its wat'ry Stores can cool  
 Those Flames that rage within my Heart,  
 And burn and waste my inmost Soul.

## S O N G 470.

D E s p a i r i n g as I sat alone,  
 In a shady myrtle Grove,  
 When to each gentle Sigh and Moan,  
 Some neighb'ring Echo gave a Groan,  
 Came by the Man I love.  
 Oh! how I strove my Grief to hide;  
 I panted, blush'd, and almost dy'd,  
 And did the tatling Echo chide;  
 For fear some Breath, or moving Air,  
 Shou'd to his Ears my Sorrow bear.  
 And oh! ye Pow'rs! I die to gain  
 But one poor parting Kiss;  
 And yet I lie on Racks of Pain,  
 That e'er I shou'd a Wish retain,  
 Which Honour thinks amiss.  
 Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,  
 By Love and Nature both abus'd;  
 Our tender Hearts all is refus'd;  
 And when we burn with secret Flame,  
 Must bear our Grief, or die with Shame.

S O N G

**D**Espairing beside a clear Stream

A Shepherd forsaken was laid,

And whilst a false Nymph was his Thymus,

A Willow supported his Head :

The Wind that blew over the Plain

To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,

And the Brook, in return to his Pain,

Ran mournfully murmuring by,

Alas! silly Swain that I was,

Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,

When first I beheld that fair Face,

'Twere better by far I had dy'd :

She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue,

When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great :

I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,

Was Nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe,

She could doat on so lowly a Clown!

Or that her fond Heart would not grieve

To forsake the fine Folks of the Town:

To think that a Beauty so gay,

So kind and so constant would prove,

To go clad like our Maidens in grey,

And live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have Skill to complain,

Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd?

What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,

The Virgins sit weeping around?

Ah Collin! thy Hopes are in vain,

Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;

Thy Fair one inclines to a Swain,

Whose Music is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,

Who sorrow to see me betray'd,

Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear to accuse the false Maid:

If thro' the wide World I should range,

'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;

'Twas hers to be false, and to change,

'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

D d 2 If

If while my hard Fate I sustain,  
 In her Breast any Pity is found,  
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,  
 And see me laid low in the Ground :  
 The last humble Boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,  
 And when she looks down on my Grave,  
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.  
 Then to her new Love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden Array,  
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,  
 And frolick it all the long Day :  
 While Collin, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,  
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon  
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

## S O N G 472.

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,  
 As I ungrateful Nanny do ?  
 Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,  
 Or ever broken Heart so true ?  
 My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she  
 Has never wet a Cheek for me.  
 If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay ?  
 Or linger, when she bid me run ?  
 She only had the Word to say,  
 And all she wish'd was quickly done :  
 I always think of her, but she  
 Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.  
 To let her Cows my Clover taste,  
 Have I not rose by Break of Day ?  
 Did ever Nanny's Heifers fast,  
 If Robin in his Barn had Hay ?  
 Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,  
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.  
 If ever Nanny lost a Sheep,  
 Then chearfully I gave her two ;  
 And I her Lambs did safely keep  
 Within my Folds in Frost and Snow.  
 Have they not there from Cold been free ?  
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When

When Nanny to the Well did come,  
 'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;  
 Full as they were I brought them home;  
 Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill?  
 My Back did bear the Sack, but she  
 Will never bear the Sight of me.

To Nanny's Poultry Oats I gave,  
 I'm sure they always had the best:  
 Within this Week her Pigeons have  
 Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least;  
 Her little Pigeons kiss, but she  
 Will never take a Kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
 And Nanny still on Robin frown?  
 Alas! poor Wretch! what shall I do,  
 If Nanny does not love me soon?  
 If no Relief to me she'll bring,  
 I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

## S O N G 473.

DID our sighing Lovers know,  
 What a Pain we undergo,  
 Sweeter wou'd their Wooing prove,  
 Shorter were the Way to Love,  
 Unkind Commands when they obey,  
 We suffer more, much more, than they:  
 And to rebel were kinder still,  
 Than to obey against our Will.

## S O N G 474.

He. DID you not once, Lucinda, vow  
 You would love none but me?  
 She. Ay, but my Mother tells me now,  
 I must love Wealth, not thee.  
 He. Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Pow'r,  
 Tho' Fate to me's unkind.  
 She. Consider but how small thy Dow'r  
 Is, in respect of mine.  
 He. Is it because my Sheep are poor,  
 Or that my Flocks are few?  
 She. No, but I cannot love at all  
 So mean a Thing as you.

He. Ah me ! ah me ! mock you my Grief ?

She. I pity thy hard Fate.

He. Pity for Love's but poor Relief,  
I'll rather chuse your Hate.

She. Content thy self, Shepherd, awhile,  
I'll love thee by this Kiss ;  
Thou shalt have no more Cause to mourn,  
Than thou canst take in this.

He. Bear record then, ye Pow'rs above,  
And all those holy Bands ;  
For it appears, the truest Love  
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

## S O N G 475.

She. DID you not promise me when you lay by me,  
That you would marry me ; can you deny me ?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,  
Call up your Witnessses, else I defy thee.

She. Ah ! who would trust you Men, that swear and  
Born only to deceive ; how can you do so ? [vow so,

He. If we can swear and lie, you can dissemble,  
And then to hear the Lie, would make one tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,  
My tender Heart, alas ! was but too real ;

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,  
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where's my Transgression,  
You were the only He, e'er got Possession ?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, ere thou could'st go,  
Child ;

But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so, Child.

She. Tho' y' are so cruel you'll never believe me,  
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your Kid home to me, I will take Care on't,  
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

## S O N G 476.

D iogenes surly and proud,  
Who snarl'd at the Macedon Youth,  
Delighted in Wine that was good,  
Because in good Wine there is Truth :

But

But growing as poor as was Job,  
 And unable to purchase a Flask,  
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,  
 And liv'd by Scent of the Cask.

Heracitus ne'er wou'd deny  
 To tippie and cherish his Heart,  
 And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,  
 Because he had empty'd his Quart:  
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
 He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,  
 When 'twas only his Custom to drink  
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
 Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,  
 And would laugh like a Man that was mad,  
 When over a full flowing Bowl:  
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
 And thought that a Cup of the best  
 Made Reason the brighter to shine;  
 With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,  
 And made his Philosophy reel,  
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,  
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,  
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine;  
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,  
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine:  
 His Belly, some Authors agree,  
 Was big as a watering Trough;  
 He therefore leapt into the Sea,  
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old Plato, that learn'd Divine,  
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good Wine,  
 His Merits we ne'er should have known:

By



By Wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,  
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

## S O N G 477.

**D**istracted with Care  
 For Phillis the Fair;  
 Since nothing cou'd move her,  
 Poor Damon her Lover,  
 Resolves in Despair  
 No longer to languish,  
 Nor bear so much Anguish;  
 But, mad with his Love,  
 To a Precipice goes;  
 Where a Leap from above  
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,  
 Beholding how steep  
 The Sides did appear,  
 And the Bottom how deep;  
 His Torments projecting,  
 And sadly reflecting,  
 That a Lover forsaken  
 A new Love may get;  
 But a Neck when once broken,  
 Can never be set:

And, that he cou'd die  
 Whenever he wou'd;  
 But, that he cou'd live  
 But as long as he cou'd:  
 How grievous soever  
 The Torment might grow,  
 He scorn'd to endeavour  
 To finish it so.  
 But Bold, Unconcern'd  
 At Thoughts of the Pain,  
 He calmy return'd  
 To his Cottage again.

Divine Astrea hither flew,  
 To Cynthia's brighter Throne;  
 She left the Iron World below,  
 To bless the Silver Moon:  
 She left the Iron World below,  
 To bless the Silver Moon.  
 Tho' Phœbus, with his hotter Beams,  
 Does Gold in Earth create;  
 That leads those Wretches to Extreame  
 Of Av'rice, Lust, and Hate.

## S O N G 479.

Divine Cecilia, now grown old,  
 Must yield to one of fresher Mould;  
 Her Strains brought Angels down to hear,  
 And listen with a ravish'd Ear:  
 But here such Harmony of Shape,  
 Might tempt them to another Rape;  
 And make them leave their Heav'n behind,  
 To wed the Daughters of Mankind.  
 There needs no Angel from the Skies;  
 A real Goddess charms our Eyes:  
 As Venus to Æneas prov'd,  
 So look'd, so talk'd, so smil'd, so mov'd.  
 When Porcel's melting Notes she sings,  
 Applauding Cupids clap their Wings,  
 Mistake her for their Cyprian Dame,  
 Her Infant too for one of them.  
 She graceful leads the dancing Choir,  
 As smooth as Air, as quick as Fire;  
 Now rising like the bounding Roe,  
 Now sinks as Flakes of feather'd Snow.  
 In sacred Story may be read,  
 How Dancing cost St. John his Head;  
 We here expose a nobler Part,  
 For sure no Head is worth a Heart.

DO but view my charming Philly,  
What with her wou'd you compare?

Fairer than the Poet's Lily,  
Sweeter than the Morning Air.

Happy he who can be near thee,  
And sighs from his Soul for thee;  
And thrice happy if he hears thee,  
And more, if he hears like me.

And if a kinder Look be given,  
If she's tender as she's fair,  
Can the Gods, with all their Heaven,  
In their Bliss with him compare?

When I see the lovely Charmer,  
I do feel a subtle Flame,  
Which from Vein to Vein flies warmer,  
And does kindle all my Frame.

And, as the fierce Transport seizes  
On my Heart, and all my Mind,  
My Tongue is dumb, and my Speech is  
Quite lost, and no Voice I find.

I burn, I freeze, I am expiring;  
Pleasure in my Soul is spread;  
I sigh, I tremble, much desiring,  
And am unto Reason dead.

DO not ask me, charming Phillis,  
Why I lead you here alone  
By this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,  
And Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty  
Of those Flow'rs that crown the Spring;  
'Tis, to-----but I know my Duty,  
And I dare not name the Thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,  
Why should I thus fearful be?  
Ev'ry Moment gently flying,  
Smiles, and says, Make use of me.

What the Sun does to these Roses;  
While the Beams play gently in,  
I would-----but my Fear opposes,  
And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,  
Ask my Eyes, and ask your own;  
And if neither can reveal it,  
Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,  
Might I speak what I would do;  
I would, with my lovely Phillis,  
I would, I would,---ah! would not you?

S O N G 482.

Don't you teize me, let me go,  
Let me go, let me go;  
O! pray now, Dear now, let me go;  
So close you press, so warm you glow,  
What 'tis you mean I do not know,  
But fear you are resolv'd to---let me go, let me go,  
Resolv'd to force a Maid to marry.

Sweet, if you love me, let me go,  
Let me go, let me go,  
Sweet, if you love me, let me go:  
If longer thus you ogling stand,  
Hang on my Waist, and squeeze my Hand,  
I fear I shall consent to---let me go, let me go,  
I fear I shall consent to marry.

S O N G 483.

O Domestic Bird, whom wint'ry Blasts  
To seek for human Aid compel,  
To me for Warmth and Shelter fly,  
Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell.  
Supplies thy Hunger to relieve  
I'll daily at my Window lay,  
Assur'd that daily those Supplies,  
With grateful Song thou wilt repay.

Soon as the new returning Spring  
Shall call thee forth to Woods and Groves,  
I'll surely revisit then the Scene  
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But

But if another Winter's Frost  
 Shall bring me back my Guest again,  
 Again with Music come prepar'd,  
 Thy friendly Host to entertain.

The sacred Pow'r of Harmony,  
 In this its best Effects appears ;  
 That Friendship in its strictest Bond  
 It both engages and endears.  
 In Music's ravishing Delight,  
 You seat'd Flocks with Men agree ;  
 Of all the animated World  
 The only Harmonists are we.

## S O N G 484.

**D**orinda has such pow'rful Arts,  
 Such an attractive Air,  
 None can resist her conqu'ring Darts,  
 But gladly yield their captive Hearts  
 To so divine a Fair.

Thus the mysterious Loadstone's Pow'r  
 Each wand'ring Atom draws ;  
 From Pole to Pole they take their Course,  
 Confin'd by an intrinsic Force,  
 And circle in its Laws.

Magnetic Pow'rs her Charms attend ;  
 But then here lies the Riddle :  
 The Loadstone does its Force extend,  
 And strongest draws at either End,  
 Dorinda in the middle.

## S O N G 485.

**D**orinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,  
 Uniting, cast too fierce a Light,  
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
 Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight :  
 Love is a calmer gentle Joy,  
 Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace ;  
 Her Cupid is a Black-guard-boy.  
 That runs his link full in your Face.

S O N G

DOWN in the North Country,  
 As ancient Reports do tell,  
 There lies a famous Country Town,  
 Some call it Merry Wakefield:  
 And in this Country Town  
 A Farmer there did dwell,  
 Whose Daughter would to Market go,  
 Her Treasure for to sell.

As she was travelling along,  
 Over Hills and Mountains high,  
 It was her Chance to lose her Way,  
 Where a Shepherd she did espy.  
 O Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,  
 Many Days to you God send,  
 I am a Maid, and shall be undone,  
 Unless you stand my Friend.

Over Hills and Mountains high,  
 Ever since the Break of Day,  
 I have been travelling many a Mile,  
 And I cannot find my Way.  
 Come, sit thee down by me,  
 The Shepherd reply'd with a Smile,  
 And I'll show thee a nearer Way  
 Than this, by a full long Mile.

The Shepherd sat him down,  
 The fair Maid she drew nigh,  
 He pull'd out his Bagpipes wond'rous sweet,  
 And play'd melodiously.  
 He play'd her such a Tune,  
 That he made this fair Maid sing,  
 The Music of thy Bagpipes sweet,  
 Makes all my Nerves to ring.

Shepherd! O Shepherd! quoth she,  
 If the Time would but permit it,  
 Pray thee now play it me over again,  
 For fear I should forget it.  
 He play'd it over again,  
 As he had done before,  
 And gave this fair Maid much Delight,  
 It pleas'd her more and more.

E e

My



My dearest Swain, quoth she,  
 A thousands times adieu :  
 And if ever I chance to lose my Way,  
 To find it, I'll come to you.

## S O N G 487

**D**R A W, Cupid, draw,  
 And make fair Sylvia know  
 The mighty Pain  
 Her suff'ring Swain  
 Does for her undergo.  
 Convey his Dart  
 Into her Heart :  
 And when she's set on Fire  
 Do thou return  
 And let her burn  
 Like me in chaste Desire.  
 That, by Experience she  
 May learn to pity me,  
 Whene'er her Eyes  
 Do tyrannize  
 O'er my Captivity :  
 But when in Love  
 We jointly move,  
 And tenderly embrace,  
 Like Angels shine  
 And sweetly join  
 To one another's Face.

## S O N G 488

**D**RUNK I was last Night, that's pos,  
 My Wife began to scold ;  
 Say what I cou'd for my Heart's Blood,  
 Her Clack she would not hold.  
 Thus her Chat she did begin,  
 Is this your Time of coming in ?  
 The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone,  
 If thus you lead your Life.  
 My Dear, said I, I can't deny,  
 But what you say is true ;  
 I do intend my Life to mend,  
 Pray lend's the Pot to spew.

Eye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear  
 To rise thus ev'ry Night;  
 Tho' like a Beast you never care  
 What Consequence comes by't;  
 The Child and I may starve for you;  
 We neither can have half our Due;  
 With Grief I find, you're so unkind,  
 In Time you'll break my Heart:  
 At that I smil'd, and said, Dear Child,  
 I believe you're in the wrong;  
 But if't should be your Destiny,  
 I'll sing a merry Song.

## S O N G 489.

D Ulcibella, when'er I sue for a Kiss,  
 Refusing the Bliss, cries, no, no, no, no,  
 Leave me, Alexis, ah! what would you do?  
 When I tell her I'll go, still she cries no, no, no,  
 No, no, my Alexis, ah! tell me not so.  
 Tell me, Fair one, tell me why,  
 Why so coming, why so shy:  
 Why so kind, and why so coy:  
 Tell me, Fair one, tell me why  
 You'll neither let me fight nor fly.  
 Tell me, Fair one, tell me why  
 You'll neither let me live nor die.

## S O N G 490.

D Uley, no more mispend your Prime,  
 But wisely use the present Time,  
 Nor trust a future Day;  
 In vain you think that lovely Face,  
 Adorn'd with every blooming Grace,  
 Will not in Time decay.  
 Observe the Lilies in the Field,  
 That pleasant Scents and Prospects yield,  
 How short their Beauty lasts;  
 How soon their blooming Whiteness fades,  
 How soon they mourn with drooping Heads,  
 In Winter's chilly Blasts.  
 Then to some Youth thy Charms resign,  
 Ah! may the happy Fate be mine)

And kindly crown his Joys ;  
 If in your Bloom you yield to Love;  
 The Swain will ever constant prove,  
 When Age that Bloom destroys.

## S O N G 491.

**D**ULL Business, hence, avoid this sacred Round :  
 To Mirth and mighty Love let ev'ry Bowl be crown'd  
 The sparkling Nectar see, it fans the Lover's Fire,  
 And emulates those Smiles its sprightly Draughts inspire  
 The gen'rous Juice who scorns, and wears a fullen Brow  
 Still let his Mistress frown, and he no Pleasure know,  
 To Chloe's Name let's consecrate the Glas ;  
 Chloe shall make each Round with livelier Transport pass  
 What tho' the Brain should rock, and swimming Eyes  
 should roll ;

Love, mighty Love, does more ; intoxicates the Soul  
 Then, like true Sons of Joy, let's laugh at the Precise  
 When Wisdom grows austere, 'tis Folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live ; thus Time is nobly lost :  
 To drink, and love, is all dull Man from Life can boast  
 Thou Fiend Reflection, hence ! Mirth shall not be allay'd  
 Tho' less'ning Tapers waste, and the pale Stars show  
 No matter when the Moon, or brighter Phœbus rise ; [fade  
 The Morn's in Chloe's Cheek, and Phœbus in her Eyes

## S O N G 492.

**D**umbarton's Drums beat bonny---O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny---O ;  
 How happy am I,

When my Soldier is by,

While he kisses and blesses his Annie---O !

'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me---O,  
 For his graceful Looks do invite me---O ;

While guarded in his Arms,

I'll fear no War's Alarms,

Neither Danger nor Death shall fright me---O.

My Love is a handsome Laddie---O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy---O ;

Tho' Commissions they are dear,

Yet I'll buy him one this Year,

For he shall serve no longer a Cadie---O.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery---O,  
Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery---O:

He minds no other Thing

But the Ladies or the King;

For every other Care is but Slavery---O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady---O,

Farewell all my Friends and my Daddy---O;

I'll wait no more at home,

But I'll follow with the Drum,

And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready---O.

Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny---O,

They are sprightly like my dear Johnny---O;

How happy shall I be,

When on my Soldier's Knee,

And he kisses and blesses his Annie---O!

S O N G 493.

Duty and Part of Reason,

Plead strong on the Parents Side,

Which Love superior calls Treason:

The strongest must be obey'd;

For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,

My Constancy Falshood repels;

For Change in my Heart is no Entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excels.

S O N G 494.

EACH Glance from Margaretta's Eyes

Can Life or Death dispense,

Whene'er she frowns her Lover dies,

Her Smiles recal departing Sense.

If barely to behold can move

To such a vast Degree,

O let my Raptures still improve,

To taste as well as see.

S O N G 495.

ECCHO her ravish'd Ear inclines

To thy transporting Song;

For thee, and for thy charming Lines,

She wishes to be young:

Narcissus shou'd not be her Choice,

She'd leave his Beauty for thy Voice.

Of all the Muses she has known,  
 She votes to them the Bayes,  
 Whose Pipe is sweeter than her own,  
 When she the Sighs conveys  
 Of ev'n tuneful Waller's Heart,  
 And thrills 'em out with all her Art :  
 Inrag'd, she snatches from my Tongue  
 The half-repeated sound,  
 And greedily does it prolong  
 To all the Valleys round ;  
 Grown fonder now of Tunstall's name,  
 Than any other Son of Fame.  
 Ah ! if a Shadow jealous grows,  
 And envies me thy Praise,  
 What Feuds amongst my fairer Foes  
 Will humble Clio raise ?  
 They'll wonder where this Clio shines,  
 Made so immortal by thy Lines.  
 Surpris'd to find the Sun-burnt Maid,  
 Thy Praises renders vain,  
 Stretch'd underneath a lonely Shade,  
 So unpolite and plain ;  
 They'll see thy fine Ideas rise  
 From thy own Wit, not Clio's Eyes.  
 What sprightly Fancy does appear  
 In every beauteous Thought,  
 The Lover and the Poet here  
 So gracefully are brought ;  
 How dull is she that does not chuse  
 A Lover, with so soft a Muse.  
 'Tis by satyrick Poets told,  
 The mercenary Heart,  
 Unless they dip the Point in Gold,  
 Repels the baffled Dart ;  
 But he, who will succeed with mine,  
 Must woo with Verse, instead of Coin.  
 Had Phœbus charm'd his flying Fair,  
 Oh, Tunstall ! with thy Art,  
 Her Soul had soften'd at his Prayer,  
 If made like Clio's Heart ;

Were I transform'd into a Tree,  
My lift'ning Boughs wou'd dance to thee.

If Ovid thus had tun'd his Lyre,  
His Cæsar had been kind;

Thine will a gentler Fate inspire,  
If Cæsar's of my Mind.

If Ovid cou'd have sung like thee,  
A Song had bought his Liberty.

Repos'd upon the Muses Breast  
The happy Tunstall lies:

Thus Philomela builds her Nest  
Remote from vulgar Eyes,

Till she reveals, by her sweet Voice,  
The fav'rite Bough she makes her choice.

Beyond the reach of Power, or Chance,  
Thy Numbers will survive;

Thy Chains, thence, Merit will advance,  
And keep thy Fame alive:

At worst, but half of thee can fall;  
Thy Verse can never die at all.

Ah, Tunstall! if the Heavenly Choir  
Does thy Assistance want,

To raise th' angelick Chorus higher,  
And thou art made a Saint,

Thy Wit a Legacy bestow,  
That I may sing thy Name below.

Thy noble Gift shall be repay'd,  
With Interest, at thy Tomb;

My flowing Tears and Verse I'll shed,  
To keep thy Bayes in Bloom;

Thy Muse a Loadstone then may be,  
And raise my flagging Soul to thee.

# S O N G 496.

E'ER the Use of Words I knew,  
By my Eyes to speak I strove;

And ever fix'd on you,  
They so early said, I love.

From Nurse and Mother fled;  
And to dear Vinella ran;

The House held us, and one Bed;  
Till you cry, you're now a Man.



Is to be a Man, a Crime ?

You'd be of another Mind,

If you weigh'd the worth of Time,

And how long you've to be kind.

Once you wish'd the Years wou'd fly,

And bring on the Teens apace :

I too wish'd, but knew not why,

Till I learnt it in your Face.

That you lov'd me you confess'd,

When we us'd to kiss and toy :

If you will not grant the rest,

Oh that I were still a Boy !

S O N G 497.

**E**Nchanted by your Voice and Face,

In pleasing Dreams I fainting lie :

I bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed apace,

And oh ! I languish ! oh ! I die !

Sing, fair Nymph, and let your Eyes

Upon your prostrate Slave be shed ?

An Angel's Face, an Angel's Voice,

Whene'er they please can raise the Dead.

S O N G 498.

**E**Nough, enough, my Soul, of worldly Noise,

Of airy Poms, and fleeting Joys ;

What does this busy World provide at best,

But brittle Goods that break like Glass ;

But poison'd Sweets, a troubl'd Feast,

And Pleasures like the Winds, that in a Moment pass ?

Thy Thoughts to nobler Meditations give,

And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is Beauty ! Ah ! how vain,

And how short-liv'd those Glories are,

That vex our Nights and Days with Pain,

And break our Hearts with Care !

In Dust we no Distinction see,

Such Helen is, such, Mira, thou must be.

How short is Life ! Why will vain Courtiers toil,

And croud a vainer Monarch, for a Smile ?

What is that Monarch, but a mortal Man,

His Crown a Pageant, and his Life a Span ?

With all his Guards and his Dominions, he  
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we.  
 Those boasted Names of Conquerors and Kings  
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten Things :  
 One destin'd Period Men in common have,  
 The Great, the Base, the Coward, and the Brave,  
 All Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.  
 The Prince and Parasite together lie,  
 No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high.

## S O N G 499.

**E**Very Man take a Glass in his Hand,  
 And drink a good Health to our King ;  
 Many Years may he rule o'er this Land ;  
 May his Laurels for ever fresh spring :  
 Let Wrangling and Jangling straightway cease,  
 Let ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace ;  
 Neither Tory, nor Whig,  
 With their Parties look big :  
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical Name,  
 That proves a Man loyal and just ;  
 Let him fight for his Country's Fame,  
 Be impartial at home, if in trust ;  
 'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,  
 His Health we'll drink in a brimful Bowl :  
 Then let's leave off Debate,

No Confusion create ;  
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.

When a Company's honestly met,  
 With Intent to be merry and gay,  
 Their drooping Spirits to whet,

And drown the Fatigues of the Day ;  
 What Madness is it thus to dispute,  
 When neither Side can his Man confute ?

When you've said what you dare,  
 You're but just where you were.

Here's a Health to all honest Men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,  
 And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name ;

Let your Enemies trembling see,  
 That an Englishman's always the same ;

For

For our King, our Church, our Law, and Right,  
 Let's lay by all Feuds, and straight unite,  
 Then who need care a Fig,  
 Who's Tory or Whig:  
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.

## S O N G 500.

**E**Uropa fair,  
 Love's chiefest Care,  
 Gaily smiling, hither turn your Eyes

To court your Love;  
 See mighty Jove,  
 Thus descending from the lofty Skies.

Shew no Disdain,  
 To give me Pain,  
 But yield to Joy  
 That ne'er will cloy,

And wisely of my fond Passion approve,  
 And cool the scorching Thunder-bolt of Love.

Thus, earthly Fair,  
 When Mortals dare  
 Provoke my Rage,  
 You may assuage:

When in your Arms I'm closely curl'd,  
 Kissing, pressing, you will save the World.

## S O N G 501.

**E**Xcuse me, Celia, if I dare  
 Your Conduct disapprove,  
 The Gods have made you wond'rous fair,  
 Not to disdain, but love.

Those nice, pernicious Forms despise,  
 That cheat you of your Blis,  
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,  
 While Youth and Beauty is.

Whene'er those Charms shall once decay,  
 And Lovers disappear,  
 Despair and Envy will repay  
 Your being now severe.

S O N G

## S O N G 503.

**F**AIN wou'd you ease my troubled Heart,

And by Examples prove,

That Men unhurt may feel the Dart,

And bear the Pain of Love.

Why should not I then undergo

The gen'ral Doom of all ?

'Tis granted, most survive the Blow,

Yet many by it fall.

Your Counsels may my Thanks engage,

But not my Love controul ;

Alas ! such Juleps ne'er assuage

This Fever of the Soul.

Such to the burning Patient give,

When Fate approaches nigh,

Tell him that Thousands thro' it live,

While he must by it die.

## S O N G 503.

**F**AIR Amoret is gone astray,

Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry Lover ;

I'll tell the Signs by which you may

The wandering Shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,

Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;

Careless she is with artful Care,

Affecting to seem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,

Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;

For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,

Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates

For that which in herself she prizes ;

And while she laughs at them, forgets

She is the Thing that she despises.

## S O N G 504.

**F**AIR, and soft, and gay, and young,

All Charms, she play'd, she danc'd, she sung ;

There was no way to 'scape the Dart,

No Care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.

Ab

Ah why, cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,  
 Adoring, yet despairing e'er  
 To have her to myself alone ;  
 Was so much Sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her Ear  
 I in soft Numbers told my Care ;  
 She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,  
 And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.  
 Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,  
 My Joys could be but known by Guess ;  
 Ah Fool, said I, what have I done,  
 To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,  
 Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew :  
 E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,  
 She sunk into another's Arms.  
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,  
 Will favour him no more than me ;  
 He too will find himself undone,  
 And that she was not made for one.

## S O N G 305.

**F**AIR Celia Love pretended,  
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r,  
 When Damon long attended  
 Beyond the promis'd Hour :  
 At length impatient growing  
 Of anxious Expectation,  
 His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,  
 He vented thus his Passion.  
 To all the Sex, deceitful,  
 A long and last Adieu,  
 Since Women prove ungrateful  
 As oft as Men prove true.  
 The Pains they cause are many,  
 And long and hard to bear,  
 The Joys they give (if any)  
 Few, short, and unsincere.  
 But Celia now repenting  
 Her Breach of Assignment,  
 Arriv'd with Eyes consenting,  
 And sparkling Inclination ;

Like

Like Cytherea smiling,  
 She blush'd and laid his Passion:  
 The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,  
 And sung this Recantation.  
 How engaging, how endearing,  
 Is a Lover's Pains and Care!  
 And what Joys the Nymph's appearing,  
 After Absence or Despair!  
 Women wise increase Desiring,  
 By contriving kind Delays;  
 And advancing, or retiring,  
 All they mean is more to please.

## S O N G 506.

FAIR Celia she is nice and coy,  
 While she holds the lucky lure;  
 Her Repartees are pish and fie,  
 And you in vain pursue her.  
 Stay but 'till her Hand be out,  
 And she become your Debtor;  
 Address her then, and without doubt,  
 You'll speed a great deal better.

'Tis the only way,  
 When she has lost at Play,  
 To purchase the courted Favour;  
 Forgive the Score,  
 And offer her more,  
 I'll lay my Life you have her.

## S O N G 507.

FAIR Celia's Eyes give Love to all,  
 The Nymph a Goddess reigns!  
 All that durst look, her Victims fall,  
 Yet she unmov'd remains.  
 While happy Strephon in her Arms  
 Secure, but envy'd, lies:  
 To him she opens all her Charms,  
 To him unlocks, unlocks,  
 Unlocks to him, unlocks her Joys.  
 So the pleas'd Moon on Latmos lay  
 With her Endymion;  
 Her Light to all she gave away,  
 Her Love to him alone.



1st. Voice. FAIR Charina! wond'rous fair!  
What can with thy Eyes compare?

2d. Voice. Fair Charina! wond'rous fair!  
What can with thy Lips compare!

Both. Every softer Love is there.

1. Beauty's Queen, thy Eyes inspiring,  
Ever makes them Charm the Sight.

2. Beauty's Queen, thy Lips admiring,  
Ever views them with Delight.

'Twas near a fragrant myrtle Grove,  
By which the list'ning Thames slow'd slow along,  
Two young contending Gods of Love.

Disputed thus in Song;  
'Till much provok'd, and redning with Disdain,  
Each strove by turns in rival Strain  
The Palm of Beauty thus to gain.

1. Hide thy Beams, thou God of Light,  
Or take to other Lands thy flight.  
See two brighter Suns arising;  
See Charina's Eyes surprizing.  
While they shine 'tis never Night.

2. Return, O God of Light, by thee, [Groves,  
A thousand Colours paint the Clouds and  
Yet none so fair in Heaven or Earth we see  
As on Charina's Lips the purple Loves.

Lovely Lips! that bath'd in Bliss  
Softly do each other Kiss,  
And such glowing Sweets disclose!  
Aurora doubly blushes now,  
When you appear, from e'ery Bough  
Vanquish'd falls the drooping Rose.

Such jarring Praise the rival Gods had given,  
'Till more enrag'd each drew a Dart,  
Prepar'd to fight; when Venus swift from Heaven  
Came down, the little Duellers to part.

Thus be it then, she says, agreed,  
No more two Features to compare  
Of the same unequal'd Fair,  
But own that both all others do exceed.

1. Amorous Youths, prepare to die  
By this Charmer's Lips and Eye.  
2. Amorous Youths the Danger fly  
In this Charmer's Lips and Eye.  
1. From her Eyes I'll shoot my Darts.  
2. With her Lips I'll steal your Hearts.  
Both. And in pleasing Ambush lie.

## S O N G 509.

FAIR Chloe my Breast so alarms,  
From her Power no Refuge I find,  
If another I take to my Arms,  
Yet my Chloe is then in my Mind.  
Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want,  
Which none but my Chloe, my Chloe can grant.  
Let Chloe but smile I grow gay,  
And I feel my Heart spring with Delight:  
On Chloe I could gaze all the Day,  
And Chloe I wish for all Night.  
Oh! did Chloe but know how I love,  
And the Pleasure of loving again,  
My Passion her Favour would move,  
And in Prudence she'd pity my Pain:  
Good Nature and Int'rest should both make her kind,  
For the Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find

## S O N G 510.

FAIR Iris and her Swain  
Were in a shady Bower,  
Where Thyr sis long, in vain,  
Had sought the happy Hour!  
At length his Hand advancing  
Upon her snowy Breast,  
He said, O kiss me longer,  
If you will make me blest.  
Iris. An easy yielding Maid  
By trusting is undone;  
Our Sex is oft betray'd  
By granting Love too soon:  
If you desire to gain me,  
Your Sufferings to redress,  
Prepare to love me longer yet, and longer,  
Before you shall possess.

F f 2

Thyr sis.

Thryfis. The little Care you show  
 Of all my Sorrows past,  
 Makes Death appear too slow,  
 And Life too long to last ;  
 Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,  
 In Pity of my Fate,  
 And kindly still, and kindly still,  
 Before it be too late,

Iris. You fondly court your Bliss,  
 And no Advantage make ;  
 'Tis not for Maids to give,  
 But 'tis for Men to take ;  
 So you may kiss me kindly,  
 And kindly still, and kindly,  
 But do not kiss and tell,  
 No never kiss and tell.

Th. And may I kiss you kindly ?

Ir. Yes, you may kiss me kindly.

Th. And kindly still, and kindly ?

Ir. And kindly still, and kindly.

Th. And will you not rebel ?

Ir. And I will not rebel :

But do not kiss and tell,

But do not kiss and tell.

Th. No, no, I'll never kiss and tell.

No, no, I'll never kiss and tell.

Both. Thus at the Height we love and live,

And fear not to be poor :

We give and we give, we give and we give,

'Till we can give no more :

But what To-day will take away

To Morrow will restore.

But what, &c.

# S O N G 511.

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly die,  
 But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye ;  
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
 For I am as false and as fickle as she ;  
 We neither believe, what either can say,  
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and say Things of Course,  
 We mean not the taking for better for worse;  
 When present we love, when absent agree,  
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;  
 The Legend of Love no Couple can find  
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

## S O N G 512.

FAIR Ismæna's blooming Beauty,  
 Triumphs o'er my beating Breast;  
 Love contending there with Duty,  
 How, alas! am I distrest!

Reason now my Soul assailing,  
 Checks Love's Fires with Heaps of Snow,  
 But Ismæna's Charms prevailing,  
 I again with Passion glow.

Beauty thus my Breast possessing,  
 Whither, whither shall I fly?  
 Absence but my Flame encreasing,  
 I with double Anguish die.

Now, thro' distant Climates ranging,  
 Peace, alas! I no where find;  
 Place, tho' still the Body's changing,  
 Whoe'er left his Heart behind?

## S O N G 513.

FAIR ones, while your Beauty's blooming,  
 Use your Time, lest Age resumming  
 What your Youth profusely lends,  
 You're depriv'd of all your Glories,  
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories  
 To your unbelieving Friends.

## S O N G 514.

FAIR Maidens, O! beware  
 Of using Men too well!  
 Their Pride is all their Care,  
 They only kiss to tell.  
 How hard the Virgin's Fate!  
 While ev'ry Way undone;  
 The Coy grow out of Date,  
 They're ruin'd, if they're won.

## S O N G 515.

FAIR Margaret in woful wife  
 Six Hearts has bound in thrall;  
 As yet she undetermin'd lies,  
 Which she her Spouse shall call.  
 Wretched, and only wretched, he,  
 To whom that Fate shall fall;  
 For, if her Heart aight I see,  
 She intends to please 'em all.

## S O N G 516.

FAIR Nymph, remember all your Scorn  
 Will be by Time repaid;  
 Those Glories which that Face adorn,  
 And flourish as the rising Morn,  
 Must one Day set and fade:  
 Then all your cold Disdain for me  
 Will but increase Deformity,  
 When still the Kind will lovely be.  
 Compassion is of lasting Praise,  
 For that's the Beauty ne'er decays.  
 Fair Nymph, avoid those Storms of Fate  
 Are to the Cruel due;  
 The Powers above, tho' ne'er so late,  
 Can be, when they revenge your hate,  
 As pitiless as you.  
 Know, charming Maid, the Powers Divine  
 Did never such soft Eyes design  
 To wound a Heart so true as mine:  
 That God who my dear Flame infus'd  
 Will never see it thus abus'd.

## S O N G 517.

FAIR Phœbe, withdraw thy bright Rays,  
 And hide thee behind some dark Gloom:  
 Thy Beam my Confusion betrays,  
 Which Darkness had better become.  
 See how the chaste Prospects inflame,  
 How glows ev'ry conscious Bush!  
 Each Object seems touch'd with my Shame,  
 The Landscape appears in a Blush.

Kind

Kind Echo, thy Accent restrain,  
 And silently hear all my Woes;  
 Thy Babbling offends my false Swain,  
 And upbraids him with Breach of his Vows.  
 Tho' the Language that flow'd from his Tongue  
 Was as false as the Wind or the Sea,  
 Oh! let him not think on the Wrong,  
 Lest he become wretched like me.  
 Ye Roses, that blush on my Cheek,  
 Why did you not wither away?  
 Was its kind thus my Ruin to seek;  
 And adorn while you mean to betray?  
 Ye Traitors, no longer appear,  
 In your Place let Deformity grow;  
 I'll wash off your Bloom with my Tear,  
 Till Death puts an End to my Woe.  
 On the Ground all alone in the Grove,  
 By the Side of a murmuring Stream,  
 Thus Daphne lamented her Love,  
 And Damon the False was her Theme;  
 Her Cheeks a wan Colour o'erspread,  
 Her Eye-lids were clos'd with a Gloom,  
 Adieu, my false Shepherd, she said,  
 And breath'd out her Life in a Groan.

## S O N G 518.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman,  
 With Tears she sent him out to roam;  
 Young Thomas lov'd no other Woman,  
 But left his Heart with her at Home.  
 She view'd the Sea from off the Hill,  
 And while she turn'd the Spinning Wheel,  
 Sung of her bonny Seaman.  
 The Winds grow loud, and she grew paler,  
 To see the Weather-cock turn round;  
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor  
 Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:  
 With nimble Haste he leap'd the Stile,  
 And Sally met him with a Smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.



Fast round the Waist he took his Sally,  
 But first around his Mouth wip'd he;  
 Like home-bred Spark, he could not dally,  
 But kiss'd and press'd her with a Glee;  
 Thro' Winds, and Waves, and dashing Rair,  
 Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,  
 And brings a Heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,  
 Tho' out of Sight, ne'er out of Mind;  
 Our Hearts tho' Seas have parted from us,  
 Yet they my Thoughts did leave behind.  
 So much my Thoughts took Tommy's Part,  
 That Time nor Absence from my Heart  
 Cou'd drive my constant Thomas.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely Sally,  
 I still have kept for thy dear Sake:  
 A thousand times, in am'rous Folly,  
 Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck.  
 Again this happy Pledge returns,  
 To tell how truly Thomas burns,  
 How truly burns for Sally.

This Thimble didst thou give to Sally,  
 Whilst this I see, I think of you;  
 Then why does Tom stand, shall I, shall I,  
 While yonder Steeple's in our View?  
 Tom, never to Occasion blind,  
 Now took her in the coming Mind,  
 And wept to Church with Sally.

## S O N G 519.

FAIR Silena, Queen of Love,  
 Deign to hear the captiv'd Swain;  
 All he acts or says approve,  
 Strive to mitigate his Pain:  
 In soft Transports meet the Boy;  
 Mutually dissolve in Joy.  
 Sweetest Slumbers will compose,  
 Love shall animate the Whole;  
 Each blest Minute that we lose,  
 Only robs our softer Soul;  
 Fondly then let us embrace,  
 Each possessing and possess'd.

Hymen's

Hymen's Joys shall then unite,  
 All the Graces too shall join ;  
 Melting Raptures crown the Night,  
 Make the Pleasure all divine :  
 Tranquil Extasies confess,  
 All is Transport, all is Bliss.

## S O N G 580.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize  
 Reserv'd for your victorious Eyes :  
 From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,  
 O pity, and distinguish me ;  
 As I from thousand Beauties more  
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.  
 Your Fate for Conquest was design'd,  
 Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind ;  
 Angels, when you your Silence break,  
 Forget their Hymns, to hear you speak ;  
 But when at once they hear and view,  
 Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.  
 No Graces can your Form improve,  
 But all are lost unless you love ;  
 While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
 Your Voice and Beauty are in vain.  
 In pity then prevent my Fate,  
 For after dying all Reprieve's too late.

## S O N G 521.

FAIR Venus, they say,  
 On a rainy bleak Day,  
 Thus sent her Child Cupid a packing ;  
 Get thee gone from my Door,  
 Like a Son of a Whore,  
 And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.  
 To tell the plain Truth,  
 Our little blind Youth  
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir ;  
 Till all Dangers past,  
 By good Fortune at last  
 He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.  
 Then strait to himself  
 Cries this tiny fly Blf,  
 Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,

A Trade I'll commence  
That shall bring in the Penee,  
And strait he set up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-house and Kirk,  
Where he sily did lurk,  
He stole Hearts both from young and old People,  
'Till at last, says my Song,  
He had like to have swung  
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow  
He a Soldier must go,  
And strait he shot Folks without Warning;  
He thought it no Sin,  
When his Hand once was in,  
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made  
Little Gain by his Trade,  
What does our sly graceless Blinker ?  
But strait chang'd his Note,  
As well as his Coat,  
And he needs must pass for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend ?  
Come, I'll be your Friend,  
Or else I expect not a Farthing:  
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,  
I'll soon make 'em whole ;  
And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain ?

But, Maids, have a Care,  
Of this Tinker beware,  
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't,  
Where he stops up one Hole,  
'Tis true, by my Soul,  
He'll at least leave a Score in the Place on't.

## S O N G 522.

Jockey: F Airst Jenny, thou mun love me,  
Jenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do.  
Jockey. Gin thou saist thou dost approve me,  
Dearest, thou mun kifs me too.

Jenny.

Jenny. Tawk a Kiss or twa, good Jockey;  
 But I dare give nene, I trow:  
 Fie, nay, pish; be not unlucky;  
 Wed me first, and aw will do.

Jockey. For aw Fife, and Lands about it,  
 Ise not yield thus to be bound,

Jenny. Nor I lig by thee without it,  
 For twa hundted thousand Pound.

Jockey. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee.

Jenny. Better die than be undone.

Jockey. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ise tawk thee:  
 'Tis too cold to lig alone.

## S O N G 523.

Airest Isle, all Isles excelling,  
 Seat of Pleasures and of Love,  
 Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,  
 And forsake her Cyprian Grove.

Rapid, from his fav'rite Nation,

Care and Envy will remove,

Jealousy, that poisons Passion,

And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,

Sighs that blow the Fire of Love,

Soft Repulses, kind Distaining,

Shall be all the Pains you prove;

Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,

Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;

As these excel in Beauty,

Those shall be renown'd for Love.

## S O N G 524.

Airest Pride of Virgin Bloom,

Pretty, lovely, wanton Creature;

Object of our Vows; to whom

Nature gives each finish'd Feature:

Turn, my Fair one, to be wise;

Your Allurements want Direction:

Hide the Glances of your Eyes;

And, by Conduct, shew Perfection.

Beauty,

Beauty, when its loose Desires  
Break the Fence of Reputation,  
Heedlessly exposed, inspires  
Not our Love, but our Compassion.

## S O N G 525.

Fairest Work of happy Nature,  
Sweet without dissembling Art;  
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,  
Cruel only in a Heart:  
View the Beauties of the Morning,  
Where no sullen Clouds appear;  
Graces there are less adorning,  
Than below, where Cælia's there.  
Ev'ry tuneful Breast confesses,  
Sounds by you improve their Power;  
Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses  
Humbly tells us his Amour:  
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,  
Faithful Strephon ne'er denies;  
Such a Treasure in possessing,  
All the Bills of Love supplies.  
Yet I see by ev'ry Trial,  
Feeble Hopes my Flames pursue;  
Ever finding a Denial,  
Where my softest Love was true:  
But my Heart knows no retreating,  
No Decay can ease my Pain;  
Love allows of no defeating,  
Tho' the Prize is sought in vain:  
For if e'er my Cælia's Treasure  
Must her Virgin Sweets resign,  
Love shall flow with equal Measure,  
And I'll boldly call her mine;  
'Till her panting, wedding Lover,  
Grown uneasy by my Claim,  
Leaves me freely to discover  
Golden Coasts without a Name.

## S O N G 526.

FALSE and mean's the Accusation,  
 With which Men the Fair asperse;  
 Fools, they say's, their darling Passion,  
 Women are to Sense averse.

Love, adorn'd in all his Glory,  
 Coy Antiope cou'd never move;  
 A Satyr's Shape, in the same Story,  
 Made the God successful prove.

But it was as Towns are conquer'd,  
 That too much their Foe despise;  
 Secure, in Scorn, they sleep-unguarded,  
 So are taken by Surprise.

## S O N G 527.

FALSE tho' she be to me and Love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue Revenge;  
 For still the Charmer I approve,  
 Tho' I deplore her Change.

In Hours of Bliss we oft have met,  
 They cou'd not always last;  
 And tho' the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.

## S O N G 528.

FALSE's an Echo, prattling double,  
 An empty, airy, glittering Bubble;  
 A Breath can swell, a Breath can sink it,  
 The Wise not worth their Keeping think it.

Why then, why such Toil and Pain,  
 For some's uncertain Smiles to gain?  
 Like her Sister, Fortune, blind,  
 To the best she's oft unkind,  
 And the worst her Favour find.

## S O N G 529.

FALSE of Dorinda's Conquests brought  
 The God of Love her Charms to view;  
 He wound th'unwary Maid he thought,  
 But soon became her Conquest too.  
 He dropt, half-drawn, his feeble Bow,  
 He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;  
 And wish'd in vain he had been now,  
 As Painters falsely draw him, blind.



Disarm'd, he to his Mother flies;  
 Help, Venus, help thy wretched Son!  
 Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?  
 For Love himself's, alas! undone.

To Cupid now no Lover's Pray'r  
 Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs;  
 My Darts are gone, but Oh! beware,  
 Fond Mortals, of Dorinda's Eyes.

## S O N G 530.

F Ancella's Heart is still the same,  
 Hard and cold as Winter's Morning;  
 Tho' my Love is ever burning,  
 Yet no Frowns or Smiles can ever  
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,  
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.  
 So long I talk and think of Love,  
 All the Groves and Streams can name her;  
 All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her,  
 If she keeps her cruel Fashion,  
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion.  
 Of all the Charms that Lovers have,  
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,  
 All the Looks with which I languish  
 Move not her to any Feeling;  
 Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

## S O N G 531.

F AR from thee be anxious Care,  
 And racking Thoughts that vex the Great;  
 Empire's but a gilded Snare,  
 And fickle is the Warrior's Fate.  
 One only Joy Mankind can know:  
 And Love alone can that bestow.

## S O N G 532.

F Arewel, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty Maggy,  
 And a' the rosy Lassies milking on the Down;  
 Adieu the flow'ry Meadows aft sae dear to Jockey,  
 The Sports and merry Glee of Edinborow Town:  
 Since French and Spanish Louns stand at Bay,  
 And valiaht Lads of Britain hold 'em play,  
 My Reap-hook I mun throw quite away,

And

And fight too like a Man,  
Among 'em, for our Royal Queen Anne.

Each Carle of Irish Mettle battles like a Dragon ;  
The Germans waddle, and straddle to the Drum ;  
The Italian and the Butter-bowzy Hogan Mogan :  
Good-faith then, Scottish Jockey mauna lie at hame :

For since they are ganging to hunt Renown,  
And swear they'll quickly ding auld Monsieur down,  
I'll follow for a Pluck at his Crown,

To shew that Scotland can  
Excell 'em for our Royal Queen Anne.

Then welcome from Vigo,  
And cudgelling Don Diego,  
With strutting Rascallions,  
And plundering the Galleons :

Each brisk valiant Fellow  
Fought at Rondondello,  
And those who did meet  
With the Newfound-land Fleet ;  
When for late Successes,  
Which Europe confesses,

At Land by our gallant Commanders ;  
The Dutch in strong Beer,  
Shou'd be drunk for a Year,  
With their General's Health in Flanders.

# S O N G 533.

Farewel the Town's ungrateful Noise,  
Hurry, Strife, that damps all Joys,  
Where Reason proud Ambition blinds,  
Frenzy of unquiet Minds :

Ease and Pleasure,  
Blest, with Leisure,

In sweet Groves my Choice shall be ;

Celia smiling,

Time beguiling ;

Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,

Lawyers bawl, and Parsons rail ;

A Friend against a Friend must be,

And darling Brothers disagree ;

Yet their Stories,  
 Whigs and Tories,  
 Both would change did Gain appear,  
 Both would change did Gain appear ;  
 Charming Graces  
 In a Place is  
 Of a thousand Pounds a Year.  
 Great Pan has left his foreign Powers,  
 Where Peace sat smiling, crown'd with Flow'ers,  
 To govern Albion's stubborn Flocks,  
 Whose Hearts are harder than their Rocks ;  
 He that's royal  
 Loves all loyal  
 Hearts like mine from Treason free ;  
 Peace when lasting,  
 Love ne'er wasting,  
 Is a World to him and me.  
 Oh ! State and Glory unconfin'd,  
 Thou burning Fever of the Mind,  
 I, 'midst the Grandeur thou dost bear,  
 In Content more blest appear ;  
 Flowers when springing,  
 Birds when singing,  
 In my rural Shade I see ;  
 Plots ne'er making,  
 Heart ne'er aking ;  
 Dear Content's a World to me.

## S O N G 534.

Farewel the World, and mortal Cares,  
 The ravish'd Strephon cry'd,  
 As full of Joy and tender Tears  
 He lay by Phillis' Side :  
 Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,  
 Whilst not one Thought of mine  
 At any other Bliss shall aim,  
 But those dear Arms of thine !  
 Still let me gaze on those bright Eyes,  
 And hear thy charming Tongue ;  
 I nothing ask to swell my Joys,  
 But thus to feel 'em long :

In close Embraces let us lie,  
 And spend our Lives to come ;  
 Then let us both together die,  
 And be each other's Tomb.

## S O N G 535.

Farewel, thou false Philander,  
 Since now from me you rove ;  
 And leave me here to wander,  
 No more to think of Love :  
 I must for ever languish,  
 I must for ever mourn :  
 From Love I now am banish'd,  
 And shall no more return.  
 Farewel, deceitful Traitor,  
 Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain ;  
 Let never injur'd Creature  
 Believe your Vows again :  
 The Passion you pretended,  
 Was only to obtain ;  
 For now the Charm is ended,  
 The Charmer you disdain.

## S O N G 536.

Farewel the fatal Pleasures,  
 The shining Masquerade,  
 And all the dying Measures  
 That tender Love perswade :  
 Ye Notes that sweetly languish,  
 To aid the Lover's Flame,  
 Whilst he reveals his Anguish,  
 And begs the Fair one's Name :  
 No more you can invite me,  
 You sing, alas ! in vain ;  
 No Musick can delight me,  
 Tho' Orpheus play'd again :  
 A lovely Sailor pleading,  
 With Wit in every Word,  
 Both skill'd in Love and Breeding,  
 Has fix'd my Heart on Board.

In ev'ry Dream appearing,  
 All Charming, all Divine,  
 A Manner most endearing,  
 A Voice as soft as mine :  
 His Hands so gently pressing,  
 As if no Ropes they knew,  
 What is my Song confessing !  
 It grows a Billet-doux.  
 Some tuneful Voice befriending  
 The Fondness of my Heart,  
 In mournful Notes descending,  
 My Tenderness impart :  
 Oh ! sure he soon will know it,  
 If Love inspire his Sight,  
 Those Eyes, that made the Poet,  
 I fear will guess too right.

## S O N G 537.

Farewel to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony a Day been ;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,  
 And no for the Dangers attending on Weir,  
 Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,  
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' Hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind ;  
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the Shore :  
 To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd,  
 By Ease that's inglorious no Fame can be gain'd.  
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my Jenny, maun plead my Excuse ;  
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,  
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be !  
 I gae then, my Lads, to win Honour and Fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

S O N G

Farewel, ungrateful Traitor,  
 Farewel, my perjur'd Swain;  
 Let never injur'd Creature  
 Believe a Man again:  
 The Pleasure of possessing  
 Surpasses all expressing:  
 But Joy's too short a Blessing,  
 And Love too long a Pain:  
 But Joy's too short a Blessing,  
 And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,  
 In pity of your Pain;  
 But when we love, you leave us  
 To rail at you in vain:  
 Before we have descry'd it,  
 There is no Bliss beside it;  
 But she that once has try'd it,  
 Will never love again.

The Passion you pretended,  
 Was only to obtain;  
 But when the Charm is ended,  
 The Charmer you disdain:  
 Your Love by ours we measure,  
 Till we have lost our Treasure;  
 But dying is a Pleasure,  
 When living is a Pain.

Farewel, ye Hills and Valleys,  
 Farewel, ye verdant Shades;  
 I'll take more pleasant Sallies  
 To Plays and Masquerades.  
 With Joy for Town I'll barter  
 Those Banks where Flowers grow:  
 What's Roses to a Garter?  
 What's Lillies to a Beau?  
 Farewel Tom, Dick, and Harry,  
 Farewel Moll, Nell, and Sue;  
 No longer must I tarry,  
 But bid you all adieu.



For a Time I will retire  
 Amidst the Quality,  
 Where many a Knight and 'Squire  
 Will gladly wait on me.

Farewel, ye shady Bowers,  
 Where Lovers often meet,  
 And pass the silent Hours  
 With melting Kisses sweet.  
 Of all the Country Pleasure  
 I take a long Adieu ;  
 For I have no more Leisure  
 To waste away with you.

## S O N G 540.

FARE ye well all amorous Troubles,  
 I'm resolv'd to shake off Cupid ;  
 I'll no more prize  
 Belinda's Eyes,  
 Those Charms that made me stupid.  
 Love, depart  
 From my Heart,  
 And release my free-born Soul ;  
 Liberty,  
 Liberty,  
 Liberty's in a flowing Bowl.  
 Love will make the wise Man foolish,  
 And will rob the strong of Vigour ;  
 But he grows bright,  
 And strong to fight,  
 Who drinks the sparkling Liquor.  
 Love, &c.  
 See the whining Lover, Solus,  
 To the Woods and the Rivers sighing,  
 While I among  
 A jovial Throng  
 Life's Blessings am enjoying.  
 Love, &c.

Then

Then fill up a gen'rous Bumper,  
 That will blithe and merry make us,  
 Let Lovers spy  
 Love's in an Eye,  
 Each Glass shews us a Bacchus.  
 Love, &c.

## S O N G 541.

**F**EW can avoid the common Ills  
 Attending cruel Eyes,  
 And fewer those when Sylvia kills,  
 Or ruins by Surprize.  
 Th' admiring Crowd approach the Fair,  
 And do with Wonder gaze,  
 And none suspect a Danger there,  
 She looks so many Ways.  
 Thus the fair Tyrant in Disguise,  
 Secures the heedless Swain ;  
 And when he's dazzled by her Eyes,  
 Unknown, puts on her Chain.  
 So Porcupines, from every Part,  
 Their Arrows do let fly,  
 Whilst we regardless of the Dart,  
 Are wounded by't and die.

## S O N G 542.

**F**AST by the Margin of the Sea,  
 And on the damp and shelly Shore,  
 A Swain in pensive Posture lay,  
 And thus his hard Mishap deplores.  
 Ye Gods, your cruel Kindness spare,  
 For ever, ever from me fly ;  
 Nor thus, with unavailing Care,  
 Pursue a Wretch resolv'd to die.  
 Ah ! tell me, how can Damon live  
 Without the Nymph who has his Heart ?  
 Can I so great a Loss survive ?  
 Ah no ! we must not, must not part.  
 And yet we have ; ah ! hapless Hour,  
 When I and Celia sail'd the Deep ;  
 When, hush'd by some deluding Pow'r,  
 The Winds and Waves were laid asleep.

Too

Too soon, alas ! the peaceful Scene  
 Chang'd to a Storm, the Tempests roar,  
 The Sky look'd black, the smoking Main  
 Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shore.

'Twas then my Heart wept Drops of Blood,  
 And, like the Ship, was rent in twain;  
 When Celia, founder'd in the Flood,  
 Sunk, struggl'd, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the Wave,  
 To catch the sinking, panting Fair;  
 Thrice made a vain Attempt to save;  
 I shriek'd, I rav'd, in mad Despair.

How fain would Damon then have dy'd,  
 And hurry'd to the World beneath,  
 To seek his Love, and by her Side  
 Lament her too untimely Death.

But he, alas ! was doom'd to live——  
 To live——the Mark of future Pains :  
 Forc'd by ill Fortune to survive  
 His lovely Fair-one's dear Remains.

Ye guilty Winds, in Murmurs sigh  
 For the sad Deed which ye have done ;  
 Ye Waves, in mournful Slumbers die,  
 And for so foul a Crime atone.

Ye kinder Gales, that swell'd our Sail,  
 And leisurely the Vessel drove,  
 Attend unto my ruthless Tale,  
 A Tale that might your Pity move.

Unhappy Damon, thou art grown,  
 From blest of Men, a Wretch forlorn !  
 Thy Fate to ev'ry Youth is known,  
 Their Envy once, but now their Scorn.

Once thou did'st feast on Heav'nly Treasures,  
 And revel on immortal Charms ;  
 Begirt with Joys, beset with Pleasures,  
 When circl'd in thy Celia's Arms.

Celia, sweet Celia, charms no more——  
 No more she wails her absent Love :  
 As when she stray'd along the Shore,  
 Or pensive wander'd in the Grove.

Oh

Oh killing Thought! it pierces deep;  
 My Pulse beats low, my Heart-strings fly:  
 I faint, I'm chill;—a swimming Sleep  
 Creeps o'er my Eyes—I drop—I die.

## S O N G 543:

F E A R not, dear Love, that I'll reveal  
 Those Hours of Pleasure we two steal;  
 No Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun,  
 Descry what thou and I have done;  
 No Ear shall hear our Love, but we  
 As silent as the Night will be:  
 The God of Love himself, whose Dart  
 Did first wound mine, and then thy Heart,  
 Shall never know what we can tell,  
 What Sweets in stol'n Embraces dwell;  
 This only means may find it out,  
 If, when I die, Physicians doubt  
 What caus'd my Death, and then, to view  
 Of all their Judgments which was true,  
 Rip up my Heart, Oh! then I fear  
 The World will see thy Picture there.

## S O N G 544.

F E A R not, my Dear; a Flame can never die,  
 That is once kindled by so bright an Eye.  
 Look on thyself, and measure thence my Love;  
 Think what a Passion such a Form must move:  
 For tho' thy Beauty first allur'd my Sight,  
 Yet now I look on it but as the Light,  
 That led me to the Treas'ry of thy Mind,  
 Whose inward Virtue in that Feature shin'd.  
 That Knot (be confident) will ever last,  
 Which Fancy ty'd, and Reason has made fast;  
 So fast, that Time (although it may disarm  
 Thy lovely Face) my Faith can never harm;  
 And Age, deluded, when it comes, will find  
 My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul assign'd.  
 The Passion I have now, shall ne'er grow less;  
 No, though thy own fair Self should it oppress.

## S O N G

## S O N G 545.

Fickle Bliss, fantastick Treasure,  
 Love, how soon thy Joys are past  
 Since we soon must lose the Pleasure,  
 Oh! 'twere better ne'er to taste:  
 Gods, how sweet would be possessing!  
 Did not Time its Charms destroy,  
 Or could Lovers, with the Blessing,  
 Love the Thoughts of Cupid's Joy.  
 Cruel Thoughts, that pain, yet please us,  
 Ah! no more my Rest destroy;  
 Shew me still, if you wou'd ease me,  
 Love's Deceits, but not its Joy.  
 Gods, what kind, yet cruel Powers  
 Force my Will to rack my Mind!  
 Ah! too long we wait for Flow'rs,  
 Too too soon to fade design'd.

## S O N G 545.

FIE! Celia, scorn the little Arts  
 Which meaner Beauties use,  
 Who think they can't secure our Hearts,  
 Unless they still refuse;  
 Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,  
 To raise our Passions higher;  
 But when the poor Delight is known,  
 It quickly palls Desire.

Come let's not trifle Time away,  
 Or stop you know not why;  
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
 What Death you mean to die!  
 Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,  
 And Love no more be crost;  
 Ah! Celia, when the Joys are known,  
 You'll curse the Minutes lost.

## S O N G 546.

FIE! pretty Doris weep no more;  
 Damon is doubtless safe on Shore,  
 Despight of Wind and Wave;  
 The Life is Fate-free that you cherish;  
 And 'tis unlike he now should perish,  
 You once thought fit to save.

Dry,

Dry, Sweet, at last, those Twins of Light,  
Which whilst eclips'd with us 'tis Night;

And all of us are blind:

The Tears that you so freely shed,  
Are both too precious for the Dead,

And for the Quick too kind.

Fie! pretty Doris, sigh no more;

The Gods your Damon will restore,

From Rocks and Quick-sands free;

Your Wishes will secure his Way,

And doubtless he, for whom you pray,

May laugh at Destiny.

Still then those Tempests of your Breast,

And set that pretty Heart at rest,

The Man will soon return;

Those Sighs for Heav'n are only fit,

Arabian Gums are not so sweet,

Nor Offerings when they burn.

On him you lavish Grief in vain,

Can't be lamented, nor complain.

Whilst you continue true:

That Man's Disaster is above,

And needs no Pity, that does love,

And is below'd by you.

### S O N G 547.

FILL all the Glasses, fill 'em high,

Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love;

Wine gives the Slave his Liberty;

But Love makes a Slave of thund'ring Jove.

Drink, drink away,

Make a Night of the Day,

'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;

The Pleasure of Life,

Free from Anguish and Strife,

Are owing to Love and good Wine.

### S O N G 548.

FILL the Bowl with Streams of Pleasure,

Such as Gallia's Vintage boasts;

These are Tides that bring our Treasure;

Love and Friendship be the Toast.

H h

Fin,



First, our Mistresses approving,  
 With bright Beauty crown the Glass;  
 He, that is too dull for loving,  
 Must, in Friendship, be an Ass.

Pylades is with Orestes

Said to have one common Soul,  
 But the meaning of the Jest is  
 In the Bottom of the Bowl.

Thus, by means of honest Drinking,  
 Often is the Truth found out,  
 Which wou'd cost a World of thinking;  
 Spare your Pains, and drink about.

S O N G 549.

FINE Ladies with an artful Grace  
 Disguise each native Feature,  
 Whilst flatt'ring Glasses shew the Face,  
 As made by Art, not Nature:  
 But we poor Folks in home-spun Grey,  
 By Patch, nor Washes tainted,  
 Look fresh, and sweeter far than they  
 That still are finely painted.

S O N G 550.

FLAVIA wou'd, but dare not venture,  
 Fear so much o'er-rules her Passion;  
 Chloe suffers all to enter,  
 Fame subjects to Inclination:  
 Neither's Method I admire,  
 Either is in Love displeasing;  
 Chloe's Fondness gluts Desire,  
 Flavia's Cowardice is teasing.  
 Celia by a wiser Measure,  
 In one faithful Swain's Embraces,  
 Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,  
 Yet for chaste, in publick, passes.  
 Fair one's, follow Celia's Notion,  
 Free from Fear and Censure wholly,  
 Love, but let it be with Caution,  
 For Extremes are Shame or Folly.

S O N G

## S O N G 551.

**F**lavia's Eyes, like Fires suppress'd,  
More fiercely flame again,  
Nor can her Beauty be decreas'd,  
Or alter'd by her Pain.

Those various Charms which round her play,  
And do her Face adorn,  
Still as they ripen, fall away,  
Fresh Beauties still are born.  
So doth it with the Lovers fare,  
Who do the Dame adore;  
One Fit of Love kill'd by Despair,  
Another rages more.

## S O N G 552.

**F**lights of Cupids, hover round me,  
Spread your little, subtle Snares;  
Beauty found the Force to wound me,  
Beauty must relieve my Cares.

## S O N G 553.

**F**LOCKS are sporting, Doves are courting,  
Warbling Linnets sweetly sing;  
Joy and Pleasure, without Measure,  
Kindly hail the glorious Spring.  
Flocks are bleating, Rocks repeating,  
Valleys echo back the Sound;  
Dancing, Singing, Piping, Springing,  
Nought but Mirth and Joy go round.

## S O N G 554.

**F**Lora, Goddesses sweetly-blooming,  
Ever airy, ever gay,  
All her wonted Charms resuming,  
To Spring-Garden calls away.  
With this blissful Spot delighted,  
Here the Queen of May retreats;  
Belles and Beaux are all invited  
To partake of vary'd Sweets.  
See a grand Pavillion yonder,  
Rising near embow'ring Shades;  
There a Temple strikes with Wonder,  
In full View of Colonnades.

Art and Nature (kindly lavish)

Here their mingled Beauties yield :

Equal here the Pleasures lavish,

Of the Court, and of the Field.

Hark ! what heav'nly Notes descending

Break upon the list'ning Ear :

Musick all its Graces lending,

O ! 'tis Extasy to hear !

Nightingales the Concert joining,

Breath their Complaints in melting Strains :

Vanquish'd now, their Groves resigning,

Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Lo ! what Splendors round us darting,

Swift illumine the charming Scene ;

Chandeliers their Lights imparting,

Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green.

Glitt'ring Lamps, in Order planted,

Strike the Eye with sweet Surprise :

Adam scarce was more enchanted,

When he saw the Sun first rise,

Now the various Bands are seated,

All dispos'd in bright Array ;

Bus'ness o'er, and Cares retreated,

With gay Mirth they close the Day.

Thus, of old, the Sons of Pleasure

Pass'd in Shades their fav'rite Hours ;

(Nectar chearing their soft Leisure)

Bless'd by Love, and crown'd with Flow'rs,

S O N G 555.

F Lutt'ring spread thy purple Pinnions,

Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart ;

I a Slave in thy Dominions,

Nature must give way to Art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,

Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,

See my weary Days consuming

All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,

Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth,

Him the Boar, in silence creeping,

Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth,

Cynth

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers,  
 Fair Discretion string the Lyre,  
 Sooth my ever waking Numbers,  
 Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir,  
 Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,  
 Arm'd in adamantine Chains,  
 Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors  
 Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,  
 Gilding my Aurelia's Brow,  
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying Vows.  
 Melancholy, smooth Meander  
 Swiftly purling in a round,  
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,  
 With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,  
 Softly seeks her silent Mate;  
 See the Birds of Juno stooping,  
 Melody resigns to Fate.

## S O N G 556.

FLY from Olinda, young and fair,  
 Fly from her soft engaging Air,  
 All Wit, in Woman found so rare:  
 Altho' her Looks to Love advise,  
 Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,  
 And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

## S O N G 557.

FLY, fly, ye happy Shepherds, fly,  
 Avoid Philiria's Charms;  
 The Rigours of her Heart deny  
 The Heav'n that's in her Arms.  
 Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,  
 Nor yielding to be blest;  
 Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,  
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe  
 A Slave, whose Zeal you move:  
 The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,  
 The Heaven consists in Love.

In spite of all the things you owe,  
 You may reproach 'em this;  
 That where they did their Form bestow,  
 They have deny'd their Bliss.

## S O N G 558.

FLY, fly ye lazy Hours, haste bring him here,  
 Swift, swift as my fond Wishes are;  
 When we love, and love to rage,  
 Ev'ry Moment seems an Age:  
 When we love, and love to rage,  
 Ev'ry Moment seems an Age.

## S O N G 559.

FLY me not, Silvia; why do you fly me?  
 Hear me, fair Silvia,  
 Tho' you deny me:  
 You're all my Treasure,  
 You're all my Joy, and all my Care,  
 Pity my Anguish;  
 See how I languish,  
 See how I languish, ah! cruel Fair!  
 Smile then and heal me,  
 Or frown and kill me,  
 For Death is better than Despair.

## S O N G 560.

FLY merry News among the Crews  
 That love to hear of Jests;  
 The oldest Sport that e'er was us'd,  
 Yet chiefly in Request,  
 If any one do carp at thee,  
 Or do thee Bawdy call;  
 Say thou do'st write as they delight,  
 Of Up-tails all.  
 There hath a Question been, of late,  
 Among the youthful Sort;  
 What Pastime is the pleasantest,  
 And what the sweetest Sport?  
 And it hath been adjudged,  
 As well by great and small,  
 That of all Pastimes none is like  
 To Up-tails all.

Bachelors will to this Game,

And Marry'd-men likewise;

Yea Wives, yea Maids, and Widows,

Will use it all their Lives :

And old Men they will have a Snatch,

Altho' their Game's but small;

Yet these old Colts will have a Bout,

At Up-tails all.

If it were unlawful,

Then Lawyers were to blame;

And if it were ungodly,

To Priests it were a Shame;

For they, no doubt, do use it,

Tho' it a Vice they call;

Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play

At Up-tails all.

It cannot be unwholsome,

Physicians do it use;

And if that it were noisome,

They would it then refuse :

And if it hurt the Body,

Then sure their Skill is small;

For why the best of these will play

At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pastime,

And do the Pleasure crave;

And if it were a base Thing,

Then it they would not have :

But yet the fairest Women

Will soonest for it call;

There is no she but that will play

At Up-tails all.

If it were a costly Thing,

Then Beggars could not buy it;

And if it were a loathsome Thing,

Then Gentels wou'd despise it :

But it is a sweet Thing,

And pleasing unto all;

There is not one but that will play

At Up-tails all.

SONG



## S O N G 561.

**FLY** swiftly, ye Minutes, till Comus receive  
The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can give;  
The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,  
And she in return yield the Raptures of Love.

Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,  
All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain,  
The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave:  
Love and Wine give, ye Gods! or take back what you gave.

Chorus. Away, away, away,  
To Comus' Court repair;  
There Night outshines the Day,  
There yields the melting Fair.

## S O N G 562.

**FOND** Echo, forbear thy light Strain,  
And heedfully hear a lost Maid!

Go tell the false Ear of the Swain,  
How deeply his Vows have betray'd:

Go tell him what Sorrows I bear;

See yet if his Heart feel my Woe;

'Tis now he must heal my Despair,

Or Death will make Pity too slow.

## S O N G 563.

**FOND** Husbands, I charge ye, to Night,

Each cherish his Fair in his Arms,

When closely, for Fear of a Spright,

They hug ye with tender Alarms.

The Word is For better for worse——

The Rovers this Lesson shou'd con;

Let each, to avoid a Wife's Curse,

Still take his own Goose for a Swan.

## S O N G 564.

**FOND** Orpheus went, as Poets tell,

To bring Eurydice from Hell;

There he might hope to find a Wife

The Pest and Bane of human Life.

The Damn'd from all their Pains was eas'd,

Not that his Musick so much pleas'd,

But that the Oddness of the Matter

Had justly made the Wonder greater.

Pluto enrag'd, that any he  
 Should enter his Dominions free,  
 And to inflict the sharpest Pain,  
 Made him a Husband once again.  
 But yet, in Justice to his Voice,  
 He left it still within his Choice;  
 If, as a Curse, he'd not refuse her,  
 And taught him by a Look to lose her.

## S O N G 345.

**F**oolish Love, be gone, said I,  
 Vain are thy Attempts on me;  
 Thy soft Allurements I defy,  
 Women, those fair Dissemblers, fly,  
 My Heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and straight prepar'd a Dart;  
 Myra, revenge my Cause, said he:  
 Too sure 'twas shot, I feel the Smart,  
 It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart;  
 O Love! my Conqu'rer, pity me.

## S O N G 366.

Foible. **F**oolish Lover,  
 Silent Lover,

How can you let her tease me?

Quickly discover,

Stupid Lover,

How you are bound to please me.

Merit. When you shou'd be kind,

You always are blind

To the Sorrows I daily suffer;

Fair Lady, bestow

Some Respite from Woe,

And pity a faithful Lover.

Spright. Foolish Lover,

Silent Lover,

How can you let me tease her?

Quickly discover,

Stupid Lover,

How you are bound to please her,

S O N G

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,  
Angry Cupid made Reply;  
Do Florella's Charms displease ye?  
Die then, foolish Mortal, die.  
Fancy not that I'll deprive her  
Of her captivating Store;  
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her,  
Twenty thousand Beauties more.  
Were Florella proud and sour,  
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,  
Justly then you'd pray that Power  
Should be taken from the Fair.  
But though I spread a Blemish o'er her,  
No Relief from thence you'll find;  
Still fond Shepherd, you'll adore her  
For the Beauties of her Mind.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou  
So early at my Window do  
With thy tuneless Serenade?  
Well't had been, had Tereus made  
Thee dumb as Philomel,  
There his Knife had done but well.  
In thy undiscover'd Nest  
Thou dost all the Winter rest,  
And drestest on thy Summer Joys,  
Free from the stormy Season's Noise,  
Free from the Ill thou'st done to me;  
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?  
Hadst thou all the charming Notes  
Of the Wood's poetick Throats,  
All thy Art could never pay  
What thou'st ta'en from me away.  
Cruel Bird, thou'st ta'en away  
A Dream out of my Arms, to Day;  
A Dream that ne'er must equall'd be  
By all that naked Eyes may see.  
Thou, this Damage to repair,  
Nothing half so sweet or fair,

Nothing

Nothing half so good canst bring,  
Tho' Men say thou bring'st the Spring.

## S O N G 569.

Foolish Swain, thy Sighs forbear,

Nothing can her Passion move;

Celia, with a careless Air,

Laughs to hear the Tales of Love,

Darts and Flames the Nymph defies,

Joys which others Hearts beguile;

Pleasure sparkles in her Eyes,

Gay without an am'rous Smile.

Celia, like the feather'd Choir,

Ever on the Wing for Flight,

Hops from this to that Desire,

Flutt'ring still in new Delight.

Pleas'd she seems when you are by,

And when absent, she's the same;

Talks of Love like you or I,

But believes't an empty Name.

Always easy, ever kind;

When you think you have her sure,

Such a Temper you will find

Quick to wound, but slow to cure.

## S O N G 570.

Foolish Woman, fly Mens Charms,

Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms,

For, should you, by chance, comply,

'Tis not they, but you must die.

Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd,

And forsake you when enjoy'd;

Give their winning Arts to shun,

When you slight them they're undone.

Then that you them over-pow'r,

Serve yourself until the Hour

Of the Matrimonial Noose,

When false Men you may abuse.

## S O N G 571.

OR a lovely bright Nymph, that's cruel as fair,

I sigh, and I pine, and I die with Despair:

She

She rejects my fond Love, flies, and leaves me behind ;  
 She's as bright as the Day, but as false as the Wind.  
 Ye Shepherds, take heed, and shun the false Maid ;  
 Take Warning by me, or like me be betray'd :  
 Ye Swains, O beware ! and far from her fly ;  
 For if you but see her, like me you must die.

## S O N G 572.

FOR a Soldier or Poet consumedly poor,  
 I procure a smart Woman with Pence ;  
 For a Shop-keeper ready to shut up his Door,  
 A rich Maukin without common Sense ;  
     For Beaus batter'd and old,  
     State Misses with Gold,  
 Tho' toothless as my Grandmother :  
     For a Fellow damn'd lewd,  
     An affected rich Prude ;  
 For like Tallies they hit one another.  
     Twangdillo.

Any Maid who undutiful Parents has got,  
 Or a Guardian too rigid upon her,  
 Any worn-out Mistress, who'd wed and be thought  
 A Woman of Virtue and Honour ;  
     Any Widow in want  
     Of a sturdy Gallant,  
 Any Wife of her Husband quite sick,  
     To their Wishes I grant  
     A supply in the Nick ;  
 Thus I pimp, Sir, with Spirit and Honour.  
     Twangdillo.

## S O N G 573.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting Foe to Love ;  
 And when we meet a mutual Heart,  
 Come in between, and bid us part.  
     Bid us sigh on from Day to Day,  
 And wish, and wish the Soul away,  
 'Till Youth and genial Years are flown,  
 And all the Life of Life is gone.  
     But busy, busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless, joyless Vow,

The Heart from Pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune! hear my Pray'r,  
And I absolve thy future Care;  
All other Wishes I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

## S O N G 574.

FOR folded Flocks, and fruitful Plains,  
The Shepherd's and the Farmer's gains,  
Fair Britain all the World outvies:  
And Pan, as in Arcadia, reigns,  
Where Pleasure, mix'd with Profit, lies.

Tho' Jason's Fleece was fam'd of old,  
The British Wool is growing Gold,  
No Mines can more of Wealth supply;  
It keeps the Peasant from the cold,  
And takes for Kings the Tyrian Dye.

## S O N G 575.

FOR Gold, and not Freedom, those Generals fight,  
Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir;  
For Gold, and not Freedom, those Journalists write,  
Who rave about despotick Sway, Sir:  
Would Fate to their Wishes propitiously deign,  
And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir;  
The Pope then might fight, and the Devil might reign,  
For Fighter and Writer are sold, Sir.

## S O N G 576.

FOR haughty Phillis Thyrsis pines,  
In his pale Cheeks the Roses fade;  
The gaily-cheerful Sports resigns,  
And seeks the sweetly-soothing Shade.

Now by the Stream supine he lies,  
Or o'er the Mead does frantick stray;  
Or to the rocky Mountains hies,  
As Love directs the various Way.

To Groves, to Streams, to Wilds, alone,  
The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals;  
Nor to the Rock pours forth his Moan,  
Since babling Echo ne'er conceals.



At length the Nymph for Thyrsis burns,  
 And cools his swift-consuming Flame :  
 Pleas'd Thyrsis smiles, sad Phillis mourns,  
 And rising Blushes speak their Shame.

To mute Abodes the perjur'd Youth  
 No more repeats a Passion feign'd ;  
 The Village rings with the sad Truth,  
 For Thyrsis boasts a Conquest gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,  
 When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,  
 Had Thyrsis told the golden Dream,  
 Then Phillis had not been displeas'd :

## S O N G 577.

FOR Shame, no Disputes o'er the Glass-then drink fair,  
 At least till we're all of us mellow ;  
 Of Fortune and Fate let us ne'er stand in Fear,  
 They're always kind to the Good-Fellow.  
 In Bumpers of Red then let's drown all our Cares,  
 In spite of Philosophers Rules ;  
 Who, for all their grey Hairs, their Learning and Years,  
 At best, were but dull-thinking Fools.  
 We must moisten our Clay, while our Sand runs away,  
 Behind us too cast all Sorrow :  
 Take a Bumper of Claret, and drink it to Day,  
 Perhaps we may have none to morrow.

## S O N G 578.

FOR the sake of somebody,  
 For the sake of somebody,  
 I cou'd wake a Winter-night,  
 For the sake of somebody :  
 I am gawn to seek a Wife,  
 I am gawn to buy a Plaidy ;  
 I have three stane of woo,  
 Carling, is thy Daughter ready ?  
 For the sake of somebody, &c.  
 Betty, lassie, say't thy sell,  
 Tho' thy Dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,  
 Let her flyte and syne come to :

What

What signifies a Mither's Gloom,  
 When Love in Kisses come in play ?  
 Shou'd we wither in our Bloom,  
 And in Simmer mak nae Hay ?  
 For the sake, &c.

S H E.

Bonny Lad, I carena by,  
 Tho' I try my Luck with thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The haff-mark bridal Band wi' me ;  
 I'll slip hame and wash my Feet,  
 And steal on Linnings fair and clean,  
 Syne at the tryfing Place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my Dame has done,  
 For the sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely Betty gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome Gate,  
 It me frae a my Care relieves,  
 And Doubts that gart me aft look blate ;  
 Then let us gang and get the Grace,  
 For they that have an Appetite  
 Shou'd eat ;—and Lovers shou'd embrace ;  
 If these be Faults, 'tis Nature's wyte.  
 For the sake, &c.

## S O N G 579.

FOrbear, bold Youth, all's Heav'n here ;  
 And what you do aver,  
 To others Courtship may appear,  
 'Tis Sacrilege to her.

She is a publick Deity :  
 And were't not very odd,  
 She shou'd despose herself to be  
 A petty household God ?

First make the Sun in private shine,  
 And bid the World adieu,  
 That so he may his Beams confine,  
 In Complement to you.

I i z

But,

But, if of that you do despair,  
 Think how you've done amiss,  
 To strive to fix her Beams, which are  
 More bright and large than his.

## S O N G 580.

**F**Orbear, fond God, forbear your Dart,  
 Seek not to wound a dying Heart ;  
 At Chloe's Feet it gasping lies,  
 A bleeding Victim to her conqu'ring Eyes.  
 From her Death's such a pleasing Pain,  
 I'd only live to die again ;  
 With Joy to him the Blow is given,  
 That has so nigh a Prospect of his Heav'n.  
 You and the little Loves all fly  
 To light your Torches at her Eye ;  
 By her alone your Empires thrive,  
 This Vestal keeps Love's sacred Fire alive.  
 Then, Chloe, 'tis not strange that you  
 Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue,  
 Since you another Venus prove,  
 And give new Being to the God of Love.

## S O N G 581.

**F**Orbid me not to enquire,  
 Why you meet me here alone ?  
 Can Damon have Desire  
 That he's afraid to own,  
 That he's, &c.  
 If not to behold the Beauty  
 Of the Flow'rs that crown the Spring,  
 Proceed, and do your Duty,  
 But do not name the Thing,  
 But do not, &c.  
 As the Sun displays the Roses,  
 When the Beams play gently in,  
 Your Phillis ne'er opposes,  
 Nor thinks true Love a Sin,  
 Nor thinks, &c.

Then

Then fear not my denying,  
 Why should'st thou fearful be ?  
 Prevent more Torments flying,  
 And thou shalt happy be,  
 And thou, &c.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,  
 Say no more of what you'd do,  
 I'll be your loving Phillis,  
 And be belov'd by you,  
 And be, &c.

Then why should I conceal it,  
 Since my Eyes with yours do own,  
 Yet let us not reveal it,  
 But in Pleasures all alone,  
 But in, &c.

## S O N G 582.

FORgive, fair Creature, form'd to please,  
 Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Desire :  
 Those Charms, those Virtues, when he sees,  
 How can he see, and not admire ?  
 While each the other still improves,  
 The fairest Face, the fairest Mind ;  
 Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,  
 But he that loves you not, is blind.

## S O N G 583.

FORgive me, Chloe, if I dare  
 Your Conduct disapprove ;  
 The Gods have made you wondrous fair,  
 Not to disdain but love,  
 Those nice pernicious Forms despise,  
 That cheat you of your Bliss ;  
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,  
 Whilst Youth and Beauty is.  
 Too late you will repent the Time  
 You lose by your Disdain ;  
 The Slaves you scorn now, in your Prime,  
 You'll ne'er retrieve again :

But, when those Charms shall once decay,  
 And Lovers disappear,  
 Despair and Envy will repay  
 Your being now severe.

## S O N G 584.

**F**Orsaken of my kindly Stars,  
 Within this melancholy Grove,  
 I waste my Days and Nights in Tears,  
 A Victim to ingrateful Love.

The Happy still untimely end ;  
 Death flies from Grief, or why should I  
 So many Hours in Sorrow spend,  
 Wishing, alas ! in vain to die ?

Ye Pow'rs, take Pity of my Pain,  
 This, only this is my Desire ;  
 Ah ! take from Mira her Disdain ;  
 Or let me with this Sigh expire.

## S O N G 585.

**F**ORTH from my dark and dismal Cell,  
 Or from the dark Abyss of Hell,  
 Mad Tom is come to view the World again,  
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppress my Soul ;  
 Hark ! how the angry Furies howl ?  
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,  
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,  
 To find my straggling Senses.  
 In an angry Mood I met old Time,  
 With his Pentateuch of Tenses :

When me he spies away he flies,  
 For Time will stay for no Man ;  
 In vain with Cries I tend the Skies,  
 For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be,  
 Help ! help ! or else I die !  
 Hark ! I hear Apollo's Team,  
 The Carman 'gins to whistle ;  
 Chaste Diana bends her Bow,  
 And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come

Come Vulcan, with Tools and with Tackle ;  
 And knock off my troublesome Shackle ;  
 Bid Charles make ready his Wain,  
 To bring me my Senses again.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark ;  
 Mars met Venus in the Dark ;  
 Limping Vulcan heat an Iron-bar,  
 And furiously made at the God of War ;  
 Mars with his Weapon laid about ;  
 Limping Vulcan had got the Gout ;  
 His broad Horns did so hang in his Light,  
 That he could not see to aim his Blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven,  
 Stood still to see the Quarrel ;  
 Correl-belly'd Bacchus, Giant-like,  
 Bestrid a Strong-Beer Barrel ;  
 To me he drank whole Buts,  
 Until he burst his Guts,  
 But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry,  
 A little Drink for Charity.

Hark ! I hear Aetæon's Hounds,  
 The Huntsmen whoop and hollow ;  
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,  
 All the Chace do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,  
 Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot ;  
 But a Cup of Malaga Sack  
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

## S O N G 586.

FOUR and twenty Fiddlers all in a row,  
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle, fiddle.  
 It is my Lady's Birth-Day,  
 Therefore we keep Holiday,  
 And come to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a row,  
 And there was Rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,  
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four



Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a row,  
And there was Tantara rara, tantara,  
And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipes all in a row,  
And there was whip and dub,  
And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,  
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,  
And whip and dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing-Masters all in a row,  
And there was Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la,  
And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Masters all in a row,  
And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,  
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,  
And there was Omne quod exit in um damno, [ &c.  
Sed plus damno decorum; and there was this and that,

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,  
And there was rare Claret and White,

I ne'er drank worse in my Life,

And excellent good Canary,

Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,

If you do not like it, Omne quod, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,

And there was Loyalty and Reason,

Without one Word of Treason,

And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in row,

And there was Alter Malter Vantor Dyken Shapen

Kopen de Van Hogne Rottyck Vanton sick de Brille

Van Boorflyek, Van Foorflyek, and Soatrag Van Ho-

gan Herien Van Donk.

Rare Claret and White, &c.

S O N G 587.

**F**RAIL's the Blifs of Woman,

Fleeting as a Shade;

While we pity no Man,

Goddeffes we're made;

If

If our Favour's wanting,  
To their Wants we're kind ;  
Ruin'd by our granting,  
We no Favour find.

Birds, for kind complying,  
Love their Females more ;  
We're lov'd for denying,  
Scorn'd when we implore :  
While on ev'ry Tree,  
Cherry, Cherry, sing the small Birds,  
Happier far than we.

## S O N G 588.

FREE from Confinement and Strife,  
I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,  
To seek new Delights,  
Where Beauty invites,  
But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.

The Man that is free,  
Like a Vessel at Sea,  
After Conquest and Plunder may roam ;  
But when either confin'd  
By Wife or by Wind,  
Tho' for Glory design'd,  
No Advantage they find,  
But rot in the Harbour at Home.

## S O N G 589.

Freedom is a real Treasure,  
Love a Dream, all false and vain ;  
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,  
Sure and lasting is the Pain.

A sincere and tender Passion  
Some ill Planet over-rules ;  
Ah, how blind is Inclination !  
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

## S O N G 590.

Freedom, thou greatest Blessing,  
Why have I lost thy Joys ;  
Pining, no Rest possessing,  
Grief all my Hours employs.

Thy

Thy Loss now to my Eyes,  
 A Flood of Tears will cost ;  
 Oh, why do we not prize  
 Our Treasure till 'tis lost !

## S O N G 591.

FROM all uneasy Passions free,  
 Revenge, Ambition, Jealousy,  
 Contented I had been too blest,  
 If Love and you would let me rest.  
 Yet that dull Life I now despise ;  
 Safe from your Eyes,  
 I fear'd no Griefs, but, oh ! I found no Joys.  
 Amidst a thousand soft Desires,  
 Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires ;  
 I feel such Pangs of jealous Fear,  
 No Heart so kind as mine can bear,  
 Yet I'll defy the worst of Harms ;  
 Such are those Charms,  
 'Tis worth a Life, to die within your Arms.

## S O N G 592.

FROM barren Caledonian Lands,  
 Where Famine uncontroll'd commands ;  
 The Rebel Clans in search of Prey,  
 Come over the Hills and far away.  
 O'er the Hills and far away,  
 O'er the Hills and far away,  
 The Rebel Clans in search of Prey,  
 Come over the Hills and far away.  
 Regardless whether wrong or right,  
 For Booty (not for Fame) they fight,  
 Banditti like, they storm, they stay,  
 They plunder, rob, and run away.  
 O'er the Hills &c.

With these a vain Pretender's come,  
 And perjur'd Traitors Dupes to Rome ;  
 Determin'd all without delay,  
 To conquer, die, or run away.  
 O'er the Hills &c.

Tho' Popish Priests among us, rule  
 Each weak, deceiv'd, believing Fool,

When

When Justice does her Sword display,  
She'll drive these Locusts far away.

O'er the Hills &c.

Let Britons, firm in Freedom's Cause,  
Assert our Rights, support our Laws,  
Defend our Faith, our King obey,  
And Treason soon shall lose its Way.

O'er the Hills &c.

This Son of War with Martial Flame,  
Shall bravely merit lasting Fame:  
Great George shall Britons Scepter sway,  
And chase Rebellion far away.

O'er the Hills &c.

### S O N G 593.

FROM beneath a cool Shade, by the Side of a Stream,  
Thus writes thy Theander, and thou art his Theme,  
Thy Beauties inspiring, my Dearest, I'll shew,  
There's nothing in Nature so bounteous as you.

Tho' Distance divides us, thy Beauties I see,  
Those Beauties so lov'd and admir'd by me!  
Now, now I behold thee, sweet, smiling, and pretty;  
O Gods, you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond Arms,  
And whilst I thus gaze on thy num'rous Charms,  
The beautiful Objects, which round me do lie,  
Grow sick at thy Presence with Envy, and die.  
Now Flora the Meadows and Groves does adorn,  
With Flow'rs and Blossoms on every Thorn;  
But look on my Kitty! there sweetly does blow  
A Spring of more Beauties than Flora can shew.

See, see how that Rose adorns the gay Bush,  
And, proud of its Colour, would vie with his Blush;  
Vain Boaster! thy Beauties shall quickly decay,  
She blushes——and see how it withers away.  
Observe that fair Lily, the Pride of the Vale,  
In Whiteness unrival'd, now droops and looks pale;  
It sickens and changes its beautiful Hue,  
And bows down its Head in Submission to you.

As I gaze on the River that smoothly glides by,  
Thus even and sweet is her Temper I cry,

Thus

Thus clear is her Mind thus calm and serene,  
 And Virtues like Gems at the Bottom are seen ;  
 But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,  
 And Night now approaches and hinders my Sight ;  
 To Bed I must hasten, and there all her Charms,  
 In softer Ideas, I'll bring to my Arms.

## S O N G 594.

FROM bright Amanela's Charms

Ah ! what Relief is found ?  
 She every way the Soul alarms,  
 And never fails to wound.

Reason and Love, once Foes profess'd,  
 Their utmost Forces join ;  
 And make the most obdurate Breast,  
 Confess her all divine.

Whether she speaks, or looks, or moves,  
 Strange Passion she inspires,  
 Scorning the Arts of vulgar Loves,  
 At once she awes and fires.

## S O N G 595.

FROM fifteen Years fair Chloe wish'd,

She dreamt and sigh'd in vain ;  
 And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts  
 Were hankering after Man.

'Twas long before the harmless Maid  
 Guess'd whence her Passion grew ;  
 But when she had herself survey'd,  
 The secret Cause she knew.

To Jove she thus herself address'd,  
 And humbly beg'd his Aid ;  
 He kindly lent a list'ning Ear,  
 While thus the Prostrate said :

Grant me, great Jove, a Husband, rich,  
 Gay, vig'rous, kind and young,  
 A Churchman hot, a Tory true,  
 And to his Party strong.

A Grudge the God did bear the Maid,  
 He therefore thus did grant ;  
 Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whig  
 Of Merit and of Want,

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, the Nymph to Venus fled,  
 Who eas'd the Devotee,  
 And yolk'd her to a jolly Swain,  
 From Want and Party free.

## S O N G 596.

FROM France, from Spain, from Rome I come,  
 And from all Parts of Christendom ;

For to cure all strange Diseases,  
 Come take Physick he that pleases :  
 Come ye broken Maids that scatter,  
 And can never hold your Water,  
 I can teach you it to keep ;  
 And other Things are very meet,  
 As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,  
 That is at least threescore or more,  
 Whose Face and Nose stands all awry,  
 As if you'd fear to pass her by :  
 I can make her plump and young,  
 Lusty, lively, and also strong ;  
 Honest, active, fit to wed,  
 And can recal her Maidenhead ;  
 All this is done as soon as said.

If any Man has got a Wife,  
 That makes him weary of his Life,  
 With scolding, yewling in the House,  
 As tho' the Devil was turn'd loose ;  
 Let him but repair to me,  
 I can cure her presently :  
 With one Pill I'll make her civil,  
 And rid her Husband of that Evil,  
 Or send her headlong to the Devil.

The Pox, the Palsy, and the Gout,  
 Pains within, and Aches without ;  
 There is no Disease but I  
 Can find a present Remedy ;  
 Broken Legs and Arms, I'm sure,  
 Are the easiest Wounds I cure ;

Nay, more than that I will maintain,  
 Break your Neck, I'll set it again,  
 Or ask you nothing for my Pain.

K k



Or if any Man has not  
 The Heart to fight against the Scot ;  
 I'll put him in one, if he be willing,  
 Shall make him fight, and ne'er fear killing ;  
 Or any that has been dead  
 Seven long Years and buried,  
 Or I can him to Life restore,  
 And make him as sound as he was before,  
 Else let him never trust me more.

If any Man desire to live  
 A thousand Ages, let him give  
 Me a thousand Pounds, and I  
 Will warrant him Life until he die ;  
 Nay more, I'll teach him a better Trick,  
 Shall keep him well, if he'll ne'er be sick ;  
 But if I no Money see,  
 And he with Diseases troubled be,  
 Then he may thank himself, not me.

## S O N G 597.

FROM good Liquor ne'er shrink,  
 In Friendship we'll drink,  
 And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow :  
 Let us husband to Day,  
 For Time flies swift away,  
 And no one's assur'd of to morrow.

Of all the gay Sages  
 That grac'd the past Ages,  
 Dad Noah the most did excel ;  
 He first planted the Vine,  
 First tasted the Wine,  
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.  
 Say, why should not we  
 Get as bosky as he,  
 Since here's Liquor as well will inspire !  
 Then fill up my Glafs,  
 I'll see that it pass  
 To the Manes of that good old Sire.

S O N G

## S O N G 598.

FROM grave Lessons and Restraint,

I'm stole out to revel here;

Yet I tremble and I pant,

In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way

Throw a Lover kind and gay,

Now's the Time he soon may move

A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? no, no, no;

Shall I from the Danger go?

Oh! no, no, no, no, no;

I must not try; I cannot fly.

Help me, Nature, help me Art,

Why should I deny my Heart?

If a Lover will pursue,

Like the wisest let me do;

I will fit him if he's true,

If he's false I'll fit him too.

## S O N G 599.

FROM me, dear Charles, inspir'd with Ale,

To thee this Letter comes,

To try if Scribbling can prevail

To moderate our Dooms:

Tho' pent in Cage the Blackbird swings,

Yet still he hops, and struts, and sings.

With a fal lal, &c.

Perhaps you'll wonder why I chose,

At this unlucky Time,

To quit the loose and easy Prose,

To tie my Thoughts in Rhime:

For why, you'll say, since we're confin'd,

Shou'd we lay Shackles on the Mind?

But since, tho' bound on Barnet-tits,

So lately we astride,

Thro' hir'd Shouts of wide-mouth'd Cits,

Without a Rein could ride:

Sure Pegasus, without a Bit,

To pinion'd Poets may submit.

But, if the winged Steed shou'd rear,  
     And start into a Freak,  
 We'll send for jolly Grenadier  
     To lead him by the Cheek.  
 Then we with corded Arms may ride,  
 And sit, and think, and thump his Side.  
 For Pegasus, whilst he cou'd soar,  
     No Poets ever made,  
 He flew Boætia o'er and o'er,  
     Until he turn'd a jade;  
 His tired Hoof then spurn'd the Rock,  
 And Helicon pursu'd the Stroke.  
 So, when from Highgate-Hill I came,  
     In triumph thro' the Town,  
 And jaded Palfrey, dull, and lame,  
     At Marshals' set me down:  
 Without the Wings, he had the Heel;  
 Thence, Ale and Beer, and Beer and Ale!  
 Thus strutting, full of heavy Grout,  
     With Belch and Flegm replete,  
 I send my Muse to find thee out  
     At Newgate, or the Fleet;  
 Such Eructations sure demand  
 Some speedy Comfort from thy Hand.  
 For now, dear Charles, (my Freedom gone)  
     This Prison seems my Wife,  
 I no Man see to aid my Moan,  
     Hear nought but Noise and Strife:  
 For (after all that can be said)  
 A Goal's a kind of being wed.  
 Now I this Tale, to thee, have told,  
     (Sure naught's a greater Curse)  
 That I this Goal must have and hold  
     For better and for worse;  
 Judge then, how bravely I shall quit  
 The Marriage noose for Tyburn twitt.  
 Nay, if old Mopsa, who has lost  
     Her Love, in Battle slain,  
 Shou'd beg me from the three-leg'd Post,  
     To fix me to her Twain.

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So long suspended I shou'd stand,  
The Cart wou'd drive—and I be hang'd.

S O N G 600.

FROM native Stalk the Province Rose

I pluckt with green Attire,  
But oh! upon its Graces hung  
A Flatus to Desire.

A vile, destroying, preying Worm,  
Who shelter'd in the Leaf,  
Had robb'd me of the pristine Joy,  
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found  
The vilest Man to trust;  
While constant Lovers plead in vain,  
And die for being just.

S O N G 601.

FROM o'er the Park and Meadows fine,  
Just as the Sun does rise,

To you who, till the Clock strikes Nine,  
Do ne'er uncloze your Eyes;  
Then over Snuff, and Tea, and News,  
Your Summer Hours contented lose.

'Tis sweet to taste the Morning Air,  
Where Fawns around one play,  
And Drops of Dew as Diamonds fair,  
Strew all the glitt'ring Way;  
To view the Hill, the Stream, the Trees,  
To hear the Birds, and feel the Breeze.

The crowded Street is your Delight,  
And rattling Coach to hear,  
The Watchman's solemn Watch, by Night,  
Is Musick to your Ear:

You ask not when the Violet blows,  
Nor care you for the op'ning Rose.

Here I, secure from Strife and Care,  
Seek, when the Ev'ning's nigh,  
My little Room that's clean and square,  
And but one Story high;

Where Envy cannot find a Place,  
Nor Malice shew her fallow Face.

K k 3

Let

Let fordid Minds, of Wealth possess'd,  
 To Mammon Altars raise,  
 Ambition be with Power bless'd,  
 And Vanity with Praise ;  
 But Fortune is a fickle Dame,  
 And double-tongu'd, alas ! is Fame.  
 Give me, hard Pen'ry to chase  
 From haunting of my Door,  
 And let a chearful Temper grace  
 My small, but honest Store.  
 To this do all my Wishes tend,  
 The useful Book, the faithful Friend.

S O N G 602.

FROM Place to Place forlorn I go,  
 With downcast Eyes, a silent Shade ;  
 Forbidden to declare my Woe ;  
 To speak, 'till spoken to, afraid.  
 My inward Pang, my secret Grief,  
 My soft consenting Looks betray ;  
 He loves, but gives me no Relief ;  
 Why speaks not he who may ?

S O N G 603.

FROM rose Bowers, where sleeps the God of Love,  
 Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly ;  
 Teach me in soft melodious Song to move  
 With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy,  
 Ah ! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,  
 To win dear Strephon, who my Soul enjoys.  
 Or if more influencing  
 Is to be brisk and airy,  
 With a Step and a Bound,  
 And a Frisk from the Ground,  
 I'll trip like any Fairy.  
 As once on Ida dancing  
 Were three celestial Bodies,  
 With an Air and a Face,  
 And a Shape and a Grace,  
 I'll charm like Beauty's Goddess.  
 Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain ;

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Cold Despair, disguis'd like Frost and Snow and Rain,  
Falls on my Breast; bleak Winds in Tempesta blow,  
My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow;  
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,  
And to a solid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,  
Shall I thaw myself, or drown  
Amongst the foaming Billows,  
Increasing all with Tears I shed?  
On Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows,  
Lay down my love-sick Head.

No, no, I'll straight run mad,  
That soon my Heart will warm;  
When once the Sense is fled,  
Love has no Pow'r to charm:  
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,  
Robes, Locks shall thus be tore;  
A thousand Deaths I'll die,  
Ere thus in vain adore.

S O N G 604.

FROM silent Shades, and the Elysian Groves,  
Where sad departed Spirits mourn their Loves;  
From Chrystal Streams, and from that Country where  
Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,  
Poor senseless Befs, cloath'd in her Rags and Folly,  
Is come to cure her love-sick Melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her Revels late,  
While Mab, the fairy Queen, did dance;  
And Oberon did sit in State,  
When Mars at Venus ran his Lance.

In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear,  
Intomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew;  
Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,  
Its fading Blossom to renew.

For since my Love is dead,  
And all my Joys are gone;  
Poor Befs for his sake,  
A Garland will make,  
My Musick shall be a Groan.



I'll lay me down and die  
 Within some hollow Tree ;  
 The Raven and the Cat,  
 The Owl, and Bat,  
 Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not see my Love,  
 As he past by you ?  
 His two flaming Eyes,  
 If he comes nigh you,  
 They will scorch up your Hearts ;  
 Ladies, beware you,  
 Lest he should dart a Glance,  
 That may ensnare you.  
 Hark ! hark ! I hear old Charon bawl,  
 His Boat he will no longer stay ;  
 The Furies lash their Whips, and call,  
 Come, come away, come, come away.  
 Poor Bess will return  
 To the Place whence she came,  
 Since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure ;  
 For Love's grown a Bubble,  
 A Shadow, a Name,  
 Which Fools do admire, and wise Men endure.  
 Cold and hungry am I grown,  
 Ambrosia will I feed upon,  
 Drink Nectar still and sing :  
 Who is content,  
 Does all Sorrows prevent ;  
 And Bess, in her Straw,  
 Whilst free from the Law,  
 In her Thoughts is as great as a King.

## S O N G 605.

FROM that one Glance I wounded lye :  
 O look again, and let me die :  
 Kill me outright ; I cannot brook  
 To live like one that's Planet-struck ;  
 Bless me again with those bright Rays,  
 That shorten, yet make sweet my Days.

O shoot more Lightning from those Eyes,  
 To shew you accept the Sacrifice,  
 Of my poor Heart, which now doth burn,  
 While I both Priest and Offering turn;  
 I'll blame those Eyes no more that prove  
 My Ruin, since they cause my Love.

## S O N G 606.

FROM Tyrant Laws and Customs free,

We follow sweet Variety,  
 By Turns we drink, and dance, and sing,  
 Love for ever on the Wing.  
 Why should niggard Rules controul  
 Transports of the jovial Soul?  
 No dull stinting Hour we own;  
 Pleasure counts our Time alone.

## S O N G 607.

FROM White's and Will's

To purling Rills  
 The love-sick Strephon flies;  
 There full of Woe  
 His Numbers flow,  
 And all in Rhyme he dies.

The fair Coquet,  
 With feign'd Regret,  
 Invites him back to Town;  
 But when in Tears  
 The Youth appears,  
 She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid  
 This Prank had play'd,  
 Till angry Strephon swore,  
 And what is strange,  
 Tho' loth to change,  
 Wou'd never see her more.

## S O N G 608.

FROWN not, my Dear,

Not be severe,  
 Because I did Corinna kiss;  
 For all the Intent  
 Was Complement,  
 And truly nothing else but this. No

No single Charm  
Of hers can warm,  
Like yours my whole devoted Heart ;  
She can't subdue  
My Soul like you,  
Nor such Celestial Joy impart.  
Call me not base,  
In such a Case,  
Nor misinterpret my Design ;  
For I averr,  
I love not her,  
But am with Resignation thine.

## S O N G 609.

FULL Bags, a fresh Bottle, and a beautiful Face,  
Are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals embrace :  
But alas ! we grow Muck-worms, if Bags do but fill,  
And a bonny gay Dame often ends in a Pill :  
Then heigh for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er waste ;  
By a Bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

## S O N G 610.

FYE, Amarillis, cease to grieve,  
Fye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,  
Fye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,  
For him thou never can'st retrieve ;  
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee,  
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee ?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, scorn the Wretch,  
Scorn the Wretch, that Love denies thee,  
Scorn the Wretch, scorn the Wretch,  
That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy Aid, and be not afraid,  
Of meeting a Swain that is kind ;  
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,  
At least, at least, a more generous Mind.  
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,  
At least a more generous Mind.

## S O N G 611.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,  
For there will be Lilting there ;  
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,  
The Lads wi' the gowden Hair. And  
Fy let

And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,  
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal ;  
 And there will be good sawt Herring,  
 To relish a Cog of good Ale,  
 Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the Sutor,  
 And Will wi' the meikle Mow ;  
 And there will be Tam the Blutter,  
 With Andrew the Tinker, I trow ;  
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robbie,  
 With thumbless Katie's gued Man ;  
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie the Laird of the Land.  
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber Patie,  
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the Mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the How of the Hill ;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessy did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,  
 The Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.  
 Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,  
 And coft him gray Breeks to his Arse,  
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great Mercy it happen'd nae warse :  
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh with the Lily white Leg,  
 Wha gade to the South for Manners,  
 And bang'd up her Wame in Mons-meg.  
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Macklawrie,  
 And blinkin daft Barbara Mackleg,  
 Wi flae-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.  
 And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by Name,  
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 The Lafs wi' the gowden Wame.  
 Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,  
 With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misse-shin'd Mungo Mackapie,  
 The Lad that was Skipper himsel.

There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings  
 Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',  
 On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,  
 That are baith foddan and raw.  
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fedges and Brachen,  
 With furth of good Cabbocks of Skate,  
 Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,  
 And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate.

And there will be Partans and Buckies,  
 And Whytens and Speldings enew,  
 With singet Sheeps-heads, and a Haggies,  
 And Scadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk Kebbucks,  
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,  
 With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,  
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps :

And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,  
 With Skink to sup till ye rive,  
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,  
 Of Flewks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrypt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulce and Tangle,

And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie.  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,  
 For there will be Lilting there,  
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,  
 The Lads wi' the gowden Hair.

# S O N G 612.

**F**YE! Liza, scorn the little Arts,  
 Which meaner Beauties use,  
 Who think they ne'er secure our Hearts,  
 Unless they still refuse;

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,  
 To raise our Passion higher ;  
 But when the poor Delight is known,  
 It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,  
 Or stop you know not why ;  
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
 What Death you mean to die !  
 Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,  
 And Love no more be crost :  
 Ah ! Liza, when the Joys are known,  
 You'll curse the Minutes past.

## S O N G 613.

Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their Nest,  
 And all the young Fry of their Cribs were possest,  
 Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss, in the Ashes were laid,  
 And a blinking Rush-Candle just over their Head.

Ursula was scouring her Dishes and Platter,  
 Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter ;  
 Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,  
 Till her embroider'd Clothes were ready to fry.

Roger the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay snoring,  
 Till Cupid, sore vex'd at his clownish adoring,  
 Did straightway convey to the great Logger-head  
 The whisp'ring News, that they were all a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,  
 Straight to his dear Ursula in Passion he hies ;  
 Then leaning his Elbow on Ursula's broad Back,  
 Complain'd that his Heart was ready to crack.

Ursula, being vex'd at the Weight of her Love,  
 Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous prove ?  
 In an angry Mood then she turn'd her about,  
 And the Dish-clout lapt over the Face of the Lout.

Roger b'ing angry at such an Affront,  
 And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
 He gave her a Kick, with such wond'rous Mettle,  
 As tumbl'd poor Ursula quite over the Kettle.

This Noise and Rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
 And fearing, lest Thieves had been Realing his Bacon,



With a Pur down the Stairs, in a trice he came stumbling,  
Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursula lay tumbling.  
Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore ;  
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door,  
Not minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather,  
To finish their Loves in a Hog-sye together.

## S O N G 614.

'G Ainst Keepers we petition,  
Who would enclose the Common :  
'Tis enough to raise Sedition  
In a free-born Subject, Woman,  
Because for his Gold  
I my Body have sold,  
He thinks I'm a Slave for Life ;  
He rants, domineers,  
He swaggers and swears,  
And would keep me as bare as his Wife.

'Gainst Keepers we petition,  
'Tis honest and fair,  
That a Feast I prepare,  
But when his dull Appetite's o'er,  
I'll treat with the rest  
Some welcomer Guest,  
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

## S O N G 615.

G Ather your Rose-buds, while you may,  
Old Time is still a flying ;  
And that same Flow'r that smiles to Day  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his Race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.  
That Age is best, that is the first,  
While Youth and Blood are warmer ;  
Expect not then - - the last and worst  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your Time,  
And while you may, go marry ;  
For having once but lost your Prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

## S O N G

## S O N G 616.

**G**AY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's Wine,  
 A noble Meal bespoke;  
 And for the Guests that were to dine,  
 Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.  
 The God near Cupid drew his Chair,  
 And Joke near Comus plac'd;  
 Thus Wine makes Love forget its Care,  
 And Mirth exalts a Feast.  
 The more to please each sprightly God,  
 Each sweet engaging Grace  
 Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,  
 And took a Waiter's Place.  
 Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry Glass  
 A Lady of the Sky,  
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the Last,  
 And had it Bumper high.  
 Fat Comus tost his Brimmer o'er,  
 And always got the most;  
 For Joke took care to fill him more,  
 Whene'er he miss'd the Toast.  
 They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch,  
 Then fill'd and drank again;  
 And if the Gods can take too much,  
 'Tis said, they did so then.  
 Free Jest's run all the Table round,  
 And with the Wine conspire,  
 (While they by fly Reflection wound)  
 To set their Heads on fire.  
 Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
 By reck'ning his Deceits;  
 And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring Tongue,  
 With all his stagg'ring Gaits.  
 Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy Ways,  
 And Tales without a Jest;  
 While Comus call'd his witty Plays  
 But Waggeries at best.

Such Talk soon set them all at Odds,  
 And had I Homer's Pen,  
 I'd sing ye how they drank like Gods,  
 And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the Graces fly,  
 Who make them soon agree ;  
 And had the Furies selves been nigh,  
 They still were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
 And gave him back his Bow ;  
 But kept some Dart to stir the Cup  
 Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke, taking Comus' rosy Crown,  
 In Triumph wore the Prize,  
 And thrice in Mirth he push'd him down,  
 As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the Myrtle Grove  
 Where Venus did recline,  
 And Beauty, close embracing Love,  
 They join'd to rail at Wine.

And Comus, loudy cursing Wit,  
 Roll'd off to some Retreat,  
 Where boon Companions gravely sit  
 In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and Joke, who stay behind,  
 For one fresh Glas prepare :  
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
 And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear  
 This our instructive Song :  
 For tho' such Friendships may be dear,  
 They can't continue long.

## S O N G 617.

GAY, kind, and airy, sweet is a Lover,  
 Sweet is a Lover, gay, kind, and airy ;  
 But when we marry,  
 Too soon we vary,  
 Courting and sporting are all over.

S O N G

**G**A Y Myra has two Winters been  
 The Flame of all the Town;  
 By all admir'd where'er she's seen,  
 By all ador'd when known,  
 No Beauty, be she e'er so fair,  
 With Myra dares dispute;  
 The very Prudes all silenc'd are,  
 And Envy's Self is mute.  
 Tho' thousands own her pow'rful Eyes,  
 Thousands for Pity sue:  
 The Nymph old Conquests does despise,  
 And fighting, longs for new.  
 Thus Philip's Son, the World subdu'd,  
 To true Enjoyment blind,  
 Wept, as the abject Earth he view'd,  
 And others wish'd to find.  
 A thousand Kingdoms own'd him Lord,  
 None felt his milder Reign;  
 In forc'd Obedience all accord,  
 All join to curse his Chain:  
 Much longer, happier he'd have rul'd  
 O'er a select'd Part.  
 Then Myra, e'er my Love be cool'd  
 Select a faithful Heart.  
 By Gratitude, thus join'd to Love,  
 My Flame will stronger grow;  
 By Age, your Face a Change must prove,  
 No Change my Heart shall know:  
 Perswaded, if against Threescore  
 This Remedy you'll try,  
 Believe that none e'er lov'd you more,  
 Or longer shall then I,

**G**A Y Myra, Toast of all the Town,  
 By powder'd Fops encircled round,  
 Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's charm'd by none,  
 Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's charm'd by none.  
 At Park, at Play, at Masquerade,  
 She gains the Prize from ev'ry Maid,

And when she sings, her Voice so clear,  
 With Harmony does glad the Ear;  
 For thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
 For thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
 Fidelio, grac'd with ev'ry Charm,  
 That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,  
 For Myra sigh'd, for her alone,  
 For Myra, &c.

Yet wou'd not Pity touch the Fair  
 To gently sooth his deep Despair;  
 And tho' she ever frown'd Disdain,  
 He still must languish, tho' in vain;  
 For sweetest Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
 For sweetest, &c.

Papilio smart, with flatt'ring Air,  
 Breath'd artfully his mimick Care;  
 With gaudy Charms the Fopling shone,  
 With gaudy, &c.

No one like him could sing or dance,  
 The Spark was newly come from France,  
 He ap'd, caress'd, and fondly swore,  
 He never lov'd a Belle before;  
 For melting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
 For melting, &c.

Cordelio, gen'rous, prudent, wise,  
 The sprightly Dame did thus advise,  
 Young Florio's borrow'd Love to shun,  
 Young Florio's, &c.

Since false Papilio soon wou'd prove,  
 And was not worthy of her Love;  
 Fidelio's Flame was chaste and pure,  
 And wou'd 'till ebbing Life endure;  
 His Heart sincere as was his Tongue,  
 His Heart, &c.

At length with flatt'ring Courtship cloy'd,  
 And faithless Vows, of Passion void,  
 She found she'd been amus'd too long;  
 She found, &c.

She Florio told, he ne'er was true;  
 Papilio, he was false she knew;

Fidelio

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Fidelio's Sighs she must approve;  
 And when she crown'd his constant Love,  
 Enchanting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
 Enchanting Sounds, &c.

## S O N G 620.

G Enius of England, from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss  
 Arise, and spread thy sacred Wings,  
 Guard, guard from Foes the British State,  
 Thou, on whose Smiles do wait  
 Th' uncertain happy Fate  
 Of Monarchies and Kings.

Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, brave Boys, to the  
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, [Wars;  
 Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,  
 Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars;  
 The Laurel you know is the Prize,  
 The Laurel you know is the Prize,  
 Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,  
 The noblest Scars, looks finest in Celia's Eyes.

Then shake off your slothful Ease,  
 Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts;  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Is the noblest of all other Arts;  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Is the noblest of all other Arts.

## S O N G 621.

G Enerous, gay, and gallant Nation,  
 Bold in Arms, and bright in Arts;  
 Land secure from all Invasion,  
 All but Cupid's gentle Darts:  
 From your Charms, oh who would run!  
 Who would leave you for the Sun!  
 Happy Soil! adieu, adieu:  
 Let old Charmers yield to new.  
 In Arms, in Arts, be still more shining,  
 All your Joys be still encreasing,  
 All your Tastes be still refining,  
 All your Jars for ever ceasing:

But



But let old Charmers yield to new,  
Happy Soil ! adieu, adieu.

## S O N G 622.

G En'rous Wine, and a Friend in whom I can confide,  
And a cleanly bright Girl I wou'd have for my Bride :  
I'll keep a Brace of Geldings,  
An easy Pad to please my Spouse ;  
Kind Fate, what more I ask,  
Ne'er to want my dear Flask,  
And in friendly Bumpers ever briskly carouse.

## S O N G 623.

G Enteel in Personage,  
Conduct and Equipage,  
Noble by Heritage,  
Generous, and free ;  
Brave, not romantick ;  
Learn'd, not pedantick ;  
Frolick, not frantick ;  
This must be he.

Honour maintaining,  
Meanness disdaining,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging and new :  
Neat, but not finical ;  
Sage, but not cynical ;  
Never tyrannical,  
But ever true.

## S O N G 624.

G Entle Air, thou Breath of Lovers,  
Vapour from a secret Fire,  
Which by thee itself discovers,  
Ere yet daring to aspire.  
Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,  
Harmony's refined Part,  
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,  
Full upon the List'ner's Heart.  
Softest Messenger of Passion,  
Stealing thro' a Cloud of Spies,  
Who constrain the outward Fashion,  
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes,

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee,  
 Form'd but to assault the Ear ;  
 Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,  
 Ev'ry Nymph may read thee .... here.

## S O N G 625.

G Entle Gales, that fan the May,  
 Quiv'ring on the bloomy Spray ;  
 No more the Woods with Whispers fill,  
 All be silent, all be still.

Then rise at once, and murm'ring blow,  
 Hollow, dismal, deep, and low ;  
 Turn Companions of my Groans,  
 And fill the Mountains with our Moans.

## S O N G 626.

G Entle God of pleasing Pains,  
 God of Love and soothing Joys,  
 Fly where Flora matchless reigns ;  
 Tell her Strephon loving dies.  
 On her cold and snowy Breast  
 Let thy filken Pinions rest.

In melting Whispers, moving Sounds,  
 Softest Wishes, gentle Sighs,  
 Tell her, the resistless wounds

With the Lightning of her Eyes ;  
 Sweetly pleading, Pity move,  
 Pleasing, painful God of Love !

Whilst for me you're fondly suing,

Gentle God of Love beware,

Lest you meet your own undoing,

Flora's so divinely fair.

What, if she thyself disarms ?

She has more than Psyche's Charms !

## S O N G 627.

G Entle Love, this Hour befriend me,  
 To my Eyes resign thy Dart ;

Notes of melting Music lend me,

To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,

Tho' I tender Language use ;

'Tis by cold Indifference frozen

To my Arms, and to my Muse.

See

See my dying Eyes are pleading  
Where a broken Heart appears,  
For thy Pity interceding  
With the Eloquence of Tears.

While the Lamp of Life is fading,  
And beneath thy Coldness dies,  
Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,  
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

S O N G 628.

Gentle Zephyr come away !

On this sweet, this silent Grove,  
Sacred to the Muse and Love,  
In softest whisper'd Murmurs play.  
Come, let thy soft thy balmy Breeze  
Diffuse the vernal Sweets around  
From sprouting Flow'rs, and blossom'd Trees,  
While echoing Hills and Vales resound  
With Notes, which wing'd Musicians sing  
In Honour to the Bloom of Spring.

Lovely Season of Desire !

Nature smiles with Joy to see  
The am'rous Months led on by thee,  
That kindly wake her genial Fire.  
The brightest Object in the Skies,  
The fairest Lights that shine below,  
The Sun, and Myra's charming Eyes,  
At thy Return more charming grow ;  
With double Glory they appear  
To warm and grace the infant Year.

S O N G 629.

Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades,

Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,  
Senses pleasing,  
Pains appeasing,  
Love each tender Breast invades.  
Here the Graces Beauties bring,  
Here the warbling Choirists sing ;  
Love inspiring,  
All desiring  
To adorn the infant Spring.

Hence

Here behold the am'rous Swains,  
Free from Anguish, free from Pains ;

Nymphs complying,

Cares defying,

Venus smiling glads the Plains.

Let us not, too charming Fair,

Be the only hapless Pair.

O relieve me !

Cease to grieve me ;

Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love ;

'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove ;

Not revealing,

But concealing ;

All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face

Dwells an irresistible Grace,

Ever charming,

Love alarming,

To pursue the blissful Chace.

Let me touch this panting Breast ;

Here for ever let me rest,

Bliss enjoying,

Never cloying,

Ever loving, ever blest.

# S O N G 630.

G Ently hear me, charming Fair,

Ever kind, and ever dear :

All my dying Pains remove,

Chloe, smile, and say, you love.

On your Bosom let me lay,

Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kisses, pow'rful Joys,

Such as Death, nor Time destroys,

Oh ! my dearest fair one, give,

So I ever blest shall live,

More than Gods in Heav'n can be ;

Thou alone art Heav'n to me.

# S O N G

## S O N G 631.

Gently stir and blow the Fire,  
Lay the Mutton down to roast,  
Dress it quickly I desire,  
In the Dripping put a Toast,  
That I Hunger may remove;  
Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dresser see it lie,  
Oh! the charming white and red!  
Finer Meat ne'er met my Eye,  
On the sweetest Grass it fed:  
Let the Jack go swiftly round,  
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloth,  
Let the Knives be sharp and clean:  
Pickles get, and Sallad both,  
Let them each be fresh and green;  
With small Beer, good Ale, and Wine,  
Oh! ye Gods! how I shall dine!

## S O N G 632.

Gently touch the warbling Lyre,  
Chloe seems inclin'd to Rest;  
Fill her Soul with fond Desire,  
Softest Notes will sooth her Breast;  
Pleasing Dreams assist in Love;  
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy Bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant Velvet Bed,)  
Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,  
Forming Pillows for her Head:  
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,  
And indulging Whispers sound.

## S O N G 633.

GHOSTS of ev'ry Occupation,  
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,  
Some with Crimes all foul and spotted,  
Some to happier Climes allotted,  
Press the Stygian Lake to pass.  
Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,  
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:

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Statesmen here the Times accusing ;

Poets Sense for Rhimes abusing ;

Lawyers chatt'ring,

Courtiers flatt'ring,

Bullies ranting,

Zealots canting,

Knaves and Fools of e'ery Class!

S O N G 634.

G I'E me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,

And we for Life shall gang the gither,

Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,

Or black or fair it maksna whether.

I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,

And Blood alone is no worth a Shilling ;

But she that's rich, her Market's made,

For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,

And in my Bosom I'll hug my Treasure:

Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,

Should Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,

I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,

Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,

They'se ne'er get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,

And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion ;

But Beauty and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,

Have tint the Art of gaining Affection :

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,

And Castles and Riggs, and Muirs and Meadows,

And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,

But well-tocher'd Lassies or jointer'd Widows.

S O N G 635.

G ilderoy was a bonny Boy,

Had Roses till his Shoon,

His Stockings made of the finest Silk,

His Garters hanging down:

It were a comely Sight to see,

He were so trim a Boy ;

He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,

My handsome Gilderoy.

M m h



Oh! like charming Eyne he had,  
 A Breath as sweet as Rose,  
 He never wore a Highland Plad,  
 But costly filken Clothes.  
 He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,  
 There's none to him was coy;  
 Ay, wae is me, He mourn this Day,  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
 Both in one Town together,  
 Not passing seven Years ago,  
 Since one did love each other:  
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both  
 Were cloth'd with muckle Joy,  
 To think upon the Bridal-Day  
 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that Love of mine,  
 Gued faith Ise freely bought  
 A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,  
 With filken Flow'rs wrought;  
 And he gave me a Wedding Ring,  
 Which I receiv'd with Joy:  
 No Lads or Lassies e'er could sing,  
 Like me and Gilderoy.

In muckle Joy we spent our Time  
 'Till we were both sixteen,  
 Then gently he did lay me down  
 Among the Leaves so green:  
 When he had done what he could do,  
 He rose and gang'd his Way,  
 But ever since I lov'd the Man,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

While we did both together play,  
 He kiss'd me o'er and o'er;  
 Gued Faith it was as blithe a Day  
 As e'er I saw before;

He fill'd my Heart in ev'ry Vein  
 With Love and mickle Joy;  
 But when shall I behold again  
 Mine own sweet Gilderoy?

GIN  
 But if  
 Fie

'Tis pity Men should e'er be hang'd  
That take up Women's Geer,  
Or for their pilfering Sheep or Calf,  
Or stealing Cow or Mare.

Had not our Laws been made so strict,  
Is'd never lost my Joy,  
Who was my Love and Heart's Delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,  
Must he be punish'd then ?  
What kind of Cruelty is this,  
To hang such handsome Men !

The Power of the Scottish Land,  
A sweet and lovely Boy :  
He likewise had a Lady's Hand,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,  
And there God-wot they bang'd him,  
Carry'd him to fair Edinburgh,  
And there God-wot they hang'd him ;

They hang'd him up above the rest,  
He was so trim a Boy,  
My only Love and Heart's Delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,  
In Cypress he was laid ;  
Then for my dearest, after Death,  
A Funeral I made :

Over his Grave a Marble-Stone  
I fixed for my Joy,  
Now I am left to weep alone  
For my dear Gilderoy.

## S O N G 636.

G I N ye meet a bonny Lassie,  
Gi'e her a Kiss, and let her gae ;  
But if ye meet a dirty Hussy,  
Fie gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

M m 2

Be

Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip  
 Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,  
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,  
 And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth a heartsome Time,  
 Then, Lads and Lassies, while 'tis May,  
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast Minutes of Delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath,  
 And Kisses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kep ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;  
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide herself in some dark Nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the Place,  
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
 And plainly tell you to your Face,  
 Nineteen Na-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a Kifs;  
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,  
 As Taiken of a future Blifs.

These Benifons, I'm very sure,  
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;  
 Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us with your whining Cant.

## S O N G 637.

**G**IRLS, be sure, make Man secure,

Be never coy in Carriage;  
 Put on each Grace and taking Lure,  
 And when he offers Marriage,  
 Make no Refuses,

And faint Excuses,  
 But kindly hug the Proffer;  
 Let Inclination then prevail,  
 A seeming Slight may turn the Scale,  
 And she will die a Maiden-stale,  
 That ever refuses the Offer.

S O N G

## S O N G 638.

GIVE ear, you sons of Britain,  
 Of greater Crimes I sing,  
 Than ever before were writ on,  
 Since the Time of a Queen or a King,  
 All done by John Duke of Marlborough.

Most men have some Ambition,  
 In this dead Time of News,  
 To tell of the Deposition  
 Of Christians and eke of Jews  
 Against John Duke of Marlborough.

This Man by Constitution  
 Was made for Liberty;  
 He helped the Late Revolution,  
 On purpose to hurt Popery,  
 Did this John Duke of Marlborough.

The next great Crime of many,  
 His troublesome Pride to show,  
 Was marching to high Germany,  
 Where he gave them that damnable Blow.  
 Did this John Duke of Marlborough.

And more to mend the Matter,  
 To his Shame and great Reproach,  
 An Army he made take Water,  
 And their General sent by a Coach.  
 All proved on John Duke of Marlborough.

To shew his whig Devotion,  
 In keeping the Sabbath-day;  
 He the Murder at Ramelley began,  
 All upon a Whitsunday.

O heathenish John Duke of Marlborough!  
 Tho' busy on his Slaughtering,  
 His Avarice ran so high;  
 That rather than spare the most christian King,  
 He ten thousand Pounds gave to a Spy.

O covetous John Duke of Marlborough!  
 At Oudenard so ill to treat Foes,  
 And make poor Widows of Wives;  
 He took a Delight to beat those,

That never beat him in their Lives.

O bullying John Duke of Marlborough!

Boufflers, a civil good Man,

And safe in his Trenches close,

From Mons he made run like a Footman,

Tho' bulwark'd as high as his Nose.

Uncivil John Duke of Marlborough!

To tender Christian Ear,

When Crimes like these shall come;

I know not how they Abroad may appear;

I'm sure they sound only at Home,

These Deeds of John Duke of Marlborough.

Some Facts to make the French undone,

I've proved upon him well;

And truly what 'tis he has not done,

Impossible 'tis to tell

Of this John Duke of Marlborough.

To prove that all these things are so,

And not what Folks devise;

Was he ever the Man that once spared the Foe,

Or ever affronted the Allies?

This same John Duke of Marlborough.

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay,

And of late the strong Bouchain,

He of his own head made obey,

Tho' wanting his Brother Eugene.

Hot-headed John Duke of Marlborough!

Of these immortal Things he brags,

'Cause we take no notice at all;

You see with his pitiful French bloody Rags,

How he litter'd poor Westminster-hall.

Slovenly John Duke of Marlborough!

Nay more he still would fly at,

And all to mend the Peace;

Lord, how can we ever be at quiet,

If we pardon such Crimes as these,

In this same John Duke of Marlborough?

Twelve Years, it sadly true is,

He us'd Bombs, Mortars, and Lines;

And baffled poor King Lewis:

He

He has spoil'd the Pretender's Designs.

O meddlesome John Duke of Marlborough !

Success still makes him bolder,

And by the Monsieur's Fall,

He passes on this Isle for a Soldier ;

But it seems he knows nothing at all.

Earl P - - - t says so of Marlborough.

This Year for War he voted,

But we resolved on none ;

For Monsieur was sure to be routed,

And then High-Church had been undone

By English John Duke of Marlborough.

You see the Troops don't need him,

He is out, and in France they laugh ;

And send any other to head them,

And I'll warrant old Bourbon is safe,

Keep back but John Duke of Marlborough.

For he, as Fame confesses,

That Kingdom meant to devour ;

For which and his heinous Successes,

He is broke, and our Fears are all o'er :

Thus fell John Duke of Marlborough.

# S O N G 639.

GIVE me but a Friend and a Glass, Boys,

I'll shew ye what 'tis to be gay ;

I'll not care a Fig for a Lass, Boys,

Nor love my brisk Youth away :

Give me but an honest Fellow,

That's pleasanter when he is mellow,

We'll live twenty-four Hours a Day.

'Tis Woman in Chains does bind, Boys,

But 'tis Wine that makes us free ;

'Tis Woman that makes us blind, Boys,

But Wine makes us doubly see.

The Female is true to no Man,

Deceit is inherent in Woman,

But none in a Brimmer can be.

# S O N G



**G**IVE me more Love, or more Disdain,  
The Torrid or the Frozen Zone

Brings equal Ease unto my Pain,  
The Temperate affords me none;  
Either Extream of Love or Hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm Estate.

Give me a Storm, if it be Love,  
Like Danae in a golden Show'r;  
I swim in Pleasure, if it prove  
Disdain, that Torrent will devour  
My Vultur Hopes; and he's possess'd  
Of Heav'n, that's but from Hell releas'd.  
Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain;  
Give me more Love, or more Disdain.

## S O N G 641.

**G**IVE o'er, foolish Heart, and make haste to despair,  
For Daphne regards not thy Vows, nor thy Pray'r;  
When I plead for thy Passion, thy Pains to prolong,  
She courts her Guittar, and replies with a Song;  
No more shall true Lovers thy Beauty adore,  
Were the Gods so severe, Men wou'd worship no more.  
No more will I wait, like a Slave, at thy Door,  
I'll spend the cold Nights at thy Window no more;  
My Lungs in cold Sighs I no more will exhale,  
Since thy Pride is to make me look sullen and pale.  
No more shall Amyntas thy Pity implore,  
Were the Gods so ingrate, Men wou'd worship no more.  
No more shall thy Frowns, or free Humour persuade,  
To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made;  
When thy Saints so neglected their Follies give o'er,  
Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more.  
No more shall Amyntas, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in Pain,  
When flatter'd by Hope, or oppress'd by Disdain?  
No sooner my Daphne's bright Eyes I review,  
But all is forgot, and I vow all a-new.  
No more, cruel Nymph, I will murmur no more;  
Did the Gods seem so fair, Men wou'd worship them more.

## S O N G 642.

**G**IVE, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover!

Give the Bowl, and flowing over;

See me panting, glowing, firing,

See me, see me just expiring.

Give, ye Nymphs, from yonder Bow'rs,

Give me Wreaths of cooling Flow'rs;

See, my Garlands all are wasted,

By my blazing Temples blasted;

But if Flames of Love invade thee,

What, O what! my Heart can shade thee?

## S O N G 643.

**G**LIDE gently on, thou murm'ring Brook,

And sooth my tender Grief:

'Twas here the fatal Wound I took,

'Tis here I seek Relief.

With Sylvio on this verdant Shore

I fondly sat reclin'd;

Believ'd the charming things he swore,

Too credulously kind.

Too credulously, &c.

While thus he said: This purling Stream

Back to its Spring shall flow,

O Pastorella, e'er my Flame

The least Decay shall know.

Ye conscious Waves roll back again,

Back to your chrystal Head;

The false, ungrateful, perjur'd Swain

Has broke the Vows he made.

Has broke, &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess

His faithless Breast has warm'd,

And those kind Vows, and soft Address,

Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.

But tell the Nymph, thou gentle Stream,

If e'er she visits thee,

The treach'rous Youth has vow'd the same,

Yet broke his Faith with me.

Yet broke, &c.

## S O N G

## S O N G 644.

GLIDE swiftly on, thou Silver Stream,  
Pursue the Lad I love :

In gentle Murmurs tell my Flame,  
And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always green,  
Thy Channel never dry :

If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,  
My Tears shall that supply.

May gilded Carps thy Surface skim,  
In place of useleſs Weeds ;

May painted Flow'rs adorn thy Brim,  
And Knots of bended Reeds.

## S O N G 645.

GO, go, go, go, falseſt of thy Sex be gone,  
Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to my ſelf alone !

Why would you ſtrive by fond Pretence,  
Thus to deſtroy my Innocence ?

Go, go, &c. - - - Leave, leave, &c.

Young Cælia you too late betray'd,  
Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid,  
“ Love like a Dream uſhier'd by Night,  
“ Flies the Approach of Morning Light.

Go, go, &c. - - - Leave, leave, &c.

She that believes Man when he ſwears,  
Or leaſt regards his Oaths and Prayers,  
May ſhe, fond ſhe, be moſt accuſt ;  
Nay more, be ſubject to his Luſt.

Go, go, &c. - - - Leave, leave, &c.

## S O N G 646.

She. GO, go, you vile Sot,

Quit your Pipe and your Pot,

Get home to your Stall and be doing :

You puzzle your Pate

With Whimſies of State,

And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.

He. Keep in that ſhrill Note,

Or I'll ram down your Throat

This

This red-hot black Pipe I am smoaking :  
 Thou Plague of my Life!  
 Thou Gipsy! thou Wife!  
 How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking?

She. You riot, and roar,  
 For Babylon's Whore,  
 And give up your Bible and Psalter;  
 I prithee, dear Kit,  
 Have a little more Wit,  
 And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.  
 He. Nay, prithee, sweet Joan,  
 Now let me alone,

To follow this princely Vocation;  
 I mean to be great,  
 In spite of my Fate,  
 And settle myself, and the Nation.

She. Go, go, you vile Sot!

He. I matter thee not.

She. Was ever poor Woman so slighted?

He. Thy Fortune is made!

She. Go, follow your Trade.

He. I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

She. A whipping-post Knight!

He. Get out of my Sight!

She. Thou Traytor, thou! mark thy sad Ending.

He. I'll new vamp the State,

The Church I'll translate,

Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

# S O N G 647.

GO, happy Flow'rs, Corinna said,  
 Ye Hyacinths, and Violets blue,  
 Your sweetest Odours gently shed  
 On Strephon, sweeter far than you.

Strephon the Gift with Thanks receiv'd,  
 The Gift his Thanks more precious made;  
 Corinna smil'd; for she believ'd,  
 (Mistaken Fair!) what Strephon said.

With

With Laura now at Cards he plays,  
 The gaudy Nofegay lying by;  
 The Nofegay Laura's Eye surveys,  
 He gueſs'd her Meaning in her Eye.

And go, too happy Flow'rs, he ſaid,  
 Ye Hyacinths, and Violets blue,  
 Your ſweeteſt Odours gently ſhed  
 On Laura, ſweeter far than you.

S Q N G 648.

GO, happy Paper, doubly bleſt,  
 To fair Corinna ſteal,  
 If not too great to be expreſt,  
 Tell her the Pain I feel.

Tell her how raging is my Flame,  
 Too exquisite to bear!

But ſay not how, nor whence you came,  
 Nor ſpeak one Letter of my Name,  
 Left it may grate her Ear.

O! be that Moment ever bleſt  
 When firſt I ſaw my Love,  
 The deareſt, ſweeteſt, and the beſt  
 That e'er was form'd above!

I ſaw ten thouſand Graces riſe,  
 And bloom on ev'ry Part,  
 Ten thouſand Arrows, from her Eyes,  
 Shot thro' my Soul with ſweet Surprize,  
 And ſtood to guard her Heart.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,  
 Or Follies of the Day,  
 Could veil her Image from my Sight,  
 Or tempt my Soul to ſtray.

She is the only waking Theme  
 Which o'er my Wiſhes reigns,  
 Her pleaſing Form meets ev'ry Dream,  
 More Charms in her each Day there ſeem,  
 That thrill thro' all my Veins.

Let me be loſt in thy Embrace,  
 As Rivers in the Sea;  
 Or like Eternity of Days,  
 To love and honour thee!

In those dear Arms (but Fate controuls)

I'd as the Mountains fly,  
Still breathe away successive Souls;  
So Billow after Billow roll,  
To kiss the Shore and die,

S O N G 649.

GO, lovely Rose,

Tell her that wastes her Time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In Deserts, where no Men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended dy'd,

Small is the Worth  
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd:

Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

S O N G 650.

GO Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace,

How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envied Place  
With never-fading Love.

There Phœnix-like beneath her Eye,  
Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,  
Involv'd in Raptures burn and die.

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find

More fragrant Roses there;  
I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd,  
With Envy and Despair;

One common Fate we both must prove,  
You die with Envy, I with Love.

S O N G 651.

GO tell Aminta, gentle Swain,

I would not die, nor dare complain;  
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,  
Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:

N n

For



For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,  
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief:  
 That Musick should in Sounds convey  
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,  
 But Love on Pity cannot live;  
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,  
 And Love with Love is only paid:  
 Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,  
 That soon they will be past Redress:  
 For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,  
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

## S O N G 652.

GO, thou perpetual whining Lover,  
 For Shame leave off this humble Trade,  
 'Tis more than Time thou gav'st it over,  
 For Sighs and Tears will never move her;  
 By them more obstinate she's made,  
 And thou, by Love, fond constant Love betray'd.

The more, vain Fop, thou su'st unto her,  
 The more she does torment thee still;  
 Is more perverse, the more you woo her;  
 When thou art humblest, lays thee lower;  
 And when, most prostrate to her Will,  
 Thou meanly begg'st for Life, does basely kill.

By Heaven, 'tis against all Nature,  
 Honour and Manhood, Wit and Sense,  
 To let a little Female Creature  
 Rule, on the poor Account of Feature;  
 And thy unmanly Patience,  
 Monstrous and shameful as her Insolence!

Thou mayst find Forty will be kinder,  
 Or more compassionate at least;  
 If one will serve, two Hours will find her,  
 And half this 'Do for ever bind her,  
 As firm and true as thy own Breast,  
 On Love and Virtue's double Interest.

But if thou canst not live without her,  
 This only she, when it comes to't,  
 And she, relent not, (as I doubt her)  
 Never make more ado about her.

To

To sigh and whimper is no Boot ;  
Go hang thyself, and that will do't.

S O N G 653.

GO vind the Vicar of Taunton-Dean,  
And he'll tell you the Banns were asked ;  
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,  
And I zent it home in a Basket.  
And Friday Night I was, by right,  
To have prov'd if she were a Madein ;  
And now she's run with a Soldier to Town :  
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden ;  
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :  
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.  
My Mother she zold her blue Game-Cock,  
And a dainty Brood of Chicken :  
Then bought herself a Canva's Smock,  
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen :  
And she bought me a Cambrick-Band,  
With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches :  
Not thinking but Joan  
Would have made me her own :  
But I'faith she'd have none of those Vetches.  
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :  
Sing heydledom, deyledom, cudden.  
I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,  
Before I'll endure these Losses :  
Or else a Rope in a dolesome Well,  
For I never can bear these Crosses :  
Or I'll go to some Beacon high,  
For I'vaith I am welly wooden,  
And throw my zelf down, her Kindness to try.  
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.  
If she can think 'tis a better Trade,  
This shooting of Gups, and flashing,  
She'll find herself but a simple Jade,  
For there's more to be got by Threshing.  
I ne'er shall beg without a Leg,  
Nor Occasion have vor a wooden ;  
Nor Cripple become,  
By vollowing a Drum,

Heydledom, deydledom, cudden ;  
 Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :  
 Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

S O N G 654.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiss,  
 Salute a Virgin's Hand ;  
 Go, senseless Thing, and reap a Bliss  
 Thou dost not understand :  
 Go, for in thee, methinks I find  
 (Tho' 'tis not half so bright)  
 An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,  
 By Nature clad in white.  
 Securely thou may'st touch the Fair,  
 Whom few securely can,  
 May'st press her Breast, her Lips, her Hair,  
 Or wanton with her Fan ;  
 May'st Coach it with her to and fro,  
 From Masquerades to Plays ;  
 Ah ! could'st thou hither come and go,  
 To tell me what she says !

Go then, and when the Morning cold  
 Shall nip her Lilly Arm,  
 Do thou (oh ! might I be so bold)  
 With Kisses make it warm.  
 But when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,  
 When all thy Charms are gone,  
 Return to me, I'll love thee more  
 Than e'er I yet have done.

S O N G 655.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languish,  
 God of pleasing Dreams and Peace,  
 Gently sooth a Lover's Anguish,  
 Help to make his Tortures cease.  
 Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,  
 Lull the busy Soul to rest,  
 Then bring her I love before me,  
 She that's painted in my Breast.  
 If kind as fair, my Bliss I'll keep,  
 And great as Jove, the World forsake :  
 Let me, thus blest'd, for ever sleep,  
 And lie, and dream, and never wake ;

But

But shou'd the Fair, divinely bright,  
 Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame,  
 Fly, fly, kind Sleep, restore the Light,  
 Let Strephon know 'twas all a Dream.

## S O N G 656.

**G**OD prosper long from being broke,  
 The Luck of Eden-Hall;  
 A doleful Drinking-Bout I sing,  
 There lately did befall.

To chase the Spleen with Cup and Cann,  
 Duke Philip took his Way:  
 Babes yet unborn shall never see  
 The like of such a Day.

The stout and ever-thirsty Duke  
 A Vow to God did make,  
 His Pleasure within Cumberland  
 Three live-long Nights to take.

Sir Musgrave too, of Martindale,  
 A true and worthy Knight,  
 Eftsoon with him a Bargain made,  
 In Drinking to delight.

The Bumpers swiftly pass about,  
 And six in Hand went round;  
 And with their calling for more Wine,  
 They made the Hall resound.

Now when these merry Tidings reach'd  
 The Earl of Harold's Ears,  
 And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)  
 Thus slighted by my Peers?

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,  
 I'll be with them right quick,  
 And Master Sheriff come you too,  
 We'll know this scurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,  
 (Did one at Table say.)

'Tis well, reply'd the mett'l'd Duke,  
 How will he get away?

When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,  
 I'll know how this did chance,  
 Without inviting me; sure this  
 You did not learn in France?  
 One of us two, for this Offence,  
 Under the Board shall lie;  
 I know thee well, a Duke thou art,  
 So some Years hence shall I,  
 But trust me, Wharton, Pity 'twere,  
 So much good Wine to spill,  
 As these Companions here may drink,  
 Ere they have had their Fill.  
 Let thou and I, in Bumpers full,  
 This grand Affair decide.  
 Accurs'd be he, Duke Wharton said,  
 By whom it is deny'd.  
 To Andrews, and to Hotham, fair,  
 Many a Pint went round,  
 And many a gallant Gentleman  
 Lay sick upon the Ground.  
 When, at the last, the Duke espy'd  
 He had the Earl secure;  
 He ply'd him with a full Pint Glass,  
 Which laid him on the Floor.  
 Who never spoke more Words than these  
 After he downwards sunk,  
 My worthy Friends, revenge my Fall,  
 Duke Wharton sees me drunk.  
 Then, with a Groan, Duke Philip held  
 The sick Man by the Joint,  
 And said, Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,  
 Would I had drank this Pint.  
 Alack! my very Heart doth bleed,  
 And doth within me sink;  
 For surely a more sober Earl  
 Did never swallow Drink.  
 With that the Sheriff, in a Rage  
 To see the Earl so smit,  
 Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer  
 Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then

Then slept a gallant 'Squire forth,  
 Of Visage thin and pale,  
 Lloyd was his Name, and of Gang-hall,  
 Fast by the River Twale.

Who said, he would not have it told.

Where Eden River ran,  
 That unconcern'd he should sit by ;  
 So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now when these Tidings reach'd the Room,  
 Where the Duke lay in Bed,  
 How that the 'Squire suddenly  
 Upon the Floor was laid.

O heavy Tidings ! (quoth the Duke)  
 Cumberland Witness be,  
 I have not any Captain more,  
 Of such account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl Thanet came,  
 Within as short a Space,  
 How that the Under-Sheriff too  
 Was fallen from his Place.

Now God be with him (said the Earl)  
 Sith 'twill no better be,  
 I trust I have within my Town  
 As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,  
 Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield ;  
 But with a Bumper in his Hand  
 He stagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did this dire Contention end,  
 And each Man of the Slain  
 Were quickly carried off to Bed,  
 Their Senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Duchess said,  
 And keep the Land in Peace,  
 And grant that Drunkenness henceforth  
 'Mongst Noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our Royal Prince,  
 The Nation's other Hope,  
 And give us Grace, for to defy  
 The Devil and the Pope.

S O N G



## S O N G 657.

**G**OD prosper long our Noble King,  
Our Lives and Safeties all;

A woful Hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,  
Earl Piercy took his way ;  
The Child may rue, that is unborn,  
The Hunting of that Day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A Vow to God did make,  
His Pleasure in the Scottish Woods  
Three Summer's Days to take ;

The chiefest Harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away,  
The Tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Piercy present Word,  
He would prevent his Sport.  
The English Earl, not fearing this,  
Did to the Woods resort.

With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,  
All chosen Men of Might,  
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,  
To aim their Shaft aright.

The gallant Greyhounds swiftly ran,  
To chase the Fallow-Deer :

On Monday they began to hunt,  
When Day-light did appear ;

And long before High-Noon they had  
An Hundred fat Bucks slain ;

Then having din'd, the Drovers went  
To rouse them up again.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
Their Backsides all, with special Care,  
That Day were guarded-sure.

The

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,  
 The nimble Deer to take ;  
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales  
 An Echo shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,  
 To view the tender Deer ;  
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
 This Day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay.

With that, a brave young Gentleman  
 Thus to the Earl did say ;

Lo ! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
 His Men in Armour bright ;  
 Full Twenty Hundred Scottish Spears,  
 All marching in our Sight ;  
 All Men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
 Fast by the River Tweed.

Then cease your Sport, Earl Piercy said,  
 And take your Bows with Speed :

And now with me, my Countrymen,  
 Your Courage forth advance ;  
 For never was there Champion yet,  
 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on Horseback come,  
 But, since my Hap it were,  
 I durst encounter Man for Man,  
 With him to break a Spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white Steed,  
 Most like a Baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the Company,  
 Whose Armour shone like Gold :

Shew me (he said) whose Men you be,  
 That hunt so boldly here ;  
 That, without my Consent, do chase,  
 And take my Fallow-Deer ?

The Man that first did answer make,  
 Was noble Piercy he ;

Who said, We list not to declare,  
 Nor shew whose Men we be :

Yst

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,  
 Thy chiefest Hart to slay.  
 Then Douglas swore a solemn Oath,  
 And thus in Rage did say;  
 Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
 One of us two shall die;  
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art;  
 Lord Piercy, so am I.  
 But trust me, Piercy, Pity 'twere,  
 And great Offence to kill  
 Any of these our harmless Men;  
 For they have done no Ill.  
 Let thou and I the Battle try,  
 And set our Men aside.  
 Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy said,  
 By whom this is deny'd.  
 Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth;  
 With'rington was his Name,  
 Who said, I would not have it told  
 To Henry our King, for Shame,  
 That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,  
 And I stood looking on.  
 You be two Earls, said With'rington,  
 And I a 'Squire alone:  
 I'll do the best that do I may,  
 While I have Pow'r to stand;  
 While I have Pow'r to wield my Sword,  
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.  
 Our English Archers bent their Bows,  
 Their Hearts were good and true;  
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,  
 Full Threescore Scots they slew.  
 To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,  
 Earl Douglas had the Bent;  
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,  
 Their Spears to Shivers sent.  
 They clos'd full fast on ev'ry Side,  
 No Slackness there was found;  
 And many a gallant Gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the Ground.

O Christ ! it was a Grief to see,  
 And likewise for to hear  
 The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,  
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these Two stout Earls did meet,  
 Like Captains of great Might ;  
 Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Load,  
 And made a cruel Fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With Swords of temper'd Steel,  
 Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,  
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said ;  
 In Faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be  
 By James our Scottish King :

Thy Ransom I will freely give,  
 And thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous Knight  
 That ever I did see.

To Douglas quoth Earl Piercy then,  
 Thy Proffer I do scorn ;  
 I will not yield to any Scot  
 That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an Arrow keen  
 Out of an English Bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the Heart  
 A deep and deadly Blow :

Who never spoke more Words than these,  
 Fight on, my merry Men all ;  
 For why, my Life is at an End :  
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy took  
 The dead Man by the Hand ;  
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy Life  
 Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ ! my very Heart doth bleed  
 With Sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure, a more renowned Knight  
 Mischance did never take.

A Knight amongst the Scots there was,  
Which saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who strait in Wrath did vow Revenge  
Upon the Earl Piercy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a Spear most hight,  
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,  
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight ;

And pass'd the English Archers all,  
Without all Dread or Fear ;  
And thro' Earl Piercy's Body then  
He thrust his hateful Spear :

With such a veh'ment Force and Might  
He did his Body gore,  
The Spear went through the other Side  
A large Cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these Nobles die,  
Whose Courage none could stain.  
An English Archer then perceiv'd  
The Noble Earl was slain ;

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,  
Made of a trusty Tree ;  
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long  
Up to the Head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his Shaft he set,  
The grey Goose-wing that was thereon  
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from Break of Day,  
Till Setting of the Sun ;  
For when they rung the ev'ning-Bell,  
The Battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy there was slain  
Sir John of Ogerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold Baron :

And with Sir George and good Sir James,  
Both Knights of good Account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose Prowess did surmount,

For With'rington needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful Dumps;  
 For when his Legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his Stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery;  
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the Field  
 One Foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,  
 His Sister's Son was he;  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd:  
 They saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in likewise  
 Did with Earl Douglas die;  
 Of Twenty Hundred Scottish Spears  
 Scarce Fifty five did fly.

Of Fifteen Hundred English Men  
 Went Home but Fifty three;  
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase  
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Next Day did many Widows come,  
 Their Husbands to bewail;  
 They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,  
 But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Blood,  
 They bore with them away;  
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
 When they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,  
 Where Scotland's King did reign,  
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
 Was with an Arrow slain.

Oh heavy News! King James did say,  
 Scotland can Witness be,  
 I have not any Captain more  
 Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to King Henry came,  
 Within as short a Space,  
 That Piercy, of Northumberland,  
 Was slain in Chevy-Chase.



Now God be with him, said our King,  
 Sith 'twill no better be;  
 I trust I have within my Realm  
 Five Hundred as good as he:  
 Yet shall not Scot, or Scotland say,  
 But I will Vengeance take,  
 And be revenged on them all,  
 For brave Earl Piercy's Sake.

This Vow full well the King perform'd  
 After, on Humbledown;  
 In one Day, Fifty Knights were slain,  
 With Lords of great Renown:  
 And of the rest, of small Account,  
 Did many Thousands die;  
 Thus ended the Hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
 Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the Land  
 In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;  
 And grant henceforth, that foul Debate  
 'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

## S O N G 658.

GOOD Friends and Neighbours all draw near,  
 Some Solace I'll impart;  
 Be mindful of the Words you hear,  
 They'll ease your drooping Heart. Fa, la, &c.  
 All you whose Wives are grown so free,  
 To give you jealous Pain;  
 Here's what will cause your Jealousy,  
 Ne'er to return again. Fa, la, &c.  
 A Painter once took great Delight  
 In painting of the Devil;  
 And he would always paint him white,  
 Which old Nick took most civil. Fa, la, &c.  
 One Night the Painter being in Bed,  
 Asleep, and in a Dream,  
 His Damsel on his left Side laid,  
 The Devil to him came. Fa, la, &c.  
 Painter, says Belzebub, I'm come  
 Thy Kindness to requite;

Alk

Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done,  
For painting me so white. Fa, la, &c.

So please your Devilship, quoth he,  
Keep Spouse from playing Pranks,  
And that I mayn't a Cuckold be,  
I'll always give you Thanks. Fa, la, &c.

No sooner ask'd, but granted was;  
The Painter had a Ring,  
Which whilst you wear, the Fiend replies,  
Ne'er fear a Cuckolding. Fa, la, &c.

Like Light'ning then away he flew,  
The Painter waking soon,  
Found that he had his Finger got,  
Within his Wife's Half-moon. Fa, la, &c.

So thus let me advise in Brief,  
Each Man wear such a Ring,  
My Life for yours, you'll all be safe;  
And so God save the King. Fa, la, &c.

## S O N G 659.

GOOD Madam, when Ladies are willing,  
A Man must needs look like a Fool;  
For me I wou'd not give a Shilling  
For one that does love without Rule.

At least you shou'd wait for our Offers,  
Not snatch like old Maids in Despair;  
Had you liv'd to these Years without Proffers,  
Your Sighs were all spent in the Air.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your Blushing,  
And not tell the Matter so plain;  
'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,  
And yours to affect a Disdain.

But you're in a terrible taking,  
By all the fond Oglings I see;  
The Fruit that can fall without shaking  
Indeed is too mellow for me.

## S O N G 660.

GOOD People, draw near,  
A Story ye's hear,

A Story both pleasant and true ;  
 Which happened of late,  
 And's not out of Date ;  
 I am going to tell it to you.  
 It was of an old Cobler,  
 Who soal'd Shoes at Dubler,  
 And lov'd to drink the Juice of good Barley ;  
 And then with his Wife,  
 As dear as his Life,  
 When drunk he lov'd for to parley.  
 This Cobler, they say,  
 Being drunk on a Day,  
 His Wife she did murmur and chat ;  
 This Cobler, they say,  
 Did thrash her that Day,  
 And cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at ?  
 He had a Magpye  
 That was very fly,  
 And used for to murmur and chat ;  
 Who soon got the Tone  
 Before it was long,  
 Of, what a Pox wad ye be at ?  
 And this Magpye,  
 Who was so very fly,  
 He into a Meeting-house gat ;  
 And as the old Parson  
 Was canting his Lesson,  
 Cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at ?  
 The Parson, surpris'd,  
 Did lift up his Eyes :  
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need ;  
 For Satan I fear  
 Does visit us here :  
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.  
 The Parson again  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat ;  
 But Magie indeed  
 Flew over his Head,  
 And cry'd, what a Pox wad ye be at ?

Then

Then the Parson did skip  
 Five Yards at a Leap,  
 From his Pulpit quite down to the Floor;  
 And left every Saint,  
 Quite ready to faint,  
 Leaping out of the Meeting-house Door.

Then some without Hats,  
 And some without Hoods,  
 They out of the Meeting-house gat;  
 And Magie happ'd after,  
 Which caused much Laughter,  
 Crying, what a Pox was ye be at?  
 Then a sanctify'd Soul,

Who thought to controul,  
 Look'd Magie quite full in the Face,  
 Said, Satan, how dare  
 You thus to appear  
 In this our sanctify'd Place?

But Magie he pranc'd,  
 He skip'd and he danc'd,  
 And out of the Meeting-house gat;  
 And all the way long,  
 He kept up his Song,  
 Of a, what a Pox was ye be at?

## S O N G 661.

GOOD Wine will drown Sorrow, 'twill soften our Care;  
 'Twill make our Hearts merry, and drive away Fear:  
 But a Pox take the Vintner who murders good Claret,  
 May he be a poor Cuckold, and die in a Garret.  
 Good Wine will divert us, when Troubles assail;  
 'Tis this will revive us, when other things fail;  
 Then a Pox take the Vintner, &c.

## S O N G 662.

GOOD your Worship, cast an Eye  
 Upon a Soldier's Misery:  
 Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,  
 Your Worship's Bounty from me stay:  
 But like a noble Friend,  
 Some Silver lend,  
 And Jove shall pay you in the End;

And I will pray that Fate  
May make you fortunate  
In Heaven, or in some Earthly State.

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,  
Which makes me blush to keep this Stir;  
Nor do I rove from Place to Place,  
For to make known my woful Case,

For I am none of those

That a Roving goes,

And in Rambling shew their drunken Blows;

For all that they have got,

Is by banging of the Pot,

In wrangling who should pay their Shot.

Olympick Games I oft have seen,

And in brave Battles have I been;

The Cannons there aloud did roar,

My Proffer high was evermore:

For, out of a Bravado,

When in a Barricado,

By tossing of a Hand-Grenado,

Death then was very near,

When it took away this Ear;

But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here.

And at the Siege of Buda, there,

I was blown up into the Air,

From whence I tumbled down again,

And lay awhile among the Shain;

Yet rather than be beat,

I got upon my Feet,

And made the Enemy retreat;

Myself and seven more

We fought eleven Score,

The Rogues were ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen times,

Been blown up by the roguish Mines:

Twice through the Scull have I been shot,

That my Brains do boil like any Pot;

Such Dangers have I past,

At first and at last,

As would make your Worship fore aghast;

And

And there I lay for dead,  
Till the Enemy was fled,  
And then they carry'd me home to Bed.

At Push of Pike I lost this Eye,  
And at Bergom Siege I broke this Thigh;  
At Ostend, like a warlike Lad,  
I laid about as I were mad:

But little would you dream,  
That e'er I had been

Such a good old Soldier of the Queen:

But if Sir Francis Vere  
Were living now, and here,  
He would tell you how I slash'd them there:

The Hollanders my Fury know,  
For oft' with them I've dealt a Blow:  
Then did I take a warlike Dance  
Quite thorough Spain, and into France;

And there I spent a Flood  
Of very noble Blood,

Yet all would do but little good;

For now I home am come,  
With my Rags upon my Bum,  
And crave of your Worship one small Sum.

And now my Case you understand,  
Pray lend to me your helping Hand;

A little Thing would pleasure me;

It is not Bread and Cheese,

Nor Barley-Lees,

Or any such like Scraps as these;

But what I beg of you,

Is a Shilling one or two;

Kind Sir, your Purse-strings pray undo.

S O N G 1663.

G R E A T Alexander's Horse

Bucephalus by Name,

That long has been enroll'd

Within the Books of Fame:

But Sir Credulous Easy's Mare

So far did him excel,

She ne'er run for the Plate,

But she bore away the Bell:

With



With a Nighy, Wheegy, Yeopoop-a,  
Full Caper and Career;  
All England cannot shew you  
Sic another Mare.

And to Brentford she did come,  
And an Ale-house she did find;  
She could not pass it by,  
For she knew her Master's Mind:  
And as he call'd for a Pot,  
She would be, would be sure of twain;  
Which made her such a Sot  
She ne'er could run again. With a Nighy, &c.  
Since last I saw her Face,  
I heard Report is spread,  
With drinking in that Place,  
This bonny Mare is dead:  
And the last Words she did say,  
As she came down the Hill;  
Was, ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart,  
And so she made her Will: With a Nighy, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof she bequeath'd  
To some religious Fool,  
Who after her untimely Death,  
Begs Pardon for her Soul:  
And her hinder Hoof, with which  
She play'd full many a Trick;  
She gave to those curs'd Wives,  
That 'gainst their Husbands kick; With a Nighy, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,  
Her Master wept full sore;  
Because it was reported,  
He ne'er should see her more:  
But that which comforted him  
For his departed Friend,  
Was, after all his great Loss,  
She made so good an End. With Nighy, &c.

S O N G 664.

G R E A T God of Sleep, since it must be,  
That we must give some Hours to thee,  
Invade me not while the free Bowl  
Glow in my Checks, and warms my Soul; That

That be my only Time to snore,  
 When I can laugh, and drink no more ;  
 Short, very short be then thy Reign,  
 For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again.

But O ! if melting in my Arms,  
 In some soft Dream, with all her Charms,  
 The Nymph belov'd should then surprize,  
 And grant what waking she denies ;  
 Then, gentle Slumber, prithee stay,  
 Slowly, ah ! slowly bring the Day ;  
 Let no rude Noise my Bliss destroy,  
 Such sweet Delusion's real Joy.

## S O N G 66.

G R E A T Jove once made Love like a Bull, a Bull,  
 With Leda a Swan was in Vogue ;  
 And to persevere in that Rule, that Rule,  
 He now does descend like a Dog :  
 For when I to Cælia would speak,  
 And on her Breast sigh what I mean,  
 My Heart-strings are ready to break ;  
 For there I find Monsieur Le Chien, Le Chien,  
 Le chien, Monsieur, Monsieur Le Chien.  
 For Knowledge of modish Intrigues,  
 Or managing well an Amour,  
 I defy any one with two Legs,  
 But here I am rival'd by four :  
 Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,  
 I cry ! Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !  
 That what to my Merit belongs,  
 You bestow upon Monsieur Le Chien.  
 For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,  
 Compare with him surely I can ;  
 Nor vainly myself should express,  
 To say, I am much more a Man ;  
 To the Government firm too as he,  
 The former I cunningly mean ;  
 And if he religious can be,  
 I've as much sure as Monsieur Le Chien.  
 But what need I publish my Parts,  
 Or idly my Passion relate ;

Since

Since Fancy, that captivates Hearts,  
 Resolves not to alter my Fate:  
 I may sing, caper, ogle, and speak,  
 And make a long Court, aussi bien,  
 And yet with one passionate Lick,  
 I'm out-rivall'd by Monsieur Le Chien.

## S O N G 666.

**G**RIM King of the Ghosts, make haste,  
 And bring hither all your Train:  
 See how the pale Moon does waste,  
 And just now is in the Wain:  
 Come, ye Night-Hags, with your Charms,  
 And revelling Witches away,  
 And hug me close in your Arms,  
 To you my Respects I'll pay.

I'll court you and think you fair,  
 Since Love does distract my Brain;  
 I'll go, and I'll wed the Night-Mare,  
 And kiss her; and kiss her again:  
 But if she proves pcevilsh and proud,  
 A Pize on her Love, let her go;  
 I'll seek me a Winding-Shroud,  
 And down to the Shades below.

A Lunacy I endure;  
 Since Reason departs away,  
 I call to those Hags for Cure,  
 As knowing not what I say.  
 The Beauty whom I adore,  
 Now slights me with Scorn and Disdain,  
 I never shall see her more,  
 Ah! how shall I bear my Pain?

I ramble and range about,  
 To find out my charming Saint,  
 Whilst she at my Grief does flout,  
 And laughs at my loud Complaint:  
 Distraction, I see, is my Doom,  
 Of this I am too sure;  
 A Rival is got in my Room,  
 While Torments I endure.

Strange

Strange Fancies do run in my Head,  
 While, wand'ring in Despair,  
 I am to the Defart led,  
 Expecting to find her there :  
 Methinks, in a spangled Cloud,  
 I see her enthron'd on high ;  
 Then to her I cry aloud,  
 And labour to reach the Sky.  
 When thus I have rav'd a while,  
 And weary'd myself in vain,  
 I lie on the barren Soil,  
 And bitterly do complain ;  
 Till Slumber hath quieted me,  
 In Sorrow I sigh and weep ;  
 The Clouds are my Canopy,  
 To cover me while I sleep.  
 I dream, that my charming Fair  
 Is then in my Rival's Bed,  
 Whose Tresses of golden Hair  
 Are on the fair Pillow spread ;  
 Then this does my Passion inflame  
 I start, and no longer can lie ;  
 Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame,  
 To ruin a Lover ? I cry.  
 Grim King of the Ghosts be true,  
 And hurry me hence away ;  
 My languishing Life to you  
 A Tribute I freely pay :  
 To th' Elysian Shades I post,  
 In hopes to be freed from Care,  
 Where many a bleeding Ghost  
 Is hovering in the Air.

## S O N G 667.

GROVES and Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,  
 Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,  
 Birds and Beasts that range with Pleasure,  
 Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice ;  
 Make haste and appear to dance a gay Measure,  
 And Phoebus please with Nature and Art's valu'd Treasure,  
 Haste and see that no Sluggard refuses :

Flora

Flora delightful as blushing Aurora,  
 To banish the Pest of Pandora,  
 I summon thy Jessamine and Roses;  
 Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Posies,  
 Come away when I sing and play;  
 No Creature in Nature,  
 Be late here, but wait here,  
 From Vulcan's hot Bellows,  
 Air, Neptune and Tellus,  
 The Thrushes from Bushes,  
 And Prickets from Thickets,  
 Come whisk it and frisk it,  
 And skip it and trip it,

In Honour of Love and the Muses.

S O N G 668.

**G**uardian Angels, now protect me,

Send to me the Swain I love:

Cupid, with thy Bow direct me,

Help me, all ye Pow'rs above.

Bear him my Sighs, ye gentle Breezes,

Tell him I love and I despair.

Tell him, for him I grieve,

Say, 'tis for him I live,

O may the Shepherd be sincere!

Thro' the shady Grove I'll wander,

Silent as the Bird of Night:

Near the Brink of yonder Fountain,

First Leander bless'd my Sight;

Witness, ye Groves and Falls of Water,

Echoes repeat the Vows he swore;

Can he forget me,

Will he neglect me,

Shall I never see him more!

Does he love, and yet forsake me,

To admire a Nymph more fair?

If 'tis so, I'll wear the Willow,

And esteem the happy Pair.

Some lonely Cave I'll make my Dwelling,

Ne'er more the Cares of Life pursue:

The Lark and Philomel

Only shall hear me tell

What makes me bid the World adieu.

F I N I S.

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